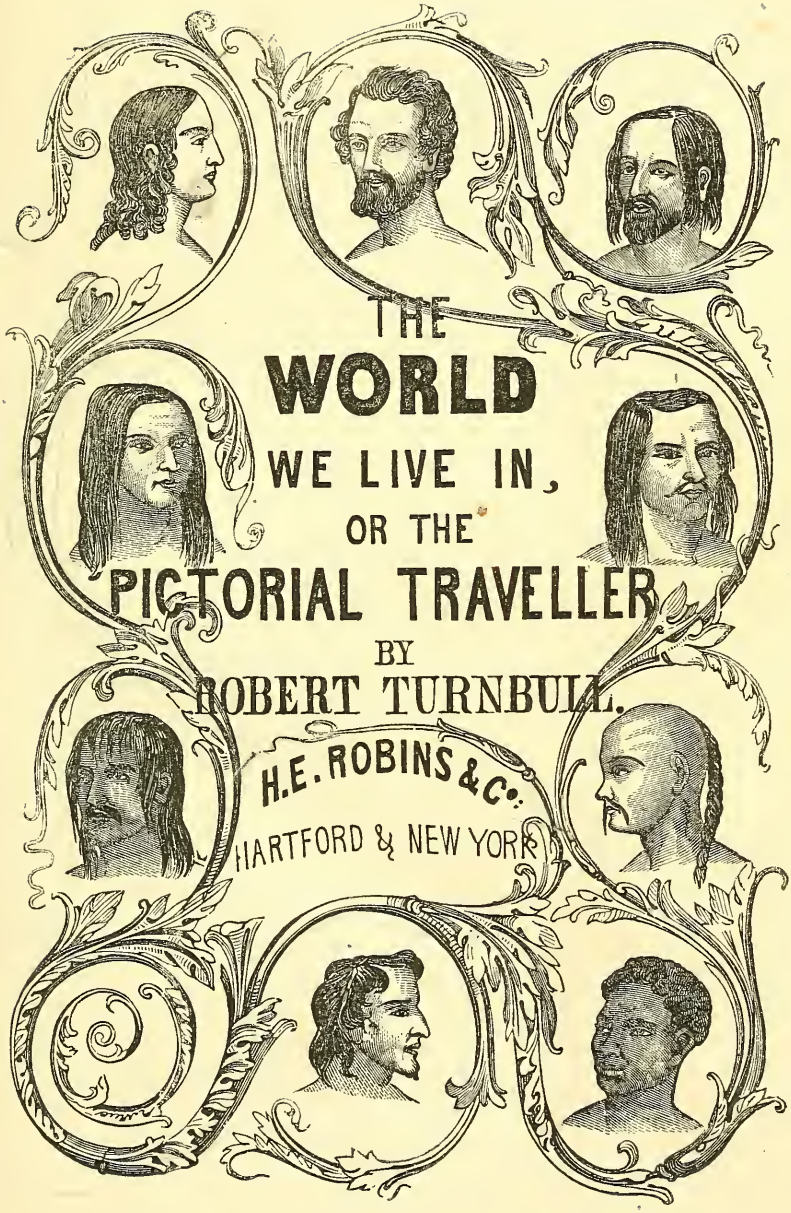


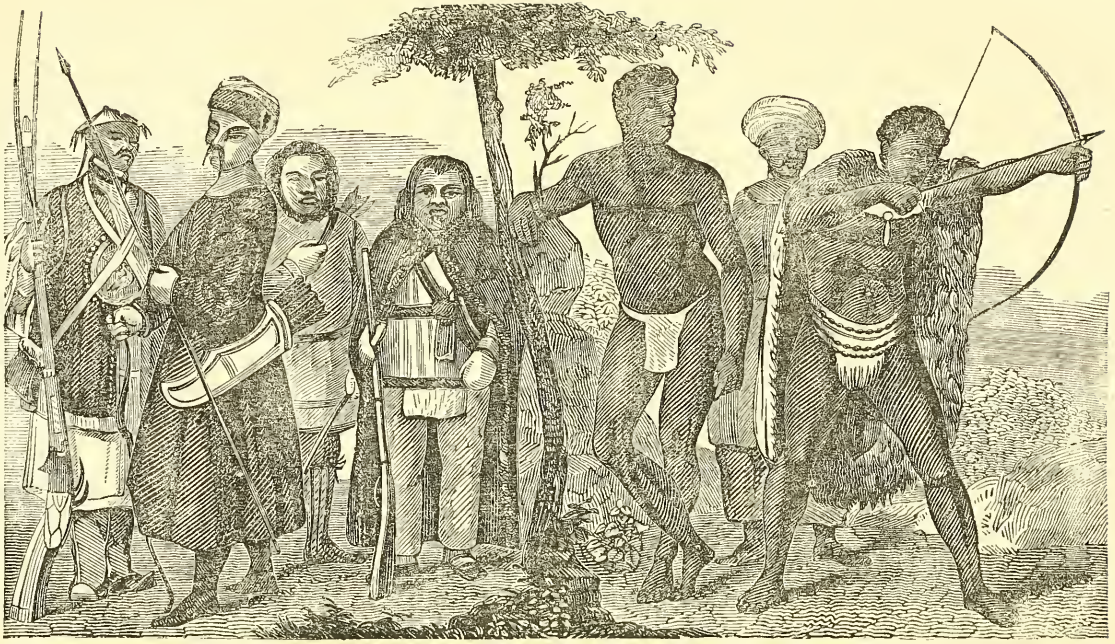
THE WORLD WE LIVE IN, OR THE PICTORIAL TRAVELLER

BY

ROBERT TURNBULL.

H.E. ROBINS & Co.

HARTFORD & NEW YORK



THE

WORLD WE LIVE IN;

OR,

THE HOME AND FOREIGN TRAVELER:

BEING

A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF THE SCENERY, RESOURCES, POPULATION, GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, LITERATURE, CIVILIZATION, ARTS AND USAGES OF THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD:

WITH NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, ETC.

BY

ROBERT TURNBULL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND," "GENIUS OF ITALY," ETC.

PUBLISHED BY H. E. ROBINS AND CO.

HARTFORD AND NEW YORK.

1851.

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PREFACE.

Few persons have opportunities of extensive travel, at least in foreign lands; yet all are more or less interested in "The World we Live In," and desire to form some acquaintance with its diversified scenery and inhabitants. Hence books of travels, when fresh and vivid, are always perused with interest and delight. These, however, are not only quite numerous, but often rare and expensive. Besides, they usually treat only of some particular country, or tract of country, and enter into minute details, with which general readers have little or no sympathy.

It has been thought, therefore, that a work within the reach of all, and containing, in a comprehensive form, some account of the principal countries of the globe, their natural scenery and resources, with the character and customs of their inhabitants, would meet the wants of a large class of readers.

By combining the results of observation and reading, the author, at the suggestion of the enterprising publishers, has composed, and, he might say, in part compiled, the following work. For much of it, relating to countries which he has not personally visited, must necessarily possess the character of a compilation. He has spent years, indeed, both in Europe and America; he has also traveled somewhat extensively, especially in the older portions of the world, and has thus written a considerable part of the work from personal observation. Yet he wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he has felt it his duty to avail himself quite freely of the published travels of others, especially of those which are the most recent and successful.

Important and interesting discoveries, those, for example, of Catherwood, Layard, Lepsius, and others, have been made in

geography and antiquities. Books of travels, some of great value, have recently multiplied to an unprecedented extent; so that hundreds and even thousands of volumes of this description have appeared within a few years in Europe and the United States. Singular and startling changes, also, have occurred, in the civil and political condition of the nations, casting some into shadow, and pushing others into greater prominence. The relations of the different portions of the world are coming into closer union, and a new and more glorious "future" is dawning upon the race.

But every country has certain salient points, certain grand features and leading aims, which determine its peculiar character and position among the nations. The attempt, therefore, has been made, in this volume, not only to give a comprehensive survey of the natural and moral condition of the world at large, but to sketch each particular country, with as much brevity and truthfulness as the author could command. Of course many things are necessarily left out; in some instances the information communicated is, doubtless, slight and superficial; but an honest endeavor has been made to give a faithful, though not elaborate portrait. After all, a few rough sketches will often give the features of a face, of a landscape, or of a community better than the most detailed and elaborate description. We do not, indeed, ourselves claim to have done this; we have simply made the effort. But outlines and etchings must not be judged by the same rules as complete and finished pictures.

There is an advantage, however, of no trifling character, in possessing a *manual*, which may enable us, without confusion, to take a single and comprehensive survey of the nations which compose the "World we Live In," and, by means of comparison and contrast, to form a just estimate of each and all, in their relations to one another and to the whole. Such a book would hold to books of travel generally much the same relation which a *terrestrial globe*, of ordinary dimensions, holds to a large collection of individual *maps*. Even the traveler and scholar might find it no

disadvantage to consult such a work. By this means the natural and moral condition of the world, and, in particular, its progress in art, civilization, science, and religion can be more readily estimated.

Still, the author has not written for critics and amateurs; he has little or nothing to communicate to them; indeed, he cannot reasonably expect this volume to be honored with their notice. He has written for the people; for ingenuous young persons who wish to improve their minds; for busy merchants and mechanics; and for such professional men as do not possess the time or the means for extensive travel, or multifarious reading in this department of literature.

The idea of a tour has, as much as possible, been preserved. The author has endeavored to take his readers along with him, as his traveling companions, and assisted them to see, if not with their own eyes, at least with their own imaginations, the diversified panorama of national scenery, character, costume, and usage. Should he succeed in communicating any interesting information, or suggesting any good thoughts, or exciting any generous or even pleasant impulses, he will feel himself abundantly rewarded.

HARTFORD, *Conn.*

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THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

CHAPTER I.

Landing of Columbus. Landing of the Pilgrims.

In the year of our Lord 1492, amid the calm and sunshine of October weather, three small vessels, of antique form, with high poop and stern, and only one of them decked, were ploughing the waves of a southern sea. They had been sailing many weary days and nights due west, in a part of the ocean then unknown, with many doubts and fears on the part of the officers and men, though with high hope and indomitable courage on the part of the commander of the expedition. It seemed to them, as they gazed and

gazed, morning, noon, and night, on the vast and solitary expanse of waters, that they were leaving forever the abodes of man, and passing into a shoreless abyss. In the early part of their journey they had been sadly frightened by the smoking peak of Teneriffe, and a few days after by the fact, never till then observed, that the magnetic needle in the ship's compass varied from its ordinary direction, as if the different points of the compass were beginning to be confounded! Occasionally, indeed, they were cheered by the flight of beautiful birds, and masses of sea-weed driven, as they supposed, from some rocky shore; and once or twice they imagined they saw land at a distance. But they had been deceived again and again, and their souls died within them with doubt and fear. Nay, they had even threatened sedition against their commander, and secretly vowed to cast him overboard, and so return to their native land. But their fears had been soothed, their doubts dissipated, and their spirit of rebellion checked by the kindness and decision of that indomitable spirit who, with a faith which seemed more than mortal, resolved to press on toward the setting sun, assured that upon those unknown and untraversed seas they would reach the golden regions of which he had dreamed for many years. He had commenced the journey with solemn religious rites, and believed that he was to be the agent, under the providence of God, in the accomplishment of a glorious destiny.

On the 25th of September, while Columbus and his officers were diligently studying their maps in order to make out their position, a shout was heard from the Pinta—the name of one of the ships—and on looking up they beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of the vessel, who shouted, with a loud voice—"Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!"* pointing to the southwest, in which land seemed to loom upon the vision at a distance of about twenty-five leagues. Columbus fell upon his knees and gave thanks to the Almighty, and Martin Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in Excelsis*, in which he was loudly joined by the crews of the ships, amounting in all to about a hundred men. Changing their course they sailed all night in the direction indicated, straining their eyes to catch the first view of the long-wished-for land. But, alas! it was only a false appearance, caused by clouds resting on the dim edge of the horizon, which vanished with the light of early day.

The crews relapsed into their former state of discontent and

* A pension of thirty crowns, which had been promised, by the sovereigns of Spain, to the first man who should discover land.

despondency; but the great multitude of birds flying about the ships, floating masses of sea-weed, and other signs of land, kept them from utter despair. Columbus alone remained calm and self-possessed. His serene and lofty spirit rose above difficulty and danger, and, like the Christian with reference to the heavenly Canaan, descried "the promised land," though yet invisible to mortal eye.

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, commander of the Pinta, began to lose confidence in the course they were steering, and proposed that they should stand to the southward. But Columbus had made up his mind to the issue, and persisted in steering directly west. Land again seemed to break upon their vision, but they said nothing of it, for they feared disappointment—and again it passed away, like the early cloud and the morning dew. Guided by the flight of birds—to which the ancient mariners attached much importance—Columbus changed his course in a southwesterly direction. For three days they stood in that direction, encouraged by the signs of land. Flights of small, colored birds, some of them such as sing in the fields and woods, flying about the ship, encouraged them to proceed. Tunny-fish, not usually found far from shore, played about in the smooth, translucent sea. A heron, a duck, and a pelican were seen, all moving toward the southwest. Green herbage, as if recently from the land, floated by, and the air "was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville."

But the crews, who imagined that they had passed between islands, left behind them perhaps forever, grew mutinous, and insisted on abandoning the voyage and returning home. Columbus was firm as a rock, and told them that it was useless to murmur; "that the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was resolved to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise."

Fortunately for him, the indications of land became every hour more and more decisive. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, they saw fish of a greenish hue, which keep about rocks, and, above all, a branch of thorn with berries on it, recently separated from the tree; then a reed, a small board, and a staff, artificially carved, which they picked up with inexpressible delight.

Gloom and mutiny again gave way to sanguine expectation, and throughout the whole day every one was on the watch, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of land.

In the evening, when the sailors had sung the *Salve Regina*, or evening hymn, to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive ad-

dress to his crew, exhorting them to fidelity and obedience, and intimating that they would probably see land before the morning watch. He ordered a steady look-out from the forecastle, and promised to him who should make the first discovery a doublet of velvet, in addition to the reward promised by the sovereigns.

The breeze blew fresh, with more sea than usual, and they made rapid progress, the Pinta keeping the lead from her rapid sailing. The greatest excitement prevailed: not an eye was closed all that night. As the shadows of evening fell, Columbus stationed himself on the top of the castle, or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel, the Santa Maria, sweeping the dusky horizon with his penetrating gaze. About 10 o'clock he thought he saw a light glimmering at a distance: fearful that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called one of the members of the expedition, in whom he had confidence, and asked him if he saw such a light. The latter replied in the affirmative. To make the matter still more certain, he called another person and put a similar inquiry. Before the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had vanished. They saw it, however, once or twice afterward, by sudden gleams, as if it were flashing among trees, or rising and sinking with some boat among the waves. Though others doubted, Columbus, in his own mind, knew that they were approaching land. They continued their course till two in the morning, when the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first seen by one of the sailors, though the reward was afterward adjudged to the admiral. The land was distinctly seen at about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and eagerly "wished for day."

What were the feelings of Columbus at such a time, can be better imagined than described. His hopes were realized; his faith had become vision. A name to last forever was now secured, and a new world was given to the nations.

At length the day dawned, and the prospect of hills and valleys, clothed with the freshest verdure and bathed in the richest sunlight, broke upon their vision. The three vessels, crowded with eager eyes and flying streamers, made for the land. The crew of the Pinta, which, as usual, was in advance, began chanting the *Te Deum*, and all united in thanking Heaven for his goodness. As they approached they saw the natives running from all parts of the shore, who imagined that the Spaniards and their vessels sailed out of the firmament, and stood gazing upon them in mute astonishment. Columbus gave the signal to anchor, and ordered the boats to be manned and armed. Richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard, he advanced in his own boat, while Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vicente Yanez, his brother,

put off in their boats together. As they approached the shore they were delighted with the balmy air, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the rich tropical vegetation with which the land was covered. The moment Columbus stepped on shore he fell upon his knees, kissed the earth, and gave audible thanks to God, with tears of joy. The others, penetrated with similar feelings, followed his example. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, unfurled the royal standard, and took possession of the country in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of St. Salvador.

Other islands were visited, and Columbus returned to Europe to report the wonders of the new-found world. In his letters and journal he dwells with enthusiasm and delight upon the beauty and fertility of the land, the purity and freshness of the atmosphere, the peaceful and hospitable character of the inhabitants. Evidently his imagination was greatly excited, and as he took with him specimens of gold, spices, and other productions of those tropical regions, his arrival at the Spanish court was hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of wonder, gratitude, and joy.

"The loveliness of this new land," writes the great navigator, "far surpasses that of the Campaña de Cordoba. The trees are all bright with ever-verdant foliage, and perpetually laden with fruits. The plants on the ground are tall and full of blossoms. The breezes are mild, like those of April in Castile; the nightingales sing more sweetly than I can describe. At night, other small birds sing sweetly; and I also hear our grasshoppers and frogs. Once I came into a deeply inclosed harbor, and saw high mountains which no human eye had seen before, from which the lovely waters (*lindas aguas*) streamed down. The mountain was covered with firs, pines, and other trees of various forms, and adorned with beautiful flowers. Ascending the river which poured itself into the bay, I was astonished at the cool shade, the crystal clear water, and the number of singing-birds. It seemed to me as if I never could quit a spot so delightful,—as if a thousand tongues would fail to describe it—as if the spell-bound pen would refuse to write."*

Columbus seemed to understand his destiny. After all, he little knew what he had discovered. All the time he supposed he had gained the coast of Asia, by a western route, and formed but a dim conception of the vast regions of the new continent, lying to the north and south. His discovery forms an epoch in the history of the world, the results of which are even now but imperfectly

* Humboldt's Cosmos.

realized. It has been well described as the *genesis time* of modern history. The age in which it occurred was in every respect a remarkable one. Other great discoveries were made about the same time, affecting, in an equal degree, the whole current of human affairs. The invention of gunpowder, and the adaptation of movable types to the purpose of printing, slightly preceded the discovery of America; and the Reformation of the sixteenth century followed soon after. These great events combining their influences, formed an era such as the world has never seen since the advent of Jesus Christ, and the establishment of Christianity.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that the colonization of this New World was given to those five nations that were the furthest advanced in civilization, and the most powerful at that period of history—to England, to Spain, to Portugal, to France, and to Holland. What seemed, at first, the poorest, but by far the best portion, was given to the Anglo-Saxon race, that energetic people, who, under the Christian form of civilization, are yet to control the destiny not only of the entire American continent, but of the world.

But the mightiest changes in the history of nations are generally wrought by what appear to us insignificant means. The Deity has great purposes to fulfill; and by ways of his own, which men often despise at first sight, he uniformly brings them to pass. All the great and influential nations of the earth have sprung from small beginnings, like mighty rivers, the sources of which are far hidden among the granite mountains or the primeval forests. Thus God would give this vast continent to freedom and Christianity, and he takes his own method to bring it about; a method of which Columbus and the nobles of Granada and Castile had never dreamed.

One hundred and twenty-eight years after the landing of Columbus on the shores of the New World, the Mayflower was plunging through the stormy waves which break upon the rock-ribbed coast of New England. After a long and boisterous passage of sixty-three days, during which the pilgrims had endured incredible hardships, with a fortitude and a faith superior to that of Columbus, they got the first glimpse of land. Columbus sought the discovery of new regions which he thought would prove to be the El Dorado of the world; but their aim was to found an empire in the wilderness, for "the glory of God," and the good of mankind. Men, women, and children had embarked their all in the perilous enterprise. Some of them had been sick, and one died on the voyage. It was their intention to make a settlement at the mouth of the Hudson River, the best position on

the whole Atlantic coast; but they were conducted, through the ignorance and self-will of their captain, to the most barren and inhospitable part of Massachusetts. It was, however, with no ordinary emotions that they first espied the rocky outline of their future home, though that was the stormy coast of Cape Cod, in whose harbor they were safely moored two days after.

Before landing, they took into solemn consideration the manner in which their government should be constituted, and formed themselves into a body politic, to be governed by just and equal laws.

"In the name of God, Amen; we, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together, into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This simple but solemn instrument was signed by the whole body of emigrants, forty-one in number, who with their families amounted in all to one hundred and one, the Christian "democracy"that arrived in New England. "This," says Bancroft, with enthusiasm, "was the birth of popular constitutional liberty. The middle ages had been familiar with charters and constitutions; but they had been merely compacts for immunities, partial enfranchisements, patents of nobility, concessions of municipal privileges, or limitations of the sovereign power in favor of feudal institutions. In the cabin of the Mayflower humanity recovered its rights, and instituted governments on the basis of equal laws, for the general good."

John Carver was elected governor, and preparations were made for taking possession of their new-found home. The water, however, was found too shallow for disembarking, and they were compelled to wade. Winter was setting in, and the shore presented one long and desolate outline. Not a human being was to be seen; for the Indians in that part of the New World had been cut off the previous season by a wasting pestilence. The nearest French settlement was at Port Royal, a great distance, and it was five hundred miles to the English settlement in Virginia, formed

some years before. Worn out by the long voyage, ill supplied with provisions, and exposed on a bleak and unsheltered coast to the freezing weather, many of them contracted diseases, from which they never recovered.

The winter was advancing, and the place of their settlement was yet to be selected. The shallop was unshipped, but it was found to need repairs, and sixteen or seventeen weary days elapsed before the carpenter finished his work. Some of the party, bolder than the rest, undertook to explore the country by land. Much hardship was endured, but no discoveries were made. The first expedition in the shallop likewise failed; and some of the people that died that winter took "the original of their death" in this attempt; for it "snowed and did blow all the day and night, and froze withal." The men who landed to make explorations were "tired," as well they might be, "with marching up and down the steep hills and deep valleys, which lay half a foot thick with snow." A heap of maize, or Indian corn, was discovered, and, at some distance, a "burial-place of the Indians,"—but they found "no more corn, nor any thing else but graves."

Another attempt was made in the shallop, under the conduct of Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Standish, and others, with eight or ten seamen. At first they found only some deserted wigwams and Indian graves. At last a flight of arrows from the tribe of the Nausites startled, but without injuring the adventurers. Giving thanks to God, they betake themselves to the boat, which they steer along the coast, but without finding a convenient harbor. The sky begins to darken, and a violent storm of snow and rain strikes the little craft. The pilot, ignorant of the coast, comes near steering among the breakers; but at last, the boat passes through the surf, and enters a fair sound, and the crew find shelter under the lee of a small bluff of land. It is dark, and the storm of wind and rain beats furiously. The men are wet, cold, and exhausted. They are willing, however, to brave danger from the savages, and, with difficulty, kindle a fire on shore.

In the morning, they found the place a small island within the entrance of the harbor. The day was needed for rest and preparation, and the next was the "holy Sabbath," which they kept with religious care.

Time was pressing, and their exigencies were peculiar; but they feared God and kept his commandments, a feature in their character which must strike the most casual observer.

Not till Monday, therefore, the eleventh of December (old style), in the year 1620, did the exploring party land on Plymouth Rock. The spot seemed favorable for settlement; and in a few

days the Mayflower, with her precious freight, was safely moored in its harbor. Their church had long been organized, and their constitution of government, which they had a few days before agreed, by solemn compact, to observe, was put into immediate operation; so that the foundations of a new and enduring commonwealth were laid in the wilds of Northern America. Freedom, civil and religious, sprang up among the rocks.

But, alas! much grief and care must be endured by the colonists. Difficulties of various kinds arose. Food was scarce, and their homes, if homes they might be called, were hastily constructed amid ice and snow. The Indians began to discover themselves, hovering around them at a distance, though instantly disappearing when pursued. Some were sick and feeble, and in the succeeding seasons many died. The benevolent and noble-hearted Carver, appointed governor, had, at his first landing, lost a son; his own health suddenly gave way, and his broken-hearted wife followed him to the grave. Emigrants subsequently arrived, unprovided with food, compelling the whole colony, for six months in succession, to subsist on half allowance. The consequences were disastrous. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." At one time, tradition says, the colonists were reduced to a single pint of corn, which, distributed, gave to each person only five kernels. Their little graveyard, "smoothed down for fear of the Indians," was gradually filling up. Yet they toiled on, in faith and hope, men, women, and children, looking and praying for better days.

Other emigrants, better provided, followed from England. The labors of husbandry began to be somewhat fruitful. Slowly, but surely, the colony rose to prosperity and power. "Thus," to quote the words of Bradford, their second governor, and their historian, "out of small beginnings great things have been produced; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort, to our whole nation."

A few years ago, a large company, composed of the talent and wealth of the country, met at Plymouth to celebrate the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims. Farmers and mechanics, lawyers and clergymen, poets, orators, and statesmen were there. After much festivity and joy, "a magnificent oration," as the newspapers had it, and many fine speeches, one of the number, a poet of New England,* a man of rare wit, humor, and pathos, read a poem entitled "The Pilgrim's Vision," in which he represents one of

* Dr. O. W. Holmes.

the old Puritans, in "the hour of twilight shadows," thinking of the "bloudy salvages" lurking around his dwelling, and then calling one of his children to listen to a wonderful vision which he had in Leyden, before the sailing of the Mayflower, a part of which seemed to be "unfolding" before his eyes. The home of the old Puritan is admirably, and, we presume, truthfully described. There must have been many just such houses in the wilderness.

"His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for a hungry rat;
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough at that:
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat,
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

"Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow.
He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmur'd 'Even so.'"

Then follows "the vision," describing, with great force and beauty, the chances and changes of the future history of New England.

"I saw in the naked forest
Our scatter'd remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast,
I look'd to see them perish,
When, lo! the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened,
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept,—the village fathers—
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of time
The vision rose once more:

I saw along the winter snow,
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tatter'd flag they bore.

"Their leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a nation's champions,
Her dread appeal to try;
God for the right! I falter'd,
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more the strife was ended,
The solemn issue tried;
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Had helped our Israel's side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Told where her martyrs died,
And peace was in the borders
Of Victory's chosen bride."

Thus gazing, he sees the revolution completed, and the enemies of the United States driven back, and exclains,

"O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This western Palestine.

"I see the living tide roll on,
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's land of flowers!
It streams beyond the splinter'd ridge
That parts the northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave,
The Continent is ours!"

"What was the festival," says Sir Henry Bulwer at one of the annual festivals of the New England Society lately held in the city of New York, "provided at the arrival of the third colony which came out to join their Plymouth brethren? A lobster, three small fishes, and some spring water. It was only necessary to make a Rule-of-Three sum—what the lobster and the three fishes, and the spring water, were to the dinner they had been

eating, was the condition of New England at the time that the Pilgrims landed, to the condition of New England at the time at which he was speaking; and in this he had not told the whole story—the fish were bought, and not caught—along the whole coast there was not a single line, or a hook, or a net. Hear this, ye gentlemen of New Bedford, from whose port now issue forth six hundred sail of ships, manned by 16,000 hardy men, to capture, and monopolize the capture, of the greatest monsters of the deep. He could pursue the subject, but they all knew better than he did all about it. Yes, gentlemen, you all know that in 1620 the whole of New England contained but three hundred inhabitants, which, in a century afterward, had increased to 160,000, and may at this day be given at nearly 3,000,000. You know that the capital of New England, in 1720, contained 12,000 inhabitants; in 1820, 43,000; in 1830, 78,000, and in 1850, 156,000. You all know that Boston, in 1789, was proud, very proud, of two stage-coaches, which employed twelve horses; that she was prouder still, in 1800, of twenty-five stage-coaches, which employed one hundred horses; and that in 1847, these twenty-five coaches had risen into two hundred and fifty coaches and omnibuses, employing 1600 horses, without taking into account seven railways, which provide daily accommodation for 7000 passengers.

"You all know that the first newspaper published in the colonies, was published in 1704, in this same city of Boston, and that a third newspaper published in the same town in 1721, under the title of the *New England Courant*, could not maintain itself, although it had very warm advocates, being supported by the Hell-fire Club; and you also all know that at this moment there are in Boston sixteen daily newspapers, with a daily circulation of 223,000, to say nothing of semi-weekly papers, and semi-monthly papers, and monthly, and quarterly, and annual publications. As to your schools, it is quite useless for me to say a word about them.

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"Who, at the period to which this scene recalls us, were the mighty of the earth? On the throne of England, then sat a prince justly proud—if pride could ever rest upon sound foundations—of the triple crown which had recently become his family inheritance. In France, the scepter was held in the hands of a still haughtier race, who ruled with supreme authority over the most gallant and chivalrous people in the world. What has become of the illustrious lines of these two royal houses—of that of the sovereign who gloried in the non-conformity bill; of that

of those sovereigns amongst whose deeds are recorded the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the edict of Nantes? The crown of the Stuarts has melted into air in the one kingdom, the sceptre of the Bourbons has been shattered to atoms in the other. But here, on this spot where I am speaking, still stands, erect and firm, the pilgrims' staff. From the bruised seed of the poor and persecuted Puritan has arisen one of the most powerful and prosperous empires in the world. Let that which is a warning unto others, be a warning unto you. Always remember that the vaunting Speedwell put into port, when the modest Mayflower stood out to sea. And do you wish to know what is the principal cause of the high position you have attained? I will tell you; it is to be sought for in the trials and difficulties through which you have passed. If you have made your country, it is no less true that your country has made you. Here is the distinguishing peculiarity of our two nations. It is true that you have a republican form of government, and that I would shed the last drop of my blood to preserve the prerogatives of a beloved sovereign, within the sanctuary of whose honored privileges I see best preserved the liberties of myself and fellow-subjects. But whatever may be the separate polity of our two constitutions, one thing is certain, they are not the work of chance, theory, or imitation; but formed upon the hard anvil of patient fortitude, by the oft-repeated and well-tempered stroke of practical experience. Mark the difference elsewhere—the state of experiment, suspense, or ripening convulsion, which reigned almost throughout the world. But amid such crude experiments, such fearful uncertainties, such threatening conflicts, might be seen towering the common genius of Albion, and of Albion's transatlantic children."

CHAPTER II.

THE UNITED STATES.

Were one of our readers now to make a pilgrimage to Plymouth, as thousands are wont to do annually, he would find in "Pilgrim Hall," built in 1824, of unwrought granite, to commemorate the landing of the pilgrims, and be a receptacle of interesting memorials connected with their history, among other relics, Governor Carver's old oaken chair, and another which belonged to the venerable Elder Brewster, large enough to make half a dozen common chairs of modern times, a huge iron pot, similar to one in the Athenæum at Hartford, and the Bible of John Alden. John Alden was one of the youngest of the band that came in the Mayflower, being twenty-two years when he landed. Tradition says, on what authority we know not, that he was the first that leaped upon the rock rendered so memorable by the event. This ancient Bible was printed in London in 1620, the year in which the Mayflower sailed. How carefully read on the long and boisterous passage, and how profoundly studied in the wilderness, may be well conceived. It was the guide of his life, and soothed him in his dying hours. He married Priscilla, the daughter of William Mullins, a fellow-pilgrim, and settled in the town of Duxbury. He acted as assistant to all the governors of the colony except Carver, and held that office for thirty-six years. It is recorded of him, that "he was a meek, sincere, pious, and faithful follower of the blessed Redeemer, and his end was peace and triumph."

It is an interesting and striking circumstance that two of the grandchildren of the man that first landed on Plymouth rock were living at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and it is to mark the astonishing progress of the colony that we introduce their names here. These were Samuel Alden and his sister, Mrs. Alice Paddock, who saw "the waste howling wilderness," as some of the pilgrims called it, especially in times of depression and sorrow, which their grandfather had looked upon, peopled with three millions of souls, engaged in a successful contest with the mother-country! Samuel died in 1781, at the advanced age of ninety-three.

It is a yet more interesting fact, perhaps, that from the same family, in the course of four or five generations, were descended those who stood before kings, as the embassadors and represent-

atives of a vast cordon of Republican Commonwealths, nay, held an office in these States which they regarded as higher than that of mere hereditary monarchs. Could John Alden have dreamed all this, or heard it from some holy seer as a prediction, it would have staggered even his strong and abiding faith. Yet from Ruth, the daughter of the pilgrim, were descended the Adamses; first the father, that noble and heroic man who pledged his life and sacred honor in the cause of his country's independence, and then the son, that "old man eloquent," who, with all his father's virtue and patriotism, possessed an eloquence, if possible, more fervid and commanding. William C. Bryant, the poet, is also descended from the same stock.

We state another fact, as an indication of the amazing progress made by this country, even within the last fifty years, for at that time nearly the whole of Western New York was a wilderness; and as for Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, they were then the "Far West," which now lies beyond the Rocky Mountains, if not on the west Pacific coast, amid the mines of California. A gentleman who had just returned to one of the Eastern States from a journey he had made to Niagara, in 1792, wrote an account of it to a friend, from which it would appear that his tour was a vastly more serious affair than a journey to France, Italy, or even Egypt would be in the present day.

The gentleman above alluded to first went from Boston to Albany, then to Schenectady, then eighty miles up the valley of the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler. He speaks of the country through which he passed as beautiful and highly cultivated. He next passed through Whitestown. "If," says he, "you were placed in Whitestown or Clinton, ten miles west of Fort Schuyler, and saw the progress of improvement, you would believe it enchanted ground."

After passing Clinton he found no inhabitants on the road till he reached Oneida, an Indian town, which contained five hundred and fifty inhabitants. He passed the night with the Indians, and went the next day to Onondaga, where he lodged with a man who was engaged in boiling down the waters of the salt springs, which were about seven miles north of his house. He made about fifty bushels of salt per week. Between this place and the Cayuga Lake, a distance of thirty-five miles, he found but three houses. Between Cayuga and the Geneva Lake he found no inhabitant. "Upon a pretty slope, on the north part of this lake, stands a town called Geneva. It has a fine effect from the opposite shore, but disappoints you when you arrive at it. It consists of about twenty log houses, three or four frame buildings, and as many idle per-

sons as can live in them." Such was Geneva about fifty years ago.

Our traveler went from Geneva to Canandaigua, which consisted of about twenty houses, and appeared to be a very thriving place. In passing from this place to the Genesee River he found many settlements.

"After I had reached the Genesee River," says the writer, "curiosity led me on to Niagara—ninety miles—not one house or white man the whole way. The only direction which I had was an Indian path, which sometimes was doubtful. The first day I rode fifty miles through swarms of mosquitoes, gnats, &c., beyond all description. At eight in the evening, I reached an Indian town, called Townawanda. It contains many hundreds of the savages, who live in tolerable houses, which they make of timber and cover with bark. By signs, I made them understand me, and for a little money, they cut limbs and bushes sufficient to erect a booth (it was in the month of August), under which I slept very quietly on the grass. The next day I pursued my journey, nine miles of which lay through a very deep swamp. With some difficulty I got through, and about sundown arrived at the fort of Niagara."

The fort was garrisoned by the 5th regiment,—which, in 1775, was under the command of Lord Percy. Our traveler found a tavern on the British side, and soon slept off his fatigue. What would be his impressions were he to repeat his journey now?

But look at the present position and relations of this great confederacy of republics, its free institutions consolidated, and its influence, commerce, and population expanding on every side. It occupies the central and best portion of the North American Continent, one of the most diversified and fruitful regions in the world, and must, from its physical and moral forces, control the destinies of the western hemisphere. Its resources are prodigious: of immense extent, connecting by a long line of states and territories the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and sweeping from the forests of Canada on the north to the orange-groves of Florida on the south, we have room enough for a population such as the world has never seen collected in a single country. Nations and communities seek their destiny, as fountains and rivers their level. If you can check the progress of streams from the mountains or tides from the ocean, then may this country be prevented from controlling, by means of her government and social influence, the two Americas and their teeming population. Much of evil doubtless will intermingle with this; for, alas! even the Christian form of civilization is yet rudimental and imperfect. Physical force,

though wonderfully modified by the influence of Christianity, is yet the dominant power in the world. But physical force itself is coming to rest more and more upon moral and spiritual powers, so that the most intelligent and virtuous nations are always the strongest in the long run. Imperfect as we are, it is our superiority of character which has given us our position of control in the western world. It is a direct consequence of the mental and moral vigor of this country, that our institutions and laws at the present moment are extending on the right hand and on the left, and that our influence is overspreading and overmastering all other influences throughout the northern and southern regions of the American Continent.

That the two coasts, the Atlantic and Pacific, will, at no distant day, be more intimately connected by means of railroad communication, can scarcely be doubted. "Estimating the breadth of the continent at 1850 miles (it is sometimes called 2000), and allowing 650 for deviation from a straight line in laying the *track*, we have a traveling distance of 2500 miles! If to these we reckon 15 miles an hour as the rate of traveling, which is a very moderate calculation, it follows that *seven days* will be sufficient to accomplish the journey from New York to San Francisco. From San Francisco to Canton a passage can be made in about twenty days, to Siam it may require twenty-five days, and to Burmah thirty days. Add to these estimates fifteen days as the average steam-passage between Liverpool and New York, and forty-five days appear as the necessary traveling time between Liverpool and Canton: that is but about one-third of the time usually occupied by sailing-vessels from Liverpool or New York, when passing around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope to Canton. On tracing the fortieth parallel of north latitude on a map of the world, it will be found nearly the central line between the great commercial nations of the earth, and to cut our continent near the points which would be connected by such a railroad as we have mentioned."

This, then, will give to the United States a field for commercial, literary, and religious enterprise superior to that of any nation in the world. The resources of California, just acquired, are yet scarcely realized. Not to speak of her extensive deposits of gold, millions of which have been already collected, she possesses vast tracts of arable land, large forests of excellent timber for shipbuilding and other purposes, and navigable rivers every where running from her interior to the sea. Connected by railroads and other means of communication with the Eastern States, California will become the recipient and highway of the Oriental trade. The

rich commerce of Asia must flow through her center; and back again the commerce, literature, and religion of Europe and the United States must flow to transform and elevate the Oriental world. The influence of such interchange can scarcely be overrated; it will infallibly bless the inhabitants of Asia with a higher form of civilization, and in return enrich this country with their valuable and exhaustless products.

"Where has that commerce ever flowed without carrying wealth and dominion with it? Look at its ancient channels, and the cities which it raised into kingdoms, and the populations which upon its treasures became resplendent in science, learning, and the arts. Tyre, Sidon, Balbec, Palmyra, Alexandria, among its ancient emporiums, attest the power of this commerce to enrich, to aggrandize, and to enlighten nations. Constantinople, in the middle ages and in the time of the crusades, was the wonder of Western Europe; and all because she was then a thoroughfare of Asiatic commerce. Genoa and Venice, mere cities, in later time became the match of kingdoms and the envy of kings, from the mere divided streams of this trade, of which they became the thoroughfare. Lisbon had her great day, and Portugal her pre-eminence during the little while that the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope put her in communication with the East. Amsterdam, the city of a little territory rescued from the sea, and the Seven United Provinces, not equal in extent to one of our lesser States, became great in arms, in letters, in wealth, and in power, and all upon the East India trade. And London, what makes her the commercial mistress of the world? What makes an island, no larger than one of our first-class States, the mistress of possessions in the four quarters of the globe—a match for half of Europe, and dominant in Asia? What makes all this, or contributes most to make it, but this same Asiatic trade? In no instance has it failed to carry the nation or the people which possessed it to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it the highest attainments of letters, arts, and sciences."

Who can look, not only at the relations of this vast territory to the rest of the world, but to its peculiar characteristics, passing as it does through every variety of climate, and containing every species of animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, with its vast and beautiful lakes—say, rather, inland seas—its long canals, its interminable railroads, its magnetic telegraphs, its mighty forests, its majestic and long-reaching rivers, without a sensation, not simply of admiration, but of awe?

Then, again, look at its people. They are mostly of the Saxon race, and derive their origin from a long line of the best ancestry.

Hardy, active, enterprising, they are capable of all endurance, susceptible of all improvement. With the most august and thrilling recollections of the olden time, with a heritage of freedom and faith bought by the blood of their fathers, the descendants mainly of the New-England pilgrims—but not only of these, but of the old English patriots, in whose veins ran unchecked the blood of freedom, and whose hearts bowed only to God, the great stream of American population, as it flows to future ages, will be kept vigorous and free, intermingled, indeed, and augmented, though never essentially modified, by lesser streams setting in continually from the hills and valleys of modern Europe.

Observe the manner in which the population increases; it is almost appalling, even to think of it. The fact is well ascertained that it doubles once in twenty-three years and a half, and that it has done so regularly during the two hundred years which have elapsed since its first settlement by the British, under the colonial and monarchical as well as the republican governments. This, therefore, may be regarded as its natural rate of increase, and will probably continue to be such in future, even should all emigration from Europe be cut off. Internal divisions, indeed, civil wars, the dominion of vice, and the disorder and ruin which always follow the separation of states and the disruption of religious and social obligations, may greatly check it; so that the prediction of Burke, who has been styled "the unrivaled prophet of politics"—though we ourselves believe it morally impossible—may yet be fulfilled, and "American Tartars, armed with the pike and the saber, may pour over the Alleghanies and sweep away the wealth and population, and the existence of a long line of cities, grown indolent, avaricious, and defenseless by the natural course of popular government and profligate prosperity." We may hope, however, that the pure and all-controlling influence of truth and piety will so subdue the multitudes yet to fill the great valley of the West, that this prediction, like others of a similar kind, will fail of its accomplishment. The probability is, that the rate of increase, to which we have referred, will be perpetuated for many generations. In 1850 the United States contained a population of near 25,000,000, 20,000,000 of the Saxon, and about 5,000,000 of African and other races. Fifty years thence it may be expected to contain from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000; and one hundred years thence, from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000, a number one-third greater than the entire present population of Europe. Our grandchildren may live to see this country filled with this immense mass of human beings.

Reflect also upon their national progress. See how they ad-

vance over hill and valley, through forest and stream, to the occupancy of the vast and untrodden domains of the West. Hark how their strokes ring from the primeval forest, while the voice of psalms, on Sabbath morn, rises from the low-roofed cabin by the desert stream. "They do not pass through," says Alison, the historian of Europe, "like a desolating fire or a raging torrent; they settle where they take up their abode, never to return. Their war is with the forest and the marsh. Spreading themselves over an extent of nearly 1200 miles in length, these advanced posts of civilization commence the incessant war with the hatchet and the plough; and at the sound of their strokes resounding through the solitudes of their forests, the wild animals and the Indians retire to more undisturbed retreats. Along this frontier tract the average advance of cultivation is about seventeen miles a year. The ground is imperfectly cleaned by the pioneers, but still the forest has disappeared; the green field, the wooden cottage, the signs of infant improvement have arisen, and behind them another wave of more wealthy and skillful settlers succeeds, who complete the work of agricultural improvement."

The advance of population and improvement in future must be chiefly in the West—in the great valley of the Mississippi, which lies hundreds of miles between the Alleghanies on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, the great inland seas of Erie, Ontario, Huron, and Michigan on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, watered by the magnificent rivers of the Ohio, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Arkansas, and containing vegetable and mineral resources sufficient almost to support the whole population of America and Europe combined. It is ascertained that the population of the West increases at the rate of 300,000 to 500,000 per annum, which, in forty or fifty years, will give it the control of the whole American continent, and, through that, of the world. But the Rocky Mountains will also be left behind, and millions will be found occupying the vast regions which lie on the other side, and extend to the shores of the Pacific. San Francisco is destined to be one of the most important commercial emporiums in the world.

The tide of population pouring in continually from the Old World is a circumstance of profound interest to us all. Deprecated by some as a gigantic evil, God evidently designs it for a blessing. For ourselves, we rejoice in the immense accessions from Ireland, Italy, and Germany annually made to this country; for if we are true to Freedom and to God, we shall find that they are brought here to be emancipated and redeemed.

"This great republic," says an English writer who will not be

supposed guilty of exaggeration in this instance, "is the paramount state on the American continent, and the third, if not the second power in the world; and it is rapidly preparing to contend for the first place. It is customary to speak of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as 'the five great powers,' and in diplomatic science to regard these as the only states which are competent to take the initiative in political matters. It is time for us to amend our classification. Nations take rank according to their powers of mischief—a strange standard for a Christian people in the nineteenth century, but in the logic of accepted statesmanship the only true one. Yet even in this, the United States yield to no power in Europe.

"In naval resources, America is second only to England. It has a territory larger and infinitely richer than that of Russia, more compact and defensible than that of France. It is active, wealthy, and progressive; has no fiscal difficulties to embarrass it, no public debt, no governmental taxation.

"In natural resources, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, mineral wealth, fine harbors, means of inland navigation, the country of the United States is not inferior to any other of equal extent of territory in the world. Her income exceeds her expenditure. With her immense possessions to protect; with her vast frontier line on the west, resting on an uncivilized country; with her large extent of sea and river coast, and commerce on all the oceans to cover, she only finds it necessary to keep a permanent military and naval establishment of 7500 men each, a total for all purposes of defense of 15,000, or about one-third the number of English commissioned officers! To one educated in the midst of the military system of Europe, this would seem to indicate paucity of resources and poverty of defense. Truly, it indicates just the contrary. The Anglo-American republic has no use for armies. In the Old World these costly appendages of power are kept up for police purposes, for internal coercion, rather than for foreign defense. Political equals need no standing armies to keep them in order. Free institutions are the best bulwarks."

What is to be the future influence of a nation thus formed and forming, it is impossible to compute. Even now its sails whiten every sea, its productions are found in every land, its sons traverse the globe, some as sailors and merchants, some as travelers and men of science, some as diplomatists and politicians, some as ministers of the Gospel and missionaries of the Cross. If it be not elevated by Christianity, with her twin products, freedom and virtue, it will be vicious, and powerful only for evil; nay, it will fall, and drag other nations with it to destruction. But should truth

and righteousness prevail, and the blessings of civil and religious freedom be perpetuated, then it will become the glory of all lands, the Jerusalem of the West, the Thermopylæ of the world.

In referring to the discovery of America by Columbus, we stated that that great event was associated with other discoveries which exerted an immense influence on the destiny of the race. It is worthy of observation that the recent rapid progress of the United States, the acquisition of California, and the immense extension of our territory to the south and west, have been associated with one of the most stupendous discoveries of the age, the electric telegraph, which is itself the result of the great discoveries in electro-magnetism, and intimately associated with the application of steam to purposes of transportation by sea and land. On this account we cannot help contrasting our present progress, through these surprising instrumentalities which have linked all parts of the country in what we hope will prove indissoluble bonds, with the state of things in the days of Fulton, whose successful experiment on the North River gave such an impetus to commerce and discovery.

Fulton's first boat was "a queer-looking craft," and while on the stocks excited much attention, and not a little ridicule. When she was launched, and the steam-engine placed in her, that was regarded with the same feelings as the boat built to float it. Public curiosity was greatly excited. When the New York newspapers announced that the boat would start from the foot of Cortlandt-street, at half past six on Friday morning the 4th of September, and take passengers to Albany, there was "a broad smile" on every face, when the inquiry was made, if any would be fool enough to risk himself in her. A Quaker met a young gentleman of his acquaintance in the street, who talked of going, and said to him, with the utmost gravity—"John, wilt thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee, she is the most *fearful wild-fowl* living, and thy father ought to restrain thee." On Friday morning the wharves, piers, house-tops, indeed, every spot which could be occupied in view of "the strange craft," were crowded with spectators. There were twelve berths, and the fare was seven dollars. The whole machinery was uncovered and exposed to view, and, in comparison with modern improvements, were awkward enough. The forward part was covered by a deck, which gave shelter to the hands; the after part was fitted up, in a rough way, for passengers. The entrance into the cabin was from the stern, in front of the steersman, who worked a tiller as in an ordinary sloop. Dense masses of smoke issued from the chimney, steam escaped from every valve and crevice of the

poorly constructed engine. Fulton was on hand, eager and decided, with his peculiarly sharp, clear voice, heard above the noise of the engine and the hum of the multitude. He heeded not the doubt, fear, curiosity, contempt, and sarcasm of those about him, but made his preparations for departure with vigor. It was a crisis in his life, a crisis in the progress of discovery and civilization.

Every thing being ready, the engine was started on its perilous movement, and the boat moved slowly but steadily from the wharf. As she turned up the river and was fairly under way, there arose such a huzza from the dense multitude as made the whole welkin ring. Fulton stood upon the deck, with swelling bosom and flashing eye, as he gazed upon the multitude; he felt that the crisis was passed, and his name written upon the annals of fame. But he was silent, and the peculiar expression of his countenance alone indicated what was passing in his mind.

Coming up Haverstraw Bay, a man was waiting for them in a skiff. He happened to be a miller, and being taken on board, was actually persuaded, by a facetious Irishman, that the whole thing was a floating corn-mill. He wanted to see the mill-stones; but the other quickly replied—"That is a secret the *master*," pointing to Fulton, "has not told us yet; but when we come back from Albany with a load of corn, then, if you come on board, you'll see the meal fly!"

As they passed West Point the whole garrison was out, and cheered them as they passed. At Newburg it seemed as if all Orange county was out; the entire hill-side was animated with life. The river was covered with every sort of water-craft; the ferry-boat from Fishkill was filled with ladies. Fulton, who was engaged seeing a passenger landed, did not observe the boat until she bore up nearly alongside; turning around, the waving of so many handkerchiefs, and the smiles of bright and happy faces, struck him with surprise; he raised his hat, with a smile, and exclaimed—"That is the finest sight we have seen yet."

In his letter to Barlow (22d August, 1807), Fulton adds: "My steamboat voyage to Albany has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance to Albany is 150 miles; I ran up in *thirty-two hours*. I had a light breeze against me the whole way going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails; and this voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam-engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to the windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor."

And now the North River, and indeed all the navigable rivers

of the country, are covered with floating palaces; and, not content with these means of communication, long lines of railroad are laid, not only across the country, but even along the banks of some of our largest rivers. In the valley of the Mississippi alone there are 16,000 miles of steamboat navigation fully occupied. Europe and America are united by steam; and far out in the wilds of Oregon and California the silence of the primeval forests is disturbed by its presence.

In the United States the progress of railway construction is equally astonishing. A line of 563 miles in length connects Boston and Buffalo, and presently will dip into the margin of Lake Michigan, 500 miles further west. In the State of Michigan a railway is in operation across the entire State. Detroit will be connected with Buffalo by the Canadian Railway and a suspension bridge below the Falls of Niagara; Boston with Montreal by the Northern, Vermont Central, and La Prairie Railway, and steam navigation on the St. Lawrence; and the same city with New York by the New Haven and Long Island road. New York, seeing that she must become impoverished under the enterprise of Massachusetts, which is draining off her Western trade, is uniting her commercial emporium with Albany and Lake Erie. Philadelphia is extending a railway to Pittsburg, 335 miles, 108 of which are now constructed; and it is contemplated to extend connections with it to Cincinnati and St. Louis. From Baltimore two lines of railway branch out, north and south, one running 506 miles into Maine, the other 420 miles to Wilmington, North Carolina. A branch goes west from Baltimore toward the Alleghany Mountains, at present completed 180 miles, and will soon reach the Ohio. In South Carolina a railroad is completed to Augusta, 136 miles, and others are rapidly extending their branches north and east through the State. Georgia, taking up the work where South Carolina terminates it, at Augusta, extends railways through her entire territory, north to the Tennessee line, west to Columbus, on the Chattahooche, and south in the direction of Pensacola. By these various lines travelers will soon, at an expense of fifty dollars, in one hundred hours pass with comfort and safety from New York to New Orleans.

Fifty years ago, there were in the United States little more than 2000 or 3000 clergymen, of all denominations, preaching the Gospel; now there are over 20,000. Newspapers were confined to the larger cities and the more cultivated regions of the country; now they are spread by millions and myriads to the remotest corners of the north, south, east, and west. The anticipations of the poet of Hope, with reference to this country, regarded, perhaps,

by many as mere declamation or poetical extravagance, have been more than realized:—

> "On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
> And the dread Indian chants a dismal song;
> Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
> And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
> There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
> And shepherds dance at summer's opening day;
> Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
> Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
> And silent, watch, on woodland hights around,
> The village curfew as it tolls profound."*

Imperfections enough and evils enough, some of them, it may be, deep and direful, we certainly have in this fair land; and what disastrous changes may issue from some of them we cannot tell—but the good predominates. The hand of God is in our history; and we cannot resist the conviction that a lofty career and a glorious destiny are before us. Slavery, indeed, is a disturbing influence; the problem as to its disposal is not yet solved. Our very Union is threatened with dissolution; yet what well-informed person really believes that such threat can be fulfilled? In our own deliberate judgment, the dissolution of the Union is a moral impossibility. The Union is the growth of ages; its roots strike deep into the soil amid the granite rocks of New England, beneath the prairies of the West, and the savannas of the South. Its gnarled and massive trunk rises high into the encircling heavens, and its wide-spread branches droop over land and sea. Can words, then, dissolve it, as if it were gossamer? Can resolutions, nay, more, can treason and insurrections, the winds and storms of political agitation, tear up its roots and scatter its branches, as if it were a sapling or a gourd? The leaves may tremble with the fury of the blast, nay, its strong limbs may quiver and bend, but its mighty roots will only strike deeper into the heart of the earth, and its lofty trunk rise higher and stronger in the serene and purified atmosphere.

* Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

CHAPTER III.

NEW ENGLAND STATES.

We propose now to take a rapid excursion among the various States and Territories of "the Union," in which we shall find the same great elements of prosperity and power, though with considerable diversity of character and attainments. Much of the United States, both physically, morally, and socially, is in a sort of unformed or transition state; and it would be folly to expect, in every part, the refinements of advanced civilization. Where the school-house and the log-hut, the church and the wilderness, as in several states and territories, are side by side, we must look for much that is immature and defective. In all, however, we shall discover traces of order, energy, and enterprise; and in some marks of the highest improvement.

Arms of Maine.

First, then, we plunge amid the green valleys and wide-spread forests of *Maine*, a State much of which is yet a wilderness, having an area as large as the rest of all New England, with its long reach of sea-board, indented with creeks and bays, and having some of the finest harbors in the country, its deep and beautiful rivers, its thriving towns and villages, and, above all, its industrious and enterprising inhabitants. Let any one sail, by steamboat or other water-craft, up and down the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, and he will meet as picturesque scenery, and as attractive towns and villages, nestling among the tufted trees, as can any

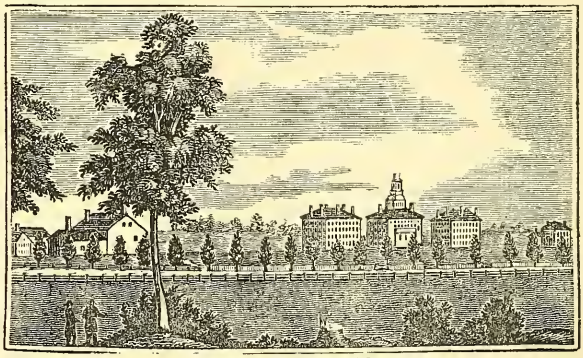
where greet the eye. The country, indeed, in many parts, especially toward the north, is comparatively new and wild; but, in most places, you behold tokens of energy and improvement. Maine has great internal resources. Between the Kennebec and Penobscot is a tract of land not exceeded in fertility by the best portions of the United States. Vast quantities of pine and other lumber are floated down its long-reaching rivers. With a sea-coast of 230 miles, indented with spacious bays, and protected by numerous islands, it affords great facilities for ship-building and commerce. In the interior, and to the north of the State, are many fine ponds and lakes. Indeed, it is computed that one-tenth of the surface of the State is covered with water. It has three colleges, several academies, one or two theological institutions, and a good system of common-school education. Its people, who are rapidly increasing, are an energetic, thriving race. They are of the true Yankee stock, and possess all the requisites for prosperity and happiness. Ardently attached to liberty, and disposed to form their own opinions for themselves on all matters, civil, social, and religious, they are essentially democratic in their notions and habits. Like the rest of the New Englanders, they are somewhat given to roving, and may be found in all parts of the Union, and in many portions of the world besides; but they greatly love their native land, and often return to it, with all the fondness of a first love, to spend the evening of their days among its trees and streams, and lay their bones in the sepulchers of their fathers.

Enter any of the thriving cities or villages on the banks of the Kennebec, such as Bath, Gardiner, Hallowell, or Augusta, the last of which is the capital, and you will see at a glance that they are "going ahead" in commerce, trade, manufactures, education, and religion. Every place is well supplied with schools, churches, and other evidences of moral and social advancement.

Maine, though of recent growth, is not altogether undistinguished in literature. We have not space to enumerate all her gifted sons; but pass into the city of Portland, and, by a little inquiry, you will find that it is the birth-place, if not the residence, of a group of men of genius. Among these is John Neal, bold, energetic, vigorous, and free, somewhat careless, indeed, "throwing out diamonds and stones at random," but occasionally rising to great beauty and pathos; Longfellow, regarded by some as the first of American poets, with his foreign air and exquisite melody, rolling off, in harmonious numbers, the "Voices of the Night," or singing a clear and thrilling chant for liberty and truth; N. P. Willis, with all his dilettanteisms, a true poet, and a man of genius,

whose lines to his Mother and Scriptural Sketches are among the most beautiful things in the language; William Cutter, a writer of excellent promise, though not, perhaps, equal to the first-named three; Isaac McLellan, a true child of song; Grenville and Frederick Mellen, both known in the literature of their country; and Seba Smith, with his lady, Mrs. Seba Smith, some of whose pieces have much of the fine expression and delicate flow which the critics ascribe to the poet Moore.*

Other distinguished men belong to Portland, but we cannot name them now, nor is it necessary, as those already mentioned reflect upon her sufficient honor. George B. Cheever, whose "Wanderings of a Pilgrim" are written with great force and beauty, is a native of Hallowell, on the Kennebec River.



Waterville College, Me.

We pass now into the Green Mountains of *Vermont*, so called from the evergreens with which they are crowned. Here we discover much rough but beautiful scenery, particularly in the region of Lake Champlain, lying partly in Vermont and among the Green Mountains, which run, in an unbroken range, between the Connecticut River on the east, and Lake Champlain on the west, and stretching into Massachusetts.

Vermont is celebrated for her "Green Mountain Boys," brave and undaunted souls, who love their home, much in the spirit of William Tell and the natives of Switzerland. It was settled by emigrants from Massachusetts, and, as its lands were claimed by

* We find, on examination, that Grenville Mellen was born in Biddeford, Maine. We may add that Mrs. Seba Smith, author of "The Sinless Child," was born in a small village near Portland.

Arms of Vermont.

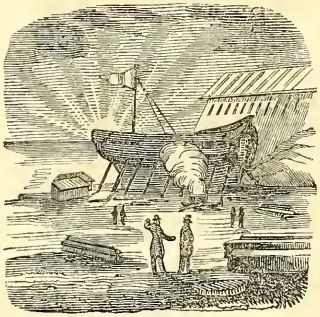
some of the neighboring States, it had a difficult part to play in the Revolutionary struggle. At the commencement of the war, Congress dared not admit Vermont into the Union, for fear of offending the other States. The British endeavored, but in vain, to detach it from the American confederacy. The Green Mountain Boys proved their patriotism by their daring conduct in the hour of trial; and in 1791, Vermont was admitted into the Union, whose independence she had aided to secure.

The soil of this State is generally fertile, even among the mountains, but is better adapted to grazing than to grain. It has some fine towns, the chief of which are Montpelier, Windsor, Burlington, Rutland, and Woodstock. The climate in winter is severe, but healthful; and in summer, bracing and delightful. Vermont is not behind her sister States in the matter of education. Her colleges, or universities, at Burlington, Middlebury, and Norwich, though not large, are thriving institutions. Among all her hills, the humble school-house and the heaven-aspiring church adorn the landscape. In the Revolutionary struggle, the Green Mountain Boys distinguished themselves by their daring bravery.

Vermont can lay claim to some celebrated literary men, among whom are Dr. James Marsh, Hon. George P. Marsh, George Bush, Thomas C. Upham, and Rufus Choate. The well-known O. E. Brownson is a native of this State. James Marsh and Thomas Upham have distinguished themselves in mental and moral philosophy; Bush and Brownson by their speculations in religion, and startling changes of opinion; and Choate by his rich and vehement style of forensic eloquence.

Both in Vermont and in Maine, manufactures have made some

progress, and are destined to yet further increase. The people, generally, are moral, industrious, and enterprising. The climate and country are favorable to the development of a hardy and virtuous race.



Arms of New Hampshire.

But *New Hampshire*, "the Old Granite State," as her citizens love to call it, attracts us; not "old" in the proper sense of the word, for this is only an expression of endearment and veneration, but young, vigorous, and thriving. The glory of New Hampshire, next to her free institutions and evangelical faith, is her "White Mountains," the loftiest and most romantic east of the Mississippi, with old Monadnoc towering to the sky, and Mount Washington, the highest and grandest of the range, overlooking the surrounding hills and vales. Many fine streams water the valleys of New Hampshire, among which the Merrimac is pre-eminent, being famed at once in song and story, and, what is of more immediate practical utility, driving the water-wheels and spindles of innumerable mills, giving wealth to many, and employment to more. Whittier, the amiable and gifted Quaker poet, belongs in part to New Hampshire, and has immortalized the Merrimac in his exquisite verse :—*

"Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Pour'd slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold;

* He was born on the banks of the Merrimac, in Haverhill, Mass.; but Massachusetts and New Hampshire, as linked by the Merrimac, bear a very similar character.

And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock which thy returning tide,
As yet, hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem;
No isle, whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail,
Bow'd to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house, with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light!"

New Hampshire claims the honor of giving birth to Joseph C. Neal, author of "Charcoal Sketches," and, above all, Daniel Webster, whose colossal intellect and commanding eloquence have won the admiration of the civilized world. Like her sister New England States, New Hampshire has paid much attention to her common schools, and has a prosperous college in the town of Dartmouth. Phillips Academy, at Exeter, is the best endowed institution of the kind in the United States, and has sent out many fine scholars. The State is chiefly agricultural in its character, though not without considerable manufactures along the courses of her streams. Immense quantities of lumber, from her extensive forests, are exported to other parts of the country. Pine woods are abundant, and frequently grow to the hight of two hundred feet. The whole State is beautified by a great variety of thriving forest-trees, especially maples, beeches, birches, and so forth, mingled with evergreens, which, in the fall, when touched by evening frosts, present, on the mountain-sides, the most gorgeous appearance. "In this country," says Dr. Dwight, who has given an animated description of the White Mountains, "it is often among the most splendid beauties of nature. All the leaves of trees which are not evergreens are, by the first severe frost, changed from their verdure toward the perfection of that color which they are capable ultimately of assuming, through yellow, orange, and red, to a pretty, deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and the different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures are commonly found on those of a single tree, and always on those of a grove or forest. These colors also, in all their varieties, are generally full, and, in many instances, are among the most exquisite which are found in the regions of nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of

different degrees of this beauty. Among them, the maple is pre-eminently distinguished by the prodigious variety, the finished beauty, and the intense luster of its hues, varying through all the dyes, between a rich green and the most perfect crimson, or, more definitely, the red of the prismatic image. There is, however, a sensible difference in the beauty of this appearance of nature, in different parts of the country, even when the forest-trees are the same. I have seen no tract where its splendor was so highly finished, as in the region which surrounds the little town of Lancaster, for a distance of thirty miles. The colors are more varied and more intense, and the numerous evergreens furnish, in their deep hues, the best groundwork of the picture. I have remarked that the annual foliage on these mountains had been already changed by the frost. Of course the darkness of the evergreens was finely illumined by the brilliant yellow of the birch, the beech, and the cherry, and the more brilliant orange and crimson of the maple. The effect of this universal diffusion of gay and splendid light was to render the preponderating deep green more solemn. The mind, encircled by this scenery, irresistibly remembered that the light was the light of decay, autumnal and melancholy. The dark was the gloom of evening, approximating to night. Over the whole the azure of the sky cast a deep misty blue, blending toward the summits every other hue, and predominated over all."

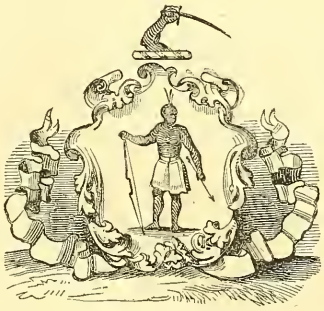
This elaborate description will give some conception of the autumnal glories peculiar to the whole of New England, but seen in all their magnificence among the White Mountains. They are evanescent, however, as the dreams of youth, and leave the mountains bleak and bare, or whitened by the heavy snows of the northern winter. Then the merry sleigh-bells ring among the valleys, and the hardy sons of the forests chase the deer, or the bear, among the cold, rugged cliffs. After all, it is a bleak and somewhat forbidding country, and far inferior to Italy, and even to England in "cultured beauty." Still, it is "the nursery of giant men," the home of freedom, the haunt of virtue.

"O! greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,

And over shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb;
And far toward the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms;
Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade,
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of Oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!"

Whittier.

New Hampshire, sometimes called the Switzerland of America, has ever been true to freedom, and her sweet native minstrels have "sung it round the world."



Arms of Massachusetts.

But of all the New England States, *Massachusetts*, perhaps, is the most distinguished: first, by her memories of the olden time, Plymouth, Boston, Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and secondly, by her renown in all the walks of literature, and especially in the perfection of her system of common-school education. Here, in the days which tried men's souls, was "rocked," in old Faneuil Hall, the cradle of the Revolution. Here, brave men fought and fell, on the hights of Charlestown; and here the wise and the

good pledged their lives and sacred honor in the cause of freedom and independence. Here, too, first settled the pilgrim fathers, and laid the foundations of enduring prosperity in religion and virtue. Here, they first founded schools and colleges "for the glory of God," and the "better ordering of the commonwealth."* And here patient and heroic men have proved the power and permanence of self-government, as the highest element of national prosperity and happiness. Dear old Bay State, with thy poor soil and rocky shores, whose chief productions and exports are said to be granite and ice, thou hast won for thyself, by industry and religion, a crown of imperishable glory.

"Rough, bleak, and cold," says her poet, Whittier—

"Rough, bleak, and cold, our little state
Is hard of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone.

But on her rocks, and on her sands
And stormy hills, the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains with milder laws
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands
While near her school the church spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule
While near the church spire stands the school!"

In the days of old, indeed, Massachusetts, false to her fundamental principles, persecuted the Quakers and Baptists. The Puritans, good as they were, banished the noble and learned Roger Williams from their soil; but all these things have passed away long ago. They were shadows on the disk of the sun; and now over all the hills and vales of Massachusetts shines the full effulgence of civil and religious freedom. The spirit of the Pilgrim State was ever one of enlightenment and liberty, and it could not but work itself clear of all the mists and obscurities of error. The church and school have been the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, to lead her forth into the full possession of

* Harvard University, the largest (except Yale, perhaps) and the best endowed institution in the country, was founded in 1638, eighteen years after the first landing on Plymouth Rock.

truth and right. What a long procession of great and good men—statesmen, divines, and scholars, poets, orators, and teachers—see we issuing from her homes and schools! Here are the Hancocks and Adamses, the Franklins and Quincys, the Ameses and Storys, the Mathers and Channings, the Bancrofts and Prescotts, the Spragues and Lowells, the Everetts and Danas, the Wares and Allstons, the Sedgwicks and Hawthornes, the Emmonses and Stuarts, the Beechers and Paysons, the Whipples and Bowens, the Pierces and Manns, of ancient and of modern times. It is no small distinction to have given birth to William C. Bryant, William Bowditch, and John Quincy Adams, and, with all his crudities and absurdities, to that singular and wayward child of genius, Ralph Waldo Emerson. In the estimation of angels, perhaps, it is a higher distinction still, to have nursed in her bosom the first American missionaries, and given to the homage and admiration of the world such men as John Elliott, William Brainard, and Adoniram Judson.

Massachusetts can boast the possession of several distinguished academies and colleges, and, with one exception, the largest and best endowed university in the country. Her system of common schools is nobly conceived and generously supported. Here every child may receive a thorough education, and, if possessed of gifts, may rise to the highest distinctions of learning. The larger towns and cities have expended immense sums on their schools, and are daily reaping the fruits in the intelligence, industry, and enterprise of the people.* Commerce and manufactures every where pros-

* We append the following statement of the relative proportion, in different countries, of pupils to the whole population. Of course it is only an approximation to the actual state of the case, but will probably be found, in the main, correct. It is derived from a Scottish journal.

1.	State of Maine,	1 to 3
2.	" New Hampshire,	1 — 3
3.	" New York,	1 — 3½
4.	" Massachusetts,	1 — 4
5.	" Vermont,	1 — 4
6.	" Ohio,	1 — 4
7.	" New Jersey,	1 — 5
8.	Canton of Zurich,	1 — 5
9.	" Argau,	1 — 5¼
10.	Saxony,	1 — 5½
11.	Bohemia,	1 — 5¾
12.	Prussia,	1 — 6
13.	Canton of Vaud,	1 — 6
14.	Baden,	1 — 6
15.	Wurtemburg,	1 — 7
16.	Denmark,	1 — 7

per. The growth of such manufacturing towns as Lowell, Lawrence, and Hadley Falls, is really astonishing. Situated on the south bank of the Merrimac, Lowell has sprung into existence and prosperity, only within a few years, with a rapidity and energy more like the work of magic than reality. In 1820 Lowell was scarcely known as a village with about 200 souls. Now it is the second city in New England, and has a population of 30,000. In twenty years its population increased a hundred-fold; the value of its property during the same period was enhanced one hundred and twenty-fold. Its motive power is supplied by a broad and deep canal from the falls of the Merrimac, a little above the city—a motive power capable of turning 300,000 spindles. New companies are constantly springing up to avail themselves of this prodigious force. Thousands of males, and especially females, from the country towns, not only of Massachusetts, but of Maine and New Hampshire, here find employment; and as a proof of their thrift and virtue, the greater portion of their earnings is deposited in savings banks.* They generally make it the stepping-stone to something better, and generally return to their old homes, to gladden the hearts of those they love, or go off with their husbands to the West to buy farms, and rise in the world. A literary paper has been conducted for years by the females alone, and, from its vigorous and moral character, proves, conclusively, that there is both "mind" and "heart" among the spindles. Every facility is

17.	Norway,	1 to 7
18.	Bavaria,	1 — 7
19.	Holland,	1 — 8
20.	Pennsylvania,	1 — 9
21.	Switzerland generally,	1 — 9
22.	Austria,	1—10
23.	Belgium,	1—10¼
24.	England,	1—11
25.	Scotland (in 1834),	1—11
26.	Lombardy,	1—12½
27.	Ireland,	1—13¼
28.	France,	1—13¼

* "In the city of Lowell, a city not thirty years old yet, there are two savings institutions, which have *five thousand two hundred and sixty-five depositors.* The amount of money deposited, according to the returns just published by the Secretary of State, is EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY-ONE CENTS. Yes, $868,262 41. Aside from this, there is not a mill in Lowell in which the operatives at work therein do not own a part of the stock. In the Merrimac Mills alone, there are upward of seventy thousand dollars of the stock owned by operatives. Then they own largely in the Lowell Railroad and in other railroads, also bank and other stocks."

afforded them for mental and moral improvement. Several societies for literary and other purposes have been established among themselves. Lowell has eight grammar-schools, mostly free, and thirty public free schools, where the rich and the poor may meet together and enjoy the benefits of a thorough educational training. The number of children attending the free schools is about 6000, and this out of a population of 30,000! And now Lawrence and Hadley Falls have sprung into existence, under the same influences, and are destined to rival Lowell itself. The Connecticut River has been dammed, and its mighty stream turned among the spindles; already stores, churches, and schools are springing up on the banks of the beautiful river, as the immediate result of the enterprise.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—CONTINUED.

But Boston, the capital of the State, "the Athens of New England," demands our attention; for here are concentrated the best elements of New England character, intelligence, energy, and refinement. Ascend the state-house, and look around, on the vast and beautiful panorama which every where greets the eye. Surrounded by a coronet of attractive villages, and reposing on islands of the sea, or land won from the waves, Boston looks like a queen upon her throne. Beautiful for situation, with a glorious mingling of land and water, fine buildings and shady trees, a spacious common, and magnificent environs, few cities are more attractive and delightful. Blending, too, the olden with the modern times, by means of Faneuil Hall, the state-house, and Bunker Hill, with old Harvard in the distance, and the wide-spread bay, gleaming in the sunlight, and dotted with vessels, the whole city is invested with the most interesting and stirring associations.

The following "glimpses of the past," which we take from an authentic source, will give some idea of ancient manners, and of the spirit and progress of New England society.

"It is pleasant, if not profitable, occasionally to recur to the past, and to trace, in the moldy volume of old Time, the influences of far-off events upon the time that is. How eloquent at

times is 'still life!' The old wooden mansion of Gov. Hancock, in Beacon-street, is more eloquent and attractive in its venerable dilapidation, than the 'swelled fronts' of its more fashionable neighbors. Who that has the imagination of an ordinary mortal does not, while sauntering, fancy-free, upon our upper mall on Boston Common, see this old edifice peopled by beings of other days, and of other ways than those we live in; and as their figures darken the portal, or flit by the antiquated windows, feel an impulse to doff the modern 'moleskin' (no longer beaver) before the venerable cocked-hat of a by-gone generation; to say nothing of the silver buckles that braced the 'hinges of the knee,' or sat, in massive state, upon the summit of the instep? 'High in the instep' is with us a current phrase, expressive of pride;—can it have any reference to the buckles of our grandsires? The *tout ensemble* of their attire was imposing. The cocked-hat looked defiant, and the buckle, clasping the circlet of the knee, seemed to indicate the stubbornness of a joint unused to bend under the men of those days, save only in the attitude of prayer and thanksgiving to the God of heaven. Add to this the buckle on the instep, imparting an aspect of strength to the pedestal, and, from the summit to the base, the full stature of a man stands before you firm as the marble. Old Major Melville was the 'last of the cocked-hats' of Boston. We remember him well—and what Bostonian does not?

"'But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that—
Were so queer!'

"There is an ancient-looking cottage in the town of Weymouth, in this State, which furnishes the following traditionary anecdote. We are indebted to a friend for the recital of the facts (assured to be such) upon which our relation is founded. In 1762 the chimneys of the old edifice referred to furnished evidence, which would have been conclusive to the mind of Dean Swift, of the hospitality to be found within; for the witty Dean, in describing the reaction in a house from short commons to good dinners, takes his cue from the chimneys, and breaks out,

"'Now chimneys smoked that never smoked before!'

However applicable this line might be in this case, we know not; but at the time referred to, the hospitality of the house was presided over by a scion of that interminable race, the Smiths. It was then the residence of the Rev. Wm. Smith, a gentleman whose character is briefly and clearly summed up in his 'peculiar

aristocratic feelings.' The reverend gentleman had two daughters—Mary and Abigail. That they were attractive, either in their persons or their minds, or both, or from their family standing, may be inferred from the fact that they both had suitors. Mary was betrothed to a young gentleman of wealth and station, to the great delight of her father. Abigail, in this latter particular, was not so fortunate; for she, poor maid, had given her heart, and promised her hand, to the son of an honest but humble farmer in the town of Quincy, which plebeian extraction ran counter to the current of the pure blood of the Smiths. However, Abigail's suitor was tolerated on this one ground, that he had forsaken the plough and was then passing through the study of the law. He was barely allowed ingress and egress to the house, but was denied the common rites of hospitality, or the old man's welcome. Even his poor horse, that had borne him on 'love's light wings' on those delightful errands from his native village, had to stand unsheltered in the winter's cold. This was very trying; but love 'increaseth by impediment,' and, this being the case, all the hospitality the young man wanted Abigail was abundantly able to supply. Mary's wealthy wooer, *tout au contraire*, was ever welcome; feasted upon the good things of Mr. Smith's table by special invitation, and hung his hat up as in his father's house. Thus, while the one sister was commended for her judicious choice by her father, and was sailing down the smooth current of joyful anticipation with her intended lord, the other was snubbed and censured for her plebeian tastes and vulgar indiscretion in falling in love with one so much below her station, and saw the object of her choice treated with 'the proud man's contumely.' When the time had arrived that Mary was to be married, the Rev. Mr. Smith, in the plenitude of his joy, called his daughter to him, and gave her the privilege of choosing a text, from which he would preach a sermon on the interesting occasion, the Sabbath following the nuptials; but she declined the offer, begging him to make his own selection. He did so; and, true to his past policy, preached a sermon from the text, 'Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her,' in which he made some sharp hits at poor Abigail. Shortly after, Abigail's time came to be married to the young lawyer, whose name was John Adams, and she also had the privilege of choosing a text, which she availed herself of by making the following retaliatory selection:—'And John came *neither eating nor drinking*, and ye say he hath a devil!' Whether the old man preached from this text our informant saith not; but it is chronicled that in the year 1764, John Adams, Esq., of Quincy, was united in the bands of wedlock, to Miss Abigail, sec-

ond daughter of Rev. Wm. Smith, of Weymouth. We also find it recorded in the 'Lives of the Presidents,' that the farmer's son of Quincy became the successor of Washington, as President of the United States; and that said Abigail, his wife, was his devoted partner for fifty-four years.

"A letter from this excellent woman, written during the war, is preserved, from which we make the following extract. It breathes the spirit of the times, and shows how happily yoked she was with her energetic and indomitable husband.

"'Heaven is our witness,' she says, 'that we do not rejoice in the effusion of blood, or the carnage of the human species; but having been forced to draw the sword, we are determined never to sheathe it slaves to Britain. Our cause is the cause of truth and justice, and will finally prevail, though the combined force of earth and hell should rise against it. To this cause I have sacrificed much of my own personal happiness, by giving up to the councils of America one of my dearest connections, and living more than three years in a state of widowhood.'

"When we hear of the aristocracy of wealth, we are reminded that 'riches make to themselves wings and fly away;' when assailed by the claims of rank, the lines recur:

> "'The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that;'

and when the pride of lineage is the theme of panegyric, we fall back upon the common-sense epitaph of the poet Prior, written by himself:

> "'Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
> Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
> The son of Adam and of Eve,—
> Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?'"

To this we add the following, touching "the good part" of Mary. The personage who became her husband was none other than Richard Cranch, father of the present judge, of Washington City, D. C., a very worthy and estimable man. "At the age of twenty years he came to America, under the charge of Joseph Palmer, his uncle, who was president of the Provincial Congress, and brigadier-general of the Massachusetts forces during our Revolution, through the whole of which he was an active participant, both in body and pocket, having expended freely his fortune in that cause.

"The statement that 'Mary was betrothed to a young gentleman of wealth and station,' is correct; but Richard Cranch had obtained both of these prerequisites by personal application and

industry. He was by trade a watchmaker, then postmaster of Quincy and Braintree, finally, judge of the court of common pleas, and, by reputation, one of the best of men; was of sufficient commanding dignity of manners and deportment; and, besides, of unassuming piety, always observing morning and evening prayers in his family. His wealth consisted of the mansion in which he lived, with something of a farm attached.

"The relationship of sisters and brothers-in-law—the Smiths, Adamses, and Cranches—was an unalloyed source of satisfaction; and we cannot rightly infer that any animosity existed between the parties, flowing from their relative position in society. What became of Mary and her 'good part,' I have endeavored to make plain; their memory needs no record, but that imprinted upon the hearts of their descendants, and upon the tombstone beneath which they rest, after a good long pilgrimage of happiness through this life. Both daughters of the Rev. Wm. Smith were of superior natural and acquired education, and, what was more, they were the most actively benevolent of their sex, of their time; into whatever situation or embarrassment they were thrown, they were perfectly at home. For the benefit of our readers, and to show how well adapted the Smiths (both of resembling character) were for any position, we copy an original letter in our possession of the wife of the first President Adams; it speaks for itself.

"'HAVERHILL, ———.

"'TO WILLIAM CRANCH, ESQ.

"'*Dear Cousin:*—We propose to visit Haverhill next week, and we wish you to purchase as much hay as you can procure for the inclosed bill, and put it into Mr. Shaw's barn. As we shall have three horses, we think it will be less expensive to us to get the hay than to send them to a tavern; and we wish to have it there ready for us; if you could engage us four bushels of oats, we will thank you. I should suppose five hundred will supply three horses for five or six days.

"'Yours affectionately,

"'A. ADAMS.'"

To this private reminiscence, which has a peculiar interest of its own, as connected with the history of Massachusetts, we give a more public one. When John Hancock, at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, remarked with energy, that "there must be no pulling different ways, and that all must hang together;" "Yes," responded Franklin, in his peculiar way—"Yes, we must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately!"

In Boston may be seen the house and tomb of the New England patriot and philosopher. Let us descend through Beacon-street into Union-street, where, at the corner of Union and Hanover, you will see the very spot where the wonderful old printer spent his early years. It is a homely brick house of three stories, with small windows, and very small panes of glass in them, and the walls of a dirty yellow. Upon a gilded ball protruding from the corner you read, "Josias Franklin, 1698." The side of the house on Union-street remains as it was in the days of Franklin, but that on Hanover has been "shockingly" altered. John Knox's house in Edinburgh is covered with sign-boards, some of them announcing gin for sale; and here, shades of the mighty dead! is a bonnet warehouse! In this house, then, "Poor Richard" grew in stature and wisdom, developing those peculiar traits of honesty, shrewdness, and intelligence which have given his name to immortality. Here he pondered over "Bunyan's Works," which he read in separate volumes, "Barton's Historical Collections," "small chapman's books, and cheap, forty volumes in all," "Plutarch's Lives," a book of De Foe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and good old Dr. Mather's "Essay to do Good;" and where, too, "his lamp" (more probably his candle's end) was oft seen, as he sat up, at the dead of night, devouring the books which his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night out of the shop, to be returned next morning.

But we are forgetting "Boston present," with its 150,000 inhabitants, its extensive commerce, and, above all, its literary and moral eminence. From its settlement by the Puritans, education in Boston has received the constant attention of the citizens. Its public schools are of a higher character, and better supported, than those of any other city or considerable town in the Union. It is estimated that at least one-fourth of the entire population are kept at school during the year, at an expense of $200,000. Of the public free schools, the Latin High School, resting upon the broad basis of the Primary and the Grammar Schools, is pre-eminently distinguished. There the poorest boy in the city can be thoroughly fitted for college. It is under the direction of a principal, vice-principal, and four assistants.

Boston has over a hundred literary and charitable societies; in this respect, as in many others, strikingly resembling the "Northern Athens," the metropolis of Scotland. The Boston Athenæum has a library of from 30,000 to 40,000 volumes, with many ancient coins, medals, paintings, and so forth. Innumerable newspapers, literary journals, and reviews issue from Boston. It has about a hundred churches of all Christian denominations, characterized

by a remarkable spirit of kindness and tolerance Boston, of course, has her faults, her vagaries, and absurdities. Reformers, the most ultra and excessive, swarm here; but their very fanaticism, the fanaticism of love, is a proof of the benevolence from which it springs. The literature of Boston, including history, philosophy, theology, and criticism, is known throughout the civilized world. The historians Bancroft, Sparks, and Prescott rank with the greatest masters of historic literature. Her poets, inferior only to Milton, Shakspeare, Schiller, and Wordsworth, will bear comparison with any of their class in the Old World. Allston and Greenough are distinguished in the arts; Bowditch and Pierce in science; Story in jurisprudence; Choate and Webster, both identified with Boston, in forensic eloquence; Bowen and Whipple in periodical literature and criticism.

We have often been struck with the aspect of Boston on the Sabbath. It is, for its size, perhaps the quietest city in the world on that holy day, the spirit of decorum and repose reigning through all her streets, and indicating her high moral and religious character. Then the voices of her Sabbath bells sound as sweetly as such bells are wont to do in the quiet retreats of rural life.

"Hear the holy Sabbath bells—
Sacred bells!
Oh, what a world of peaceful rest
Their melody foretells!
How sweetly at the dawning
Of a summer Sabbath morning
Sounds the rhyming
And the chiming of the bells!
How they peal out their delight
At the happy, happy sight
Of the citizens' commotion,
As they wend to their devotion!
What emotions fill the breast,
At the ringing
And the singing!
And the solemn organ blending
With the fervent prayer ascending
To the God who made the Sabbath
For the weary pilgrim's rest!
What joy—what pain the bosom swells,
As fondly reminiscence dwells
O'er the happy hours of childhood,
When we heard those Sabbath bells!"

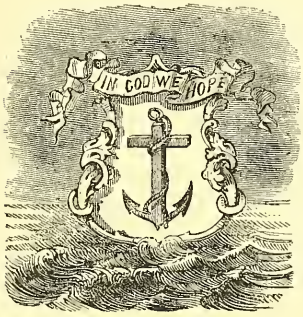
Before leaving Boston and Massachusetts, we must linger a few moments in the quiet retreats of Mount Auburn, the Père la Chaise of New England, and one of the most delightful monu-

ments of her taste and piety. The beauty, the solemnity, the repose of these extensive grounds, so tastefully laid out, and so richly adorned with forest-trees, evergreens, and flowers, mingled with elegant and appropriate monuments in honor of the dead, do great credit to the head and heart of the New England metropolis. Here may be seen the appropriate monument of Spurzheim and that of Dr. Bowditch, whose fine meditative bust has a delightful effect among the surrounding verdure. Here also are the tombs of Noah Worcester and the eloquent Dr. Channing. In these calm solitudes repose many of the distinguished men of Harvard University. Deeply hidden among the green foliage are several monuments and inscriptions of exquisite beauty. You come upon them occasionally with a feeling of sudden and delightful surprise. One of these has always affected us deeply: it is that of a beautiful child, represented, by the sculptor's device, lying upon her couch in that calm, deep sleep "which knows no waking," and beneath is the following inscription:

"Shed not for me the bitter tear;
Give not the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here—
The gem that filled it sparkles yet!"

On a plain slab are the simple but affecting words, "My Mother and my Sister." A magnificent granite monument marks the spot where that merchant prince, Mr. Lowell, founder of the Lowell Lectures, who died in Egypt, reposes among the sepulchers of his people. Flowers are scattered all around—tokens of love, emblems of hope and heaven; and forest birds, unconscious of sorrow and decay, are "singing among the branches." Many of the emblems on the tombs, and passages of Scripture, intimate the hope of the sleepers that they shall rise again, when "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality."

But we bid adieu to Massachusetts, and find ourselves in the small but spirited State of *Rhode Island*, "billow cradled," and fast anchored in the deep. "Little Rhody," as her own citizens sometimes call her, is the San Marino of the United States, and possesses at least one grand and lasting distinction, having been the early home of true "soul freedom"—the asylum, in the olden time, and in that age, the only one in the world, of entire liberty of conscience; for all the other States of New England, though free in many respects, and aiming at the establishment of just and equal laws, misapprehended this fundamental principle, and banished from their borders Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode



Arms of Rhode Island.

Island, and the first asserter of entire religious freedom. Others had contended for liberty of conscience and the right of self-government, in general terms, but none, till he, had fully and consistently separated the Church from the State, and insisted upon the amplest freedom of thought and liberty of speech. This glory belongs to Roger Williams and the State of Rhode Island.

It was in January, 1636, "the sternest month of a New England winter," when Roger Williams left his wife and children in Salem, and went forth into the wilderness, the sole depository of that mighty principle which, under God, is yet to emancipate the world. "I was sorely tossed," he says, "for fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." He would have perished amid the ice and snow of the forests, had it not been for the friendly aid of the Indians, whose friendship Williams had cultivated in the true spirit of Christian charity. "These ravens," says he, "fed me in the wilderness." He made his way first to the lodges of the Pokanokets, whose chief, Massasoit, who had known Mr. Williams when he lived in Plymouth, and had often received presents and other tokens of kindness at his hands, received him with cordial hospitality, and granted him a tract of land on the Seekonk River, to which, in the opening of the spring, he repaired, and where he pitched his tent, and began to build and plant, and where also he was joined by some of his friends from Salem.

But his corn was scarcely green when he was reminded that he was yet within the prohibited district of the persecuting Puritans. So, abandoning his new-found home without a murmur, he set sail in a canoe on the Seekonk River, for the other side of the water. Five others bore him company. As they glided along the silent waters of the Seekonk, Williams was hailed by some Indians from

the hights on the western bank of the stream, with the friendly salutation, "*What cheer, netop* (friend) ?—*what cheer ?*" and soon after landed at the spot now called *Slate Rock*. After exchanging salutations with the Indians, and making inquiries respecting the country, he again embarked, coasting round the headlands known as Fox Point and India Point, up the harbor, to the mouth of Mooshausic River, on Narragansett Bay. Landing on the beautiful slope of the hill that ascends from the river, he descried the spring of water around which he commenced *the first plantations* of Providence.

"A little distance north of what is now the center of the city, the spring is still pointed out which drew the attention of the humble voyagers of Seekonk. Here, after so many wanderings, was the weary exile to find a home, and to lay the foundations of a city which should be a perpetual memorial of pious gratitude to the superintending Providence which protected him and guided him to the spot. How changed is the scene in the lapse of two hundred years ! Art and wealth have covered with their beautiful mansions the hill-side that rose in luxuriant verdure before him, and Learning has erected her halls upon its summit. The solitary place has become a thickly peopled city, the abode of wealth and elegance; and instead of the deep silence of nature that then reigned over the scene, there are now heard, over hill, and plain, and water, the hum of the spindle, the bustle of trade, and the cheerful murmur of busy life."

Rhode Island, for many years, prospered under its old colonial charter, which confined the right of suffrage to particular classes of the community. This was a source of difficulty some years ago, now happily removed. The new constitution is essentially similar to those of the other States, and "little Rhody" has before her a bright career of improvement and prosperity. Her commerce is quite extensive, and her green fields support a numerous and thriving population. Somewhat late in organizing her system of common schools, it is now in successful operation. Providence is the second commercial city in New England. It boasts the possession of one of our ablest and most successful universities, at the head of which stands Dr. Francis Wayland, one of the most profound and vigorous writers in the country. Newport was the residence of the well-known Calvinist theologian, Dr. Hopkins, and the birth-place of the amiable and accomplished Channing. The Hon. Henry Wheaton, a distinguished scholar, and an able writer on international law, was a native of Rhode Island. The Hon. Job Durfee has conferred honor upon his native State by his original and vigorous poem of *What Cheer*, which John Foster

regarded with the highest admiration. It illustrates the early history of the State, and especially its first settlement by Roger Williams. The following passage, furnishing a fine contrast with the present condition of things in and around Providence, we cannot refrain from quoting:

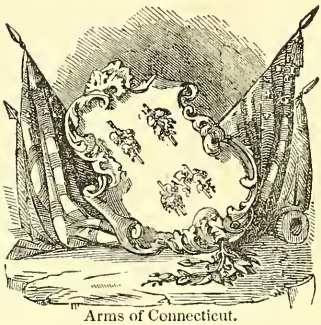
"The winds of March o'er Narragansett's bay
Move in their strength; the waves with foam are white;
O'er Seekonk's tide the waving branches play;
The woods roar o'er resounding plain and hight.
'Twixt sailing clouds the sun's inconstant ray
But glances on the scene, then fades from sight;
The frequent showers dash from the passing clouds;
The hills are peeping through their wintry shrouds.

"Dissolving snows each downward channel fill;
Each swollen brook a foaming torrent brawls;
Old Seekonk murmurs, and from every hill
Answers aloud the coming waterfalls.
Deep-voiced Pawtucket thunders louder still;
To dark Mooshausic joyously he calls,
Who breaks his bondage, and, through forests brown,
Murmurs the hoarse response, and rolls his tribute down.

"But hark! that sound about the cataracts
And hollow winds, in this wild solitude,
Seems passing strange: who, with the laboring axe,
On Seekonk's eastern marge, invades the wood?
Stroke follows stroke—some sturdy hind attacks
Yon ancient groves, which from their birth have stood
Unmoved by steel; and, startled by the sound,
The wild deer snuffs the gale, then, with a bound,

"Vaults o'er the thickets, and down yonder glen
His antlers vanish. On yon shaggy hight
Sits the lone wolf, half peering from his den,
And howls, regardless of the morning light.
Unwonted sounds and a strange denizen
Vex his repose; then, cowering with affright,
He shrinks away, for, with a crackling sound,
Yon lofty hemlock bows, and thunders to the ground."

The State of Rhode Island is honorably distinguished for its benevolent institutions. Miss Dix, we believe, belongs to Rhode Island, and the whole State, as well as the other States of the Union, has felt the influence of her Howard-like benevolence. The Hon. Nicholas Brown, whose name has been given to the university at Providence, has left behind him many memorials of his high and expansive charity. Long may this little State give birth to such benefactors of their race!



Arms of Connecticut.

The last, though by no means the least, State of New England we have to visit is *Connecticut*, sometimes facetiously called the "Wooden Nutmeg State," by others the "Freestone State," from the immense beds of old red sandstone which underlie the Connecticut River and the adjacent regions, the haunt of genius, and the home of the genuine Yankee peddler, who goes "whittling" and bargaining "round the world." The old Puritans who settled this State were a noble and substantial race of men, who "feared God, and kept his commandments;" but, from erroneous notions, and the habits of the age in which they lived, a little too stern in their social discipline. This gave rise to the celebrated *Blue Laws*, which arranged the dress, and cropped the hair to Puritan dimensions, and gave occasion to certain punishments for light misdemeanors and follies, at which we laugh now, but which assisted to preserve the sanctity of virtue, and form a character at once strong and influential. These *Blue Laws*, too, have been greatly misrepresented, and are not nearly so bad as is generally imagined. The Episcopal High Churchman, Peters, no great honor, in our judgment, to the venerable church of his fathers, mingled some inventions of his own, and certain hearsays of others, with the authentic laws of the State, and imparted to them a deeper *blue* than they naturally possessed.*

The Connecticut character has been well and wittily described by Fitz-Greene Halleck, "a poet of their own," and a man of fine genius:

"And still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That murmurs at their feet, a conquer'd wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord, or cabin'd slave;
Where minds, and tongues, and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;

* The very existence of the "Blue Laws" has been denied.

And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray;
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

"Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong;
A 'fierce democracie,' where all are true
To what themselves have voted, right or wrong,
And to their laws, denominated blue,
* * * *
A vestal state which power could not subdue.
* * * *

"They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none:
Such are they nurtured—such they live and die;
All but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling.

"Or, wandering through the Southern countries, teaching
The A B C from WEBSTER'S spelling-book;
* * * *
Or gaining by what they call 'hook and crook,'
And what the moralists call over-reaching,
A decent living. * * *

"But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed,
And there their hospitable fires burn clear;
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
With manly hearts; in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave!"

Connecticut has rather a poor and rugged soil, though very fertile and beautiful along the courses of her streams, the Connecticut, the Thames, the Housatonic, and the Farmington. A long range of mountains, or rather hills, runs through the State, like the backbone of a fish, coming down from the mountains of the north, and terminating at New Haven, in the high rocky bluffs called East and West Rocks. The State is essentially manufacturing; her rapid streams, "which run among the valleys," driving innumerable mills, which turn out all sorts of "Yankee notions," such as tin-ware, wooden-ware, clocks and coffee-mills, and the more substantial articles of cotton and woolen fabric.

Her noble river, the Connecticut, is one of the most beautiful in the country, often reminding one of the Rhine, though without the old castles and vine-covered hills of that ancient river; but every where, on its high sloping banks, you see the fair cottage

or more substantial farm-house, the neat school-house and gleaming church, "white as the snows of heaven," with its green blinds and slender spire. No finer cities of their size can be found than Hartford, New Haven, and Middletown. Her schools and colleges are of the highest order. "Old Yale," the glory of the pilgrims, is one of the largest in the United States, well endowed, and thoroughly manned with a noble corps of learned and accomplished teachers. The Wesleyan University at Middletown, though smaller, is a very respectable institution. The Connecticut School Fund, the largest in the country, now exceeds two millions of dollars.

Connecticut can show a long list of celebrated men—celebrated at once in peace and war. Her Davenports, Winthrops, Shermans, Putnams, Trumbulls, Ledyards, and Seymours are well known. Her literary history, too, is one of the most brilliant in the country. Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician, and perhaps preacher of his day, belongs to this State. Timothy Dwight, poet, orator, and divine, is one of her sons. A host of other distinguished preachers and theologians, whom we cannot even name, adorn her annals. Her poets, of whom Connecticut has been peculiarly prolific, are among the stars of American literature. Among these are Trumbull, the author of "McFingal," the Hudibras of his country; Joel Barlow, whose "Hasty Pudding" is well known; John Pierpont, whose "Airs of Palestine" and patriotic lyrics have awakened sweet echoes in many hearts; James A. Hillhouse, the amiable and gifted author of "Hadad;" Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose "Marco Bozzaris" sounds like a trumpet among the mountains; S. G. Goodrich, the Peter Parley of the world, and the author of some fine poems, among them "Lake Superior," of considerable poetic merit; Dr. James G. Percival, one of the most learned though singular men of his day, and a poet of rare power, rising frequently to strains which would do honor to Wordsworth and Coleridge; John Brainard, the author of "Connecticut," an exquisite piece of descriptive verse; Lydia H. Sigourney, the Hemans of America, with many others, as the newspapers say, "too numerous to mention." Connecticut is celebrated for her teachers, and perhaps no State has produced so many admirable text-books for schools and academies. Noah Webster, "the great word man," as the people sometimes impressively call him, has produced the best and most popular dictionary of the English language.

Nor is this State undistinguished in science. Her Olmsteds and Sillimans are known throughout the scientific world.

Before leaving this State, we will linger a little while in the city of Hartford, lying on a gentle acclivity which rises gradually from

the banks of the Connecticut, and possessing much picturesque beauty. On a bold eminence south of the city stand the handsome buildings of Trinity College, surrounded by thick masses of magnificent foliage. Beyond it, toward the south, is the State Lunatic Asylum, a fine silvan retreat, and one of the best institutions of the kind in the country. On this side, and separated from the college by Sickenam River, a sluggish stream, which winds in rural beauty through the intervening valley, rises Lord's Hill, sometimes called Asylum Hill, with handsome villas and cottages, and surmounted by the extensive buildings of the Asylum for Deaf Mutes, a noble and well-supported institution, with its dozen teachers, and three hundred pupils. Beneath these hills, in the direction of the Connecticut River, the city proper spreads itself north and south, adorned with handsome churches and lofty spires, among which towers the State House, a plain but handsome building and not far from it, the Athenæum, an elegant structure, in the semi-Gothic style, containing a large public library, as also the library of the Historical Society, the most of which, however, belongs to the great New England "Biblist," the venerable Dr. Robbins, a good collection of paintings, from the pencils of Trumbull, Stewart, West, and others, and an interesting cabinet of antiquities. Here may be seen portraits of some of the old governors and clergymen of Connecticut; the sign-post of General Putnam; the jacket and shirt of Ledyard, perforated by the sword of his recreant conqueror; Elder Brewster's chest, porridge-pot, and tongs, brought over in the Mayflower; an old English chair, fit for a giant, brought over in the same vessel; a chair, or ottoman, which belonged to General Washington; and several other rare and precious relics of former days. The reading-room and library of the "Young Men's Institute," so well arranged, furnish unmistakable evidence of the virtue and intelligence of the place. A little further south, a few steps beyond the bridge which spans the Little or Sickenam River, in a street which runs at right angles from Main-street toward the Connecticut River, stands the veritable *Charter Oak*, in which the bold patriots of the olden time hid the colonial charter, which James the Second endeavored to wrest from their grasp. What strange and startling changes has this venerable denizen of the primeval forest, now all alone in the heart of the city, beheld since the days of its youth!

"Change steals o'er all! the bark canoe
No longer cleaves the streamlet blue;
Nor even the flying wheel retains
Its ancient prowess o'er the plains;

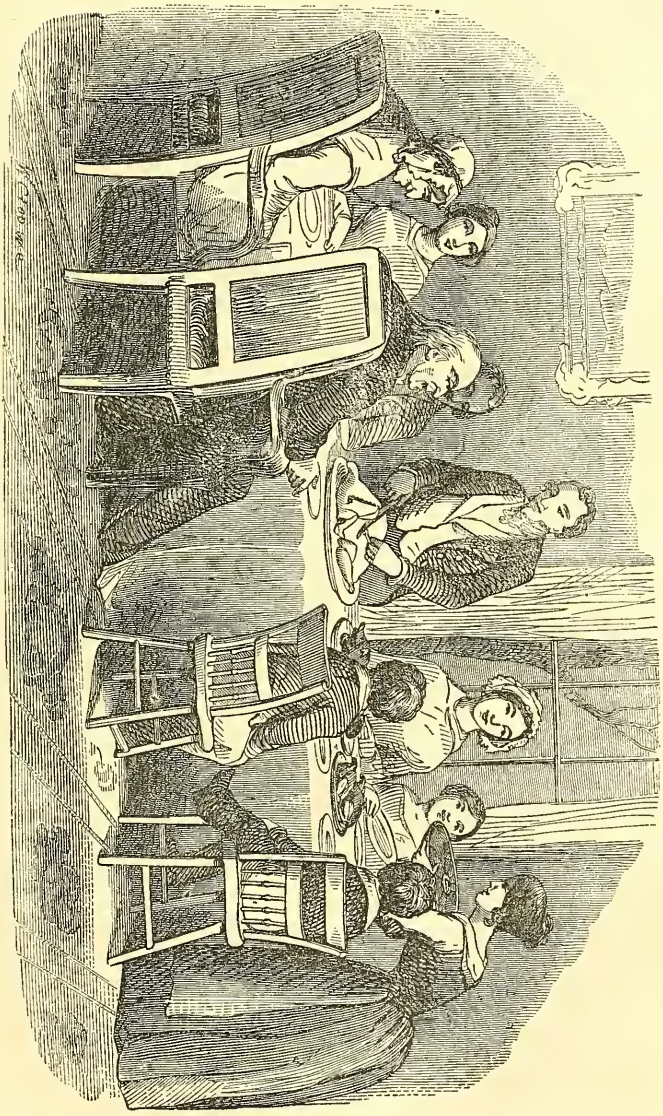
The horse, with nerves of iron frame,
Whose breath is smoke, whose food is flame,
Surmounts the earth with fearful sweep,
And strangely rules the cleaving deep."

The Charter Oak, by Mrs. Sigourney.

The character and manners of the people of Connecticut, similar to those of the New Englanders generally, differ, in no essential particulars, from those of the Anglo-Saxons of England, whence they spring. A little more *keen* and practical—an enemy would say, more *close* and *cunning*—they possess the same general features of temper and habits. Intelligent, sociable, enterprising, they are perhaps more mercurial and locomotive. Never was such a people for inventing, contriving, changing, "guessing," "fixing," and traveling. Upon the whole *religious*—in some cases sternly so—they give liberally to all benevolent enterprises, and take the deepest interest in the progress of freedom and truth throughout the world. Their amusements are of the solid and virtuous character, though "breaking out" *considerably* on training and celebration days. Fond of their homes, warmly attached to their children and friends, they are happiest in private and social intercourse. *Thanksgiving* and the Fourth of July are the great festivals of New England. Christmas is celebrated by some; but the population being composed chiefly of Congregationalists and Baptists, with a respectable sprinkling of Episcopalians and Methodists, all good members of the community, *Thanksgiving* is the real *Christmas holiday* of New England. Then the "fatted calf" —we mean the fatted *turkey*—is killed, and the pumpkin pies are baked. Friends and families, far and near, gather in the old churches, and in the old homes, to spend the day. Family ties are renewed, old memories are invigorated, old affections and hopes are brightened. Songs and stories, quips and cranks, smiles and tears, vows and greetings, counsels and cautions, feastings and frolickings, prayers and blessings, fill up the day. Then ten thousand happy families can sing:

"We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all at home!
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
Let once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour:—
We're all here—all here!

Charles Sprague.



Thanksgiving.

CHAPTER V.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

Arms of New York.

We bid farewell to New England, with her schools and colleges, her poets and pumpkins, and hasten to *New York*, justly styled the "Empire State."

It is a bright and balmy day in June, as, in our noble steamer, we plow the waves of Long Island Sound. On one side are the rocky shores of old Connecticut; on the other, the verdant slopes of Long Island, which may be termed the garden of New York, for thence, to a great extent, are the markets of the latter supplied with vegetables. We pass rapidly the cultivated banks of what we may now call the East River, for the Sound is narrowed to the dimensions of an ordinary river, adorned on either side with handsome villas and shady lawns; and yonder is New York, with her forest of masts, gathered from all nations, and her innumerable chimneys, church towers, and spires stretching to the sky, the second great commercial metropolis in the world, being inferior only to London in the extent of her business and shipping. The population of New York is immense, and constantly increasing. The same may be said of her trade and commerce. Her natural resources and advantages are unprecedented, having, perhaps, the finest harbor in the world; connected on the one hand, by means of this harbor, with the vast Atlantic, and consequently with the entire commerce of the earth; and on the other, through her internal channels of communication, in the form of railroads and

rivers, with the whole United States. On these accounts, both the City and State of New York are yet destined to an amazing expansion and increase. Let any one take the railroad cars, or the North River, and pass on, amid the magnificence of nature, and the thriving towns, cities, villages, hamlets, and homes which adorn the banks of the Hudson, to Albany or Troy; then let him proceed through the interior of the State hundreds of miles, along her canals or her railroads, touch at Ontario on the north, and Erie on the west, and finally stand by the shores of Niagara, listening to the roar of its mighty cataract, and he will not hesitate to say that New York is fairly entitled to the appellation of the "Empire State." With scenery as grand and picturesque as any in the world; immense and beautiful inland lakes; long lines of canal and railroad communication; rivers running from north to south, from east to west, deep and long-reaching, and covered with the commerce and population of the neighboring countries; vast mountain ranges crowned with verdure; exuberant forests for timber and shipping; wide and fair valleys, rich meadows, and uplands, clothed with grass or grain; extensive manufactures; a noble system of free-school education; an intelligent and industrious population, constantly increasing in numbers, intelligence, and wealth; the Bible scattered every where in church, school-house, and home; an energetic corps of Christian ministers of various denominations, and churches every where adorning the landscape, the State cannot fail to be prosperous and happy.

New York is especially rich in agriculture; but situated as she is, manufactures and commerce must necessarily occupy much of her attention. In both these departments of industry, her progress has been rapid and striking. No State or country has excelled her in the matter of internal improvements. Indeed, there seems to be no limit to her resources in this respect. The Erie Canal, her former pride, and now the North River and Erie Railroads, are stupendous works of art, traversing the State, and commanding the commerce of the Far West; for one has only to start from the foot of Cortlandt-street, and keep on moving, day after day, continuously, by steamer and rail-car, in order to find himself now at Buffalo, now at Detroit, anon at Chicago, and finally at Milwaukie, or some other more distant point in the once unbroken wilderness.

It is a source of infinite satisfaction that New York has taken such a decided stand in the matter of common-school education. The people are to be wholly educated; and although the best-laid scheme will fail at particular points, and in the best-educated communities many will be found incapable of reading and writing,

yet it will not fail as a whole, and the great mass of the community will become a reading and well-informed people.

New York is, in its character, essentially New England, with some slight modifications from foreign emigration, and from the prevalence here and there, especially among the Manhattaners, of a Dutch element. In their manners, perhaps, they are more generous and free; a little more given, we should think, to personal indulgence; in some respects, it may be, more liberal in their tone of thinking, and a little more easy and careless in their general manners. Still, they are, to all intents and purposes, the same kind of people, profess the same beliefs, enjoy the same forms of government, speak the same language, read the same books, cherish the same hopes. This, it is true, may be said of the great majority of the inhabitants of the United States. Portions of them, indeed, are *peoples* by themselves. The Germans, the Irish, the Jews, the Danes, the Africans, and some others, have their national peculiarities; but it is surprising to see how rapidly all the varieties of the Norman, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon stocks are blending together, losing their peculiarities, and forming a single homogeneous race.

New York is well supplied with colleges, universities, medical and theological schools. Her literary men are among the foremost in the country. At the head of these stand Washington Irving, the Addison, or, perhaps, the Goldsmith of America, and Cooper, next to Walter Scott, perhaps, the most successful novelist of modern times. New Jersey, indeed, may claim Cooper, as he is a native of that State. But the city of New York, from its great commercial advantages, naturally attracts literary as well as business men. Here reside Bryant, Dr. Robinson (born in Southington, Connecticut), Fitz-Greene Halleck, N. P. Willis, and many others, attracted to New York, as one of the great centers of literary influence. Among the distinguished writers of native stock, we may mention, without intending to disparage others, Verplanck, Hoffman, Paulding, Fay, Headley, Mathews, Hosmer, Street, Mrs. Kirkland, Fanny Forrester, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Gould, and Mrs. Embury. Of preachers, learned and eloquent, New York has a noble list. Many of her sons have gone "far hence to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Reluctantly we bid adieu to New York, and crossing the ferry, find ourselves in the cars, dashing through the level, peach-clad plains of *New Jersey*. Originally settled by Dutch in 1624, New Jersey yet retains a Dutch element; and is an honest, industrious, thriving State. Its manufactures, particularly of iron, are

quite extensive. It has two colleges: that of Nassau Hall, or the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, at which place, also, is a

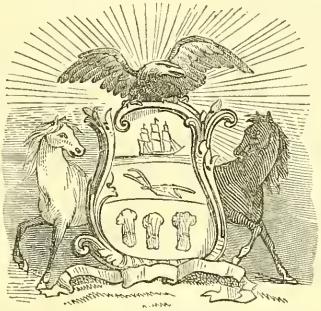
Arms of New Jersey.

celebrated theological seminary belonging to the Presbyterians; and Rutger's College, at New Brunswick, both flourishing institutions, from which have issued many able and influential men. The Alexanders, father and sons, have acquired a just celebrity as scholars and theologians.

New Jersey played an important part during the Revolutionary war. The battles of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Monmouth, in all of which her citizens bore a share, have won for her imperishable renown.

But yonder is Philadelphia, with its green trees and level squares, the city of that great and good man, William Penn—who, according to Dean Prideaux, laid it out after the model of ancient Babylon—next to New York, the largest city in the United States, and ever memorable as the scene of the Declaration of Independence. The first thing that attracts us, and the most interesting, though one of the plainest of her public buildings, is the *old State House*, now called *Independence Hall*, at once venerable and beautiful, from its situation and early associations. It fronts on Chestnut-street, with Independence Square in its rear. The wood-work of the steeple of the main building was so much decayed in 1774, that it was taken down, leaving only a small belfry to cover the bell for the use of the town-clock. The first bell, originally imported from England, being broken, a new one was cast in Philadelphia, under the direction of Isaac Norris, then speaker of the Colonial Assembly, who caused to be inscribed on it a passage from Leviticus, xxv., 10, "as if prophetic of its future use," "*Proclaim liberty throughout this land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

That very bell, the moment the *Declaration of Independence* was signed by the noble men gathered in one of the rooms beneath, rang out its joyous tones, proclaiming to the anxious multitudes who were waiting the result, the consummation of that august and thrilling act.



Arms of Pennsylvania.

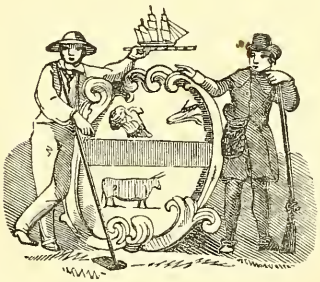
Pennsylvania is a large and highly prosperous State, the great coal and iron region, from which, mainly, the whole United States are supplied with these indispensable articles. It has extensive manufactures; in this respect, indeed, it is the first State in the Union, and possesses large tracts of rich arable land. Its mountains are filled with coal, marble, iron, and other minerals. The population is large, and constantly increasing, fairly entitling it to the appellation, in the language of political life, of the *Keystone* State.

Pennsylvania has quite a number of flourishing universities and colleges, and a fair system of common schools. Except, however, in the larger cities, education is in a somewhat backward condition. The country people of this State have not yet awakened to a full sense of the value of this inestimable blessing. Still, progress has been made in reference to this interest, and, we doubt not, Pennsylvania, "slow, but sure," will, in her educational movements, soon rival her sister States. The late Stephen Girard left 2,000,000 of dollars for the establishment of a free orphan school in Philadelphia. The magnificent edifice of white marble erected for this institution is an ornament to the city and State.

Being originally settled by Quakers, Pennsylvania has a large proportion of this quiet and excellent class of men, with their broad-brimmed hats, drab breeches, *thee* and *thou* conversation, and staid demeanor. A large portion of the State is also settled

by Germans, who speak their own language, and maintain their own worship, chiefly Lutheran or Dutch Reformed. The Moravians, a simple-hearted, pious people, have settlements at Nazareth and Bethlehem. The latter occupies an attractive situation, rising from the banks of the Lehigh, here crossed by a bridge. It has a large Gothic church, a female seminary, and, in the immediate vicinity, a beautiful rural cemetery. The society is distinguished for their great simplicity of manners and love of music. Much of their worship consists of music, in which the whole congregation unite. A solemn requiem is sung from the dome of the church at the death of any of their number, and the body, after remaining three days in the "corpse-house," is borne to the grave accompanied by sweet and plaintive music.

Pennsylvania is not peculiarly distinguished in the literature of the country. Still, she has borne her part in this sphere, and has produced many accomplished orators, poets, and divines. Benjamin Franklin long resided in Philadelphia. Here lived and labored the lamented Willis Gaylord Clark. Rufus W. Griswold and Dr. Bethune have been long identified with Philadelphia. Charles Brockden Brown was a Pennsylvanian, and Joseph C. Neal, the author of "Charcoal Sketches," though born in New Hampshire, made his home in Pennsylvania.



Arms of Delaware.

Arms of Maryland.

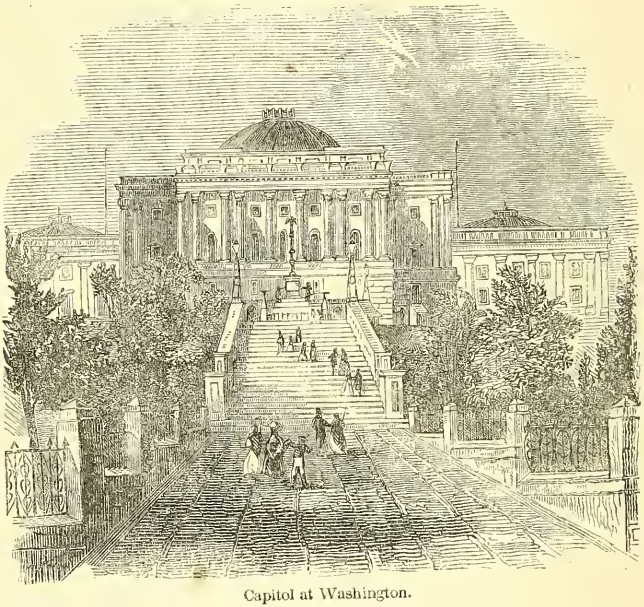
But we must hasten on our journey. The little States of *Delaware* and *Maryland*, not unknown in the annals of the Union, invite us. Here we begin to breathe the balmy air of the South, and see the first indications of slavery, existing in Maryland, perhaps in its mildest form, but not unaccompanied by some of those disadvantages, which none are more ready to deplore than the free and generous portion—which we believe to be the larger

portion—of the Southern people themselves. Baltimore, the principal city of Maryland, and of this part of the country, is a large, prosperous commercial emporium, with much vigor and enterprise, being the third largest city in the Union.

These small States, particularly Maryland, are not undistinguished in literature. To prove this, we have only to mention the names of William Wirt of Bladensburg, and his elegant biographer, J. P. Kennedy, Edgar A. Poe, that rare but wayward son of genius, Ed. C. Pinckney, a statesman and poet, Dr. Bird, the author of "Calavar," and Richard H. Wilde, one of the most accomplished scholars in the country, author of "The Love, Imprisonment, and Madness of Torquato Tasso."

We will remain a short time in the *District of Columbia*, that anomalous but interesting spot, which contains the seat of government, and ought to be, though we fear, in all respects, it is not, the light and glory of the Union. Washington, the capital of the country, the "city of magnificent distances," has many interesting features. Its great attraction, however, consists in its connection with the government. "The public buildings of Washington," says an English writer, "have a magnificence becoming a great nation." The Capitol is the finest building in the United States. It is every way suitable that the representatives of the sovereign people should be accommodated in a building which would do honor to royalty, and be worthy of the most august legislative body in the world. The Capitol is universally regarded as an honor to the nation. It is elevated seventy-three feet above tide-water, and affords a commanding view of the city and of the surrounding country. The building is of freestone, and covers an area of more than an acre and a half; the length of the front is 352 feet, including the wings; the depth of the wings is 121 feet. In the projection on the east front there is a splendid portico of twenty-two lofty Corinthian columns, thirty-eight feet high; and in the west front there is a portico of ten Corinthian columns. The hight of the building to the top of the dome is 120 feet. Under the dome, in the middle of the building, is the rotunda, a circular room, ninety-five feet in diameter, and of the same hight, adorned with sculptures in stone panels, in bold relief, containing groups of figures representing Smith delivered by the interposition of Pocahontas; the Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock; the Conflict of Boone with the Indians; and Penn treating with the Indians; and four magnificent paintings by Trumbull, with figures as large as life, representing the Presentation to Congress of the Declaration of Independence, in which all the figures, forty-seven in number, in that august assembly, which William Pitt, in the

British Parliament, pronounced superior in wisdom to any body of men whom he had ever heard or read of, are correct likenesses; the Surrender of Burgoyne to General Gates; the Surrender of



Capitol at Washington.

Cornwallis at Yorktown; and Washington Resigning his Commission to Congress at Annapolis. To these have recently been added the Baptism of Pocahontas, by Chapman, and the Embarkation of the Pilgrims, by Weir. These paintings (by native artists) possess great merit as works of art, in addition to their commemoration of great events in American history. The rotunda has recently received a splendid additional ornament in Greenough's statue of Washington, a colossal figure in a sitting posture, twice as large as life. There are in Washington various other buildings and objects of interest worthy of notice, but we have no room for their description. We will, however, mention only one more, the glory of the age, in the line of invention and scientific progress, Professor S. F. B. Morse's electric telegraph, the source of all the other telegraphs in the country, and one of the most astonishing triumphs of genius, industry, and skill.

On the north bank of the Potomac, two miles west of the Capitol, and on the highest point of the land in the District, stands the National Observatory.

On a clear day, a correspondent of the *Globe* remarks, the view from it embraces a scene of mingled variety and beauty, which would alone repay a visit. The cities of Washington and Georgetown appear spread out at your feet, the broad avenues of the former marked as upon a map. The eye, easily directed to Columbia College and the Catholic Seminary, ranges also over the different churches and public edifices, while far off, upon an eminence already green under the first breath of spring, rises the Capitol, the flag of the Union floating proudly from its summit, and its numerous windows gleaming in the sun. Nearer, you see the Long Bridge, which crosses the Potomac, and Arlington House, nestled among the hills that skirt the Virginia shore. The river, whose waves break beneath you upon the grounds of the Observatory, makes a bend before it sweeps away to Alexandria, imparting an additional charm to a scene which, for its still and solemn beauty, is not equaled by that of the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, and is even superior to any of the exquisitely contrasted combinations of land and water views, sometimes produced by the abrupt course of the Alleghany, in the southern counties of New York, as it winds "mountain-curved along."

The Observatory itself is a large two-story building, surmounted by a revolving dome, and has wings upon its eastern and western extremities, with a similar projection at the north, in which are placed the instruments for astronomical observation. In the dome is the "Equatorial," the most important instrument in the building. It consists of a fourteen-feet telescope with a nine-inch object-glass, equatorially mounted. It was made in Dresden, and cost, we think, $40,000.

The east wing contains a five-foot transit instrument, with an object-glass of four and a half inches, and also a "fine mural circle," with a telescope six feet in length, and an object-glass of five and a half inches.

In the south room is a "prime vertical" and a refraction instrument, and in the adjoining wing may be seen a seven-foot transit, and the justly celebrated magnetic clock.

We are off once more, not exactly on the wings of the wind, but on those of steam, if the figure may be allowed, and, in due time, find ourselves in *Old Virginia*, one of the most enlightened and patriotic of the old thirteen States that banded together in the cause of liberty; mother of heroes and great men, for here

were born Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Madison, and other lofty spirits, whose names stand among the first in the annals of their country, and of the world. Here, then, properly commence our brief sketches of the Southern States.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Arms of Virginia.

Virginia is a large and beautiful State, though somewhat worn out in parts by slave culture, the growth of tobacco, and so forth. Ever brave and chivalrous, Virginia bore an important part in the Revolutionary struggle. No State in the Union has given birth to greater or better men. Her Patrick Henry, as a Revolutionary orator, perhaps the most powerful and thrilling the Union has ever produced; her Washington, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," in fact, the greatest man of modern times; her Jefferson, scholar, statesman, and orator, at once accomplished and profound; her Madison and her Monroe, statesmen of the highest order; her Marshall, as a judge and expounder of law, one of the clearest and ablest in the annals of jurisprudence, have conferred upon her undying honor.

From the character of the early settlers, and the nature of her social and domestic institutions, the people of Virginia possess some peculiar traits of character. The manners of her planters

are polished and courteous. Hospitality and generosity are every-day virtues. The common people, however, and the slave population, have also their traits, and suffer greatly in comparison. Education is imperfectly diffused. The higher schools and colleges are pretty well patronized, but alas! the common schools are common enough. Indeed, they scarcely exist, and much gross ignorance prevails among the poor whites, and, of course, among the colored population.

The people of Virginia are said to be kind to their slaves. Many of these can read, write, and cipher, and a few of them have made some progress in general intelligence. Considering their circumstances, they succeed in passing their time in tolerable comfort. Many of them are church members, and greatly enjoy the singing. But the poor creatures have often to be removed from their homes, a thing which they dread—which their masters sometimes dread, but which they cannot help. On Sundays, at meeting, on "general training days," Christmas and the Fourth of July, and at barbecue feasts, they appear "light-hearted and merry," for this is the nature of the negro; but they are a poor, ignorant, hapless race, to whom their possessors owe the deepest responsibilities, which, we trust, they will yet fully and generously meet.

Virginia has some great natural curiosities, which attract the admiration of all travelers. Among these are the passage of the river Potomac through the Blue Ridge, at Harper's Ferry, a part of the Appalachian chain of mountains, presenting the appearance of a huge rent three-quarters of a mile wide, through a stupendous wall of rocks; the Rock Bridge over Cedar Creek, a gigantic rock, eighty feet in width, and covered with soil and trees, thrown across a chasm 200 feet in depth, nearly perpendicular, through which the stream passes, thus forming a natural arch, "so beautiful, so elevated, so light, and springing, as it were, up to heaven," as to produce, according to Jefferson, "emotions the most sublime and delightful;" and especially *Weyer's Cave*, in Augusta county, among the mountains, "vast, spacious, and beautiful, abounding in sparry concretions, and equal, in the singularity and splendor of its contents, to the celebrated grotto of Antiparos." This natural cave is composed of various apartments and figures, among which are the *Dragon's Room*, in imitation of a dragon facing a stupendous wall, under which is a projecting rock, with many soniferous spires; Solomon's Temple, "one of the sublimest sights in the world," containing a "wave-like folding of incrustations from the ceiling to the floor, exactly resembling water tumbling over a precipice which had conglaciated in falling, called the Cataract or

Falls of Niagara," with other magnificent and infinitely diversified stalactites and stalagmites, like thrones, pillars, and divans; the Lady's Dressing-room, elegantly festooned; Washington's Statue, having the appearance of a large person vailed in white; Lady Washington's Drawing-room; Washington Hall; the Pyramids; the Dining-room; the Church Steeple; Jefferson's Salt Mountain; Lot's Wife, and we know not what all.

Before leaving Virginia we must pay a visit to Mount Vernon, the home and the burying-place of the immortal Washington, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It lies pleasantly on the west bank of the Potomac, fifteen miles from Washington, and nine from Alexandria. The mansion, yet standing, is a plain and unpretending wooden edifice, surrounded, however, by spacious and beautiful lawns and gardens. The tomb is a simple excavation in the earth, walled with brick, and overgrown with evergreens. But the greatness of the man needs nothing more than the presence of his dust to invest the scene with a sublime and thrilling interest.

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

Carlyle, with a strange perversity, has asked, What great idea, what great man, has America produced? To which we reply, Liberty, and Washington. "I stood with him," says one who knew him well, "on that same stone platform before the door of the hall, elevated by a few steps from the pavement, when the carriage of the President drew up. It was, as he describes it, white, or rather of a light cream-color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups, representing the four seasons. The horses, according to my recollection, were white, in unison with the carriage. (He says they were bays; perhaps he is more correct.) As he alighted, and, ascending the steps, paused upon the platform, looking over his shoulder, in an attitude that would have furnished an admirable subject for the pencil, he was preceded by two gentlemen, with long white wands, who kept back the crowd that pressed on every side to get a nearer view. At that moment I stood so near that I might have touched his clothes—but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with a veneration amounting to the deepest awe. Nor was this the feeling of a school-boy only; it pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I

have been told that, even in his social and convivial hours, this feeling in those who were honored to share them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterward, but never with any other than that same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put an impress of sacredness upon his own instrument. The first sight of the man struck the heart with an involuntary homage, and prepared every thing around him to obey. When he 'addressed himself to speak,' there was an unconscious suspension of the breath, while every eye was raised in expectation. At the time I speak of, he stood in profound silence, and had that statue-like air which mental greatness alone can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase leading to the Congressional Hall, I glided along unperceived, almost under cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered instantly after him into the lobby of the House, which was, of course, in session to receive him. On either hand, from the entrance, stood a large cast-iron stove; and, resolved to secure the unhoped-for privilege I had so unexpectedly obtained, I clambered, boy-like, on this stove (fortunately then not much heated), and from that favorable elevation enjoyed, for the first time (what I have since so many thousands of times witnessed with comparative indifference), an uninterrupted view of the American Congress in full session, every member in his place. Shall I be pardoned for saying its aspect was very different from what we now witness? There was an air of decorum, of composure, of reflection, of gentlemanly and polished dignity, which has fled, or lingers with here and there a 'relic of the olden time.'

"The House seemed then as composed as the Senate now is, when an impressive speech is in the act of delivery. On Washington's entrance the most profound and death-like stillness prevailed. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in the deepest attention; and the souls of that entire assemblage seemed pouring from their eyes on the noble figure which deliberately, and with an unaffected but surpassing majesty, advanced upon the broad aisle of the Hall, between ranks of standing Senators and members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the Speaker's chair. I well remember, standing at the head of the Senate, the tall, square, somewhat gaunt form of Mr. Jefferson, conspicuous from his scarlet waistcoat, bright-blue coat, with broad, bright buttons, as well as by his quick and penetrating air, and high-boned, Scottish cast of features. There, too, stood Gen. Knox, then Secretary of War, in all the sleek rotundity of his low stature, with a bold and florid face, open, firm, and manly in its expression.

But I recollect that my boyish eye was caught by the appearance of De Yrujo, the Spanish embassador. He stood in the rear of the chair, a little on one side, covered with a splendid diplomatic dress, decorated with orders, and carrying under his arm an immense *chapeau bras*, edged with white ostrich feathers. He was a man totally different in his air and manner from all around him, and the very antipodes especially of the man on whom all eyes but his seemed fixed as by a spell. I saw many other very striking figures grouped about and behind the Speaker's chair, but I did not know their names, and had no one to ask; besides, I dared not open my lips.

"The President, having seated himself, remained in silence, serenely contemplating the Legislature before him, whose members now resumed their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship, in the most solemn pauses of devotion, was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber.

"Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in Lord Landsdown's full-length portrait—in a full suit of the richest velvet, with diamond knee-buckles, and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with the most scrupulous neatness, black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and wrist, a light dress-sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and, when seated, laid it on the table.

"At length, thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript, which he opened, and rising, held it in his hand, while in a rich, deep, full, sonorous voice, he read his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct, and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity, as being the utterance of a mind profoundly impressed with the dignity of the act in which it was occupied, conscious of the whole responsibility of its position and action, but not oppressed by it. There was ever about the man something which impressed the observer with a conviction that he was exactly and fully equal to what he had to do. He was never hurried, never negligent; but seemed ever prepared for the occasion, be it what it might. If I could express his character in one word, it would be, appropriateness. In his study, in his parlor, at a levee, before Congress, at the head of an army, he seemed to be just what the situation required him to be. He possessed, in a degree never equaled by any human being I ever saw, the strongest, most ever-present sense of propriety. It never forsook

him, and deeply and involuntarily impressed itself upon every beholder.

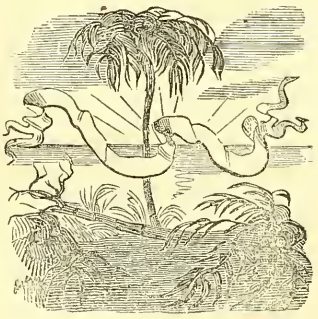
"His address was of moderate length; the topics I have, of course, forgotten. Indeed, I was not of an age to appreciate them; but the air, the manner, the tone, have never left my mental vision, and even now seem to vibrate on my ear.

"A scene like this once beheld, though in earliest youth, is never to be forgotten. It must be now fifty years ago, but I could this moment sit down and sketch the chamber, the assembly, and THE MAN.

"Having closed the reading, he laid down the scroll, and, after a brief pause, retired as he had entered; when the manuscript was handed, for a second reading, to Mr. Beckley, then Clerk of the House, whose gentlemanly manner, clear and silvery voice, and sharp articulation, I shall ever associate with the scene. When shall we again behold such a Congress, and such a President?"

We have remained so long in Virginia that we shall be compelled to pass with great rapidity through the remaining Southern States, which are alike in many particulars, presenting much the same phases of society, and much the same aspects of natural scenery. As you proceed southward, the population becomes more sparse, the climate warmer, the vegetation more luxuriant. The lands on the sea-board are level and monotonous; in the interior, a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, more varied and beautiful.

Arms of North Carolina.

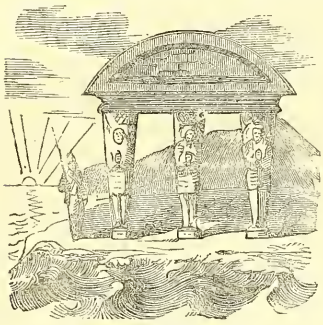


Arms of South Carolina.

North Carolina and *South Carolina*, in their mountain districts, possess some of the most magnificent and picturesque scenery in the world. These are wealthy and chivalric States, though occasionally deemed somewhat proud and vainglorious in their mode

of expressing their patriotism. North Carolina is the more modest of the two, and, perhaps, equal to her more showy sister in good sense and solid worth. Charleston is a cultivated place, and boasts the possession of some distinguished literary men. Raleigh is a pleasant capital, and is the residence of many interesting and highly polished families.

Georgia is a large and prosperous State, with a genial climate, luxuriant soil, and thriving population. The woods are adorned with magnificent magnolias, and other flowering trees and shrubs. Cotton is abundant; oranges, lemons, and figs, especially in the southern parts of the State, give a rich and brilliant aspect to the landscape. Mercer University, and other literary institutions, do honor to the intelligence and enterprise of the citizens. If they could only maintain a good system of common schools, their higher institutions would be vastly more influential and flourishing.



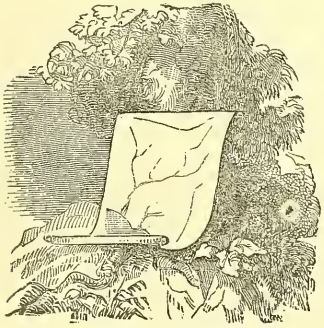
Arms of Georgia.

Arms of Florida.

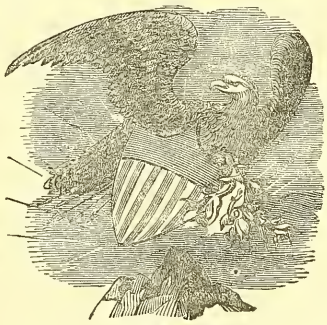
Florida, the land of the "orange and myrtle," has large tracts of pine-barrens, low-lying, swampy lands, full of snakes and alligators; but with many beautiful savannas covered with a rich vegetation, and some fine highlands, where the magnolia, the palmetto, and other fair trees of southern climes give a peculiar charm to the scenery. In this State the population is sparse, and the roads poor. Churches and school-houses are "few and far between."

Alabama, once the dwelling of the Creek Indians, who have found a home beyond the Mississippi, is a wealthy cotton-growing State, with many slaves and extensive plantations. The high table-lands in the center of the State are quite beautiful; the low-lands are dull and monotonous. The atmosphere is warm—intensely so in the summer months; and the soil generally fertile,

and well adapted to the growth of cotton, rice, and tobacco. The people of this State, like those of their sister States of the South generally, are distinguished for their hospitality. The large landed proprietors and planters are a spirited and aristocratic race. Those of them that are educated are attractive in their manners, while others, who have not enjoyed this advantage, though less polished, are equally hospitable. They are somewhat fiery in their temper, and quick in their resentments. Hunting, horse-racing, visiting, barbecuing, and so forth, here, as throughout the entire South, are the principal amusements. The negroes have their own modes of merriment, to which they devote themselves with the greatest enthusiasm. It is only here and there, however, at remote distances, that a traveler meets with a church or a school. Many of the churches have preaching only once a month. Tuscaloosa is a pleasant town, and has a flourishing university.



Arms of Alabama.



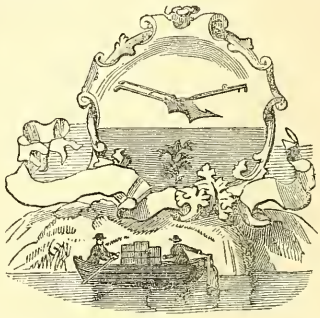
Arms of Mississippi.

Mississippi, notwithstanding her repudiating propensities, is growing in wealth and population. Large tracts of the country are yet uncultivated, and the population is scattered, and in some places poor and ignorant. Its rich lands and warm climate are favorable to the growth of large cotton crops, the principal article of commerce. On the banks of the lordly Mississippi, the towns, cities, and villages are increasing rapidly in resources and population.

On the other side of the river, opposite to the State of Mississippi, lies the fair and fertile *Louisiana*, with her half-French and half-American population, rich in lands, cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar, and especially rich in the trade and commerce of the Mississippi. New Orleans is half French, half Catholic in its character, and is distinguished for its wealth, gayety, and godlessness.

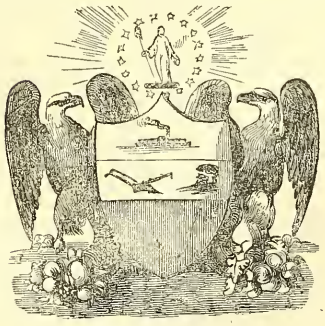
Some, indeed, affirm that it is as moral as New York or Philadelphia, though greatly addicted to gambling, drinking, dueling, and other "gentlemanly" sports! It is a great mart of business with the whole American continent and Europe, and is destined, therefore, to a large and rapid increase. Louisiana has made some laudable efforts in the cause of education, though in this respect far behind the Middle and Eastern States.

Arms of Louisiana.

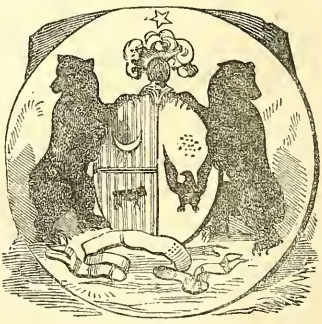


Arms of Tennessee.

Tennessee has considerable resources, though much of her territory is yet unimproved. The people are quite enterprising, and are doing all they can to improve their domain. The cause of education has not altogether been neglected. Less wealthy than Georgia or Alabama, they are as patriotic and enterprising. Still, the bowie-knife and the pistol are too rife among them.



Arms of Arkansas.

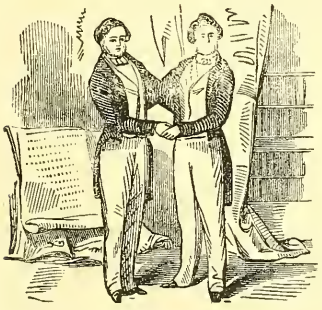


Arms of Missouri.

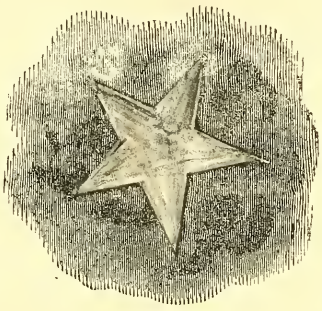
Missouri, though western, belongs to the South in climate, usages, and influence. It is only partially cultivated, and has

many Indians. Its resources are yet to be developed. St. Louis, on the banks of the Mississippi, is destined to be one of the largest inland cities of the Union.

But of all the slave States, old *Kentucky*, the home of Clay and other distinguished men, is our favorite. Brave, gallant, and hospitable, albeit violent sometimes, and even intolerant, it has many redeeming features. Her schools and colleges, however, and even her churches, have not much to boast of; still these are improving, and we hope the day is not far distant when Kentucky will vie in knowledge, freedom, and virtue with her Eastern and Western sisters. But we are getting too far west, and must dismiss the southern part of the Union with a few general remarks.



Arms of Kentucky.



Arms of Texas.

Texas, however, in character, institutions, climate, and productions, is so essentially southern, that we must briefly refer to this State for the sake of grouping it with its natural allies. With a climate perhaps the blandest and purest on the North American continent, a rich soil, exuberant vegetation, extensive forests, and magnificent prairies, enameled with flowers and covered with game, Texas might be one of the wealthiest and most prosperous States of the Union. Heterogeneous as her population is, her progress thus far has been marked and decisive. Too ambitious, however, and withal, grasping, Texas has many defects. Long years must elapse before this youthful State can acquire the purity and elevation which are the glory of republics. Still, Christianity is planting her institutions, her schools and churches, on the banks of its noble rivers and by the sides of its mountains and meadows, and even now we can see, in the improved character of the population, her bland and peaceful influence. Many

parts of the country are infested by wild Indians, while others are the haunt of the buffalo, the jaguar, and the wolf.

In the South generally, and especially in the extreme South, the roads are poor, at certain seasons all but impassable, and the hotels and other places of public entertainment poor and infrequent. The people, however, when under the influence of natural and kindly impulses, are hospitable and generous to a proverb. Excitable, and sometimes violent, they too frequently give way to their passions, so that lynching and dueling are by no means uncommon. Many of the rich planters are intelligent and courteous, well acquainted with men and books, and especially versed in commerce and politics. Much of the country, with all its wealth, and many even of the better class of houses, have a raw and unfinished appearance. The poor white people are poor indeed; and the negroes, with all their ignorance and degradation, often take more solid comfort than some of their white neighbors. Of a sanguine, lively, laughing disposition, they often make the woods ring with their noisy merriment.

In all the Southern States may be found some educational institutions, academies, colleges, and theological schools; but common schools are all but an impossibility there, on account of the sparseness of the population and the peculiar condition of society. Except the richer proprietors and professional men, the great mass of the people, white and black, are very ignorant. Still it ought to be mentioned, to their credit, that some of the States, especially in the southwest, are making vigorous efforts to establish common schools.

Owing to their wealth and leisure, the leading men of the South will generally be well informed and influential. From their ranks have sprung some of our greatest statesmen, warriors, and orators.

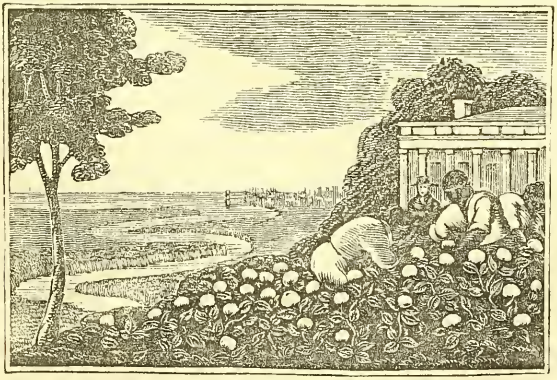
The productions of this part of the Union are various and abundant; but the chief dependence is cotton. Thus far, this important staple has been produced here in greater perfection and abundance than in all the world besides. General agriculture, however, is far inferior to that of the Northern States or of England. Manufactures are beginning to be prosecuted with some success in some of the Southern States; but in this sphere of industry it will be impossible for them to compete with Europe or the North.

In certain departments of literature the South is by no means deficient. Its rich planters, lawyers, and statesmen, perhaps, have less temptation to book-making than their Northern neighbors. They seem to be most at home in "polite literature" and oratory. The "Southern Literary Messenger" has been conducted with

spirit and ability, and gives a fair sample of the Southern mind. In science some of their writers have done good service. Drs. Smyth and Bachman, of Charleston, S. C., and especially Audubon, who belongs to Louisiana, are among our most distinguished naturalists.

It may be said, in conclusion, with reference to the Southern people, that, while they have certain advantages of soil, position, and climate, they have also serious drawbacks and disadvantages, from which their character, high and attractive in many aspects, suffers injury and loss. This, however, may be less owing to choice than to circumstances. Theirs is a peculiar condition of society. For, if the whites are free, the blacks are enslaved; if the whites are enlightened, the blacks are ignorant; and if some of both are Christians, many, especially of the latter, are little better than heathen. Ignorance and besotment in any portion of a community, even among helots and slaves, react upon the other. The pestilential malaria, generated in lowlands and marshes, rise to the highest elevations, and affect the whole region in which they lie with disease and death. We ought, however, to say here that much generous effort is expended by various bodies of Christians in the South to give the Gospel to the slaves. Though, contrary to the literal provisions of the statute-book, many of them are taught to read, while thousands have the privilege of listening to the Word of God.

But the various problems which this subject involves it is not our province, at present, to discuss. The whole subject is one of difficulty; and certainly we will not condemn indiscriminately a condition of society in which we have never lived, and from which have sprung so many noble characters, so many heroic virtues.



Cotton-Field.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WESTERN STATES AND TERRITORIES.

We enter now a field of observation all but interminable. The West—the great West, where is it, and what is it? Who can tell? Something may be said of it, but even after the most vivid and elaborate description, much must remain untold. People used to talk of going to the West, when they went to Buffalo, or Detroit, or Cincinnati; now they go West all the way to the Rocky Mountains, and beyond that huge backbone of North America, to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. This matter has been presented in a lively and amusing light by Mr. Catlin, in his charming book on the American Indians, which we commend to the attention of our readers, as a noble specimen of American genius and enterprise. "Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the *knowing* people of the *East* are yet less informed than on the character and amusements of the West. By this I mean *the Far West*, that country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people even know the true definition of the term *West:* and where is its location? Phantom-like, it flies before us as we travel, and on our way is continually gliding before us as we approach the setting sun.

"In the commencement of my tour, several of my traveling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the West when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo a steamboat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out. 'Where from?' 'From the West.' In the rich State of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati people said to me, 'Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth; it is not far enough West.' In St. Louis, 1400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the 'West.' I then asked, 'Whence come those steamboats laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?'

"'From the West.'

"'Whence those ponderous bars of silver which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?'

"'They come from Santa Fé—from the West.'

"'Where goes this steamboat, so richly laden with dry-goods, steam-engines, &c.?'

"'She goes to Jefferson City.'

"'Jefferson City!—Where is that?'

"'Far to the West.'

"'And where goes that boat, laden down to her gunwales, the Yellow Stone?'

"'She goes still further to the West.'—'Then,' said I, 'I'll go to the West.'

"I went on board the 'Yellow Stone'—— * * * Two thousand miles on her and we are at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River—at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West! And those strange-looking, long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey. 'Who are they?'

"'Oh! they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West.'

"'And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?'

"'These, sir, are outfits starting for the *West*.'

"Going to the *West*, ha? 'Then,' said I, 'I'll try it again. I will try and see if I can go to the West.' * * * *

"'What, a fort here too?'

"'Oui, Monsieur,—Oui, Monsieur' (as a dauntless and *semi-barbarian*-looking, jolly fellow dashed forth in advance of his party on his wild horse to meet me).

"'What distance are you west of Yellow Stone, here, my good fellow?'

"'Comment?'

"'What distance?—(stop)—quel distance?'

"'Pardon, Monsieur, je ne sais pas, Monsieur.'

"'Ne parlez vous l'Anglais?'

"'Non, Monsieur. I speaks de French and de Americaine; mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais.'

"'Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine.'

"'Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour I see dat you speaks putty coot Americaine.'

"'What may I call your name?'

"'Ba'tiste, Monsieur.'

"'What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?'

"'Ils sont Corbeaux.'

"'Crows, ha?'

"'Yes, sare, Monsieur.'

"'We are, then, in the Crow country?'

"'Non, Monsieur, not putty exact; we are in the country of de curse Pieds Noirs.'

"'Blackfeet, ha?'

"'Oui.'

"'What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?'

"'Ha, quel montaigne? Cela est la Montaigne du—(pardon).'

"'Du Rochers, I suppose?'

"'Oui, Monsieur; de Rock Montaigne.'

"'You live here, I suppose?'

"'Non, Monsieur; I comes fair from de West.'

"'What, from the West! Where, under the heavens, is that?'

"'Wat, diable! de West? Well, you shall see, Monsieur. He is putty fair off, suppose. Monsieur Pierre Chouteau can give you de histoire de ma vie—il bien sait que je prends les castors, very fair in de West.'

"'You carry goods, I suppose, to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the mountains, and trap beavers also?'

"'Oui, Monsieur.'

"'Do you see any thing of the "Flat Heads" in your country?'

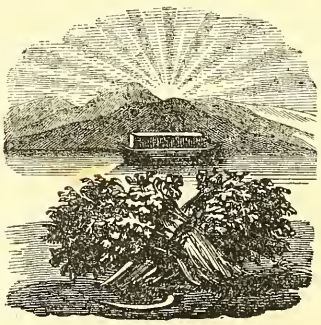
"'Non, Monsieur; ils demeurent very, *very* fair to de West.'

"'Well, Ba'tiste, I'll lay my course back again for the present, and at some future period endeavor to go to the *West*.'"

For the present we, too, will fall back a little, and starting at New Orleans, the great commercial emporium of the South, to which descend, in a constant stream, the vast resources of the North and West for thousands of miles, we will proceed up the Mississippi, the "Father of Waters," as it is justly termed, one of the longest and most magnificent rivers in the world, rushing from its far source, the beautiful Itasca Lake, or Lac la Biche, as the French call it, situated among hills covered with the primeval pine forests, and fed by living springs fifteen hundred feet above the level of the ocean, and rushing a distance of three thousand one hundred and sixty miles, to the Gulf of Mexico. With its immense tributaries, the Mississippi touches ten or a dozen States, embracing a territory almost equal in extent to that of Europe west of the Uralian Mountains. of boundless resources, and filling up, from year to year, with a vigorous and thriving population. As we ascend, we pass through the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio,

Indiana, and Illinois. It is true that we branch off into the tributaries of the Mississippi, in order to reach some of the latter States; but all converge to a single point, and, with their commerce and trade, swell the tide of business in the direction of this mighty river. It passes through vast solitudes and interminable forests; but its broad bosom is covered with flat-boats, steamers, and all sorts of water-craft, crowded with passengers and produce. Boats of forty tons can ascend to the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of two thousand miles. Cities have sprung up on its shores, some of them large and beautiful, where, a few years ago, the howl of the wolf and the yell of the savage were the only sounds which disturbed the silence of the unbroken wilderness. The first steamboat on the Western waters was built at Pittsburg, in 1811. There are now from four to five hundred, some of them of great burden, on the Mississippi and its tributaries. But these are nothing to the great number of other water-craft on this river, of all shapes and sizes; and among others, the *Ark*, or *Kentucky Flat*, a huge frame of square timber, with a roof some fifteen or sixteen feet wide, and from 600 to 800 long, filled with goods, passengers, and produce, and sometimes animals; in fact, a floating village, or rather store, including pig-pen, hen-roost, and stable. In the spring, a hundred boats, of all sorts, have been numbered, that landed in one day at the mouth of the bayou at Madrid. "I have strolled," says Mr. Flint, "to the point, on a spring evening, and seen them arriving in fleets. The boisterous gayety of the hands, the congratulations, the moving picture of life on board the boats, in the numerous animals, large and small, which they carry, their different loads, the evidence of the increasing agriculture of the country above, and, more than all, the immense distances which they have already come, and those which they still have to go, afforded me copious sources of meditation. They have come from regions thousands of miles apart; they have floated to a common point of union. The surfaces of the boats cover some acres. Dunghill fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as an invariable appendage. The chanticleer raises his piercing note; the swine utter their cries; the cattle low; the horses trample, as in their stables. There are boats fitted on purpose, and loaded entirely with turkeys, that, having little else to do, gobble most furiously. The hands travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance, on their descent from this to New Orleans." Some of these boats are regular stores, that glide from point to point, to trade along the river; others contain workshops, taverns, shows, strolling mountebanks, and so forth.

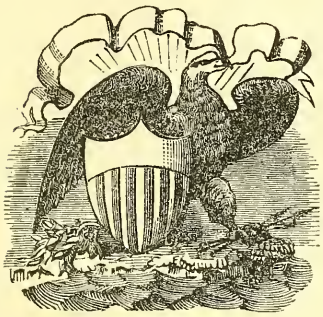
As you ascend the river, you leave the region of cotton and tobacco, and come into that of corn and wine; for the vine is now cultivated in Ohio, Illinois, and other Western regions. The different States vary somewhat in their character, as well as productions. The people of Louisiana derive their peculiarities from France; Kentucky from Virginia and North Carolina; Ohio from New England and New York. What we ordinarily call the West, or the Great Valley of the Mississippi, receives its predominant character from Kentucky and Ohio—Kentucky exhibiting the traits of the South, and Ohio those of the East; and both blending together, and giving rise to a new and interesting variety, having some of the faults and some of the virtues of both. The whole, indeed, has been modified by their "life in the wilderness," having acquired a vigor, boldness, and recklessness, mingled with frankness and generosity, from the habits of the first settlers. Less perfectly educated, and less polished in their manners, than the people of the East, they are more easy, more natural, and generous. A dash of the romantic and roving mingles in their composition. A little rough, perhaps, like the forests in which they have roamed, they are full of vigor and manly promise. The free Western States, as every one knows, advance the most rapidly in education, agriculture, commerce, and population.



Arms of Ohio.

Ohio has made prodigious progress. Already she numbers her population by millions. Her broad acres teem with the productions of agriculture, while her schools, churches, and colleges adorn the fair landscape. Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West," has distinguished herself not only in trade and commerce, but in education and literature. Her noble Astronomical Observatory,

founded by the indefatigable exertions of Professor Mitchell, whose work on astronomy, a fine monument of his genius, is a credit to the city which has sustained and fostered such a man and such an enterprise.



Arms of Illinois.

Arms of Indiana.

Illinois possesses much of the vigor and prosperity of Ohio. So also does *Indiana*. But the whole Western valley is full of energy. Her population, somewhat rough and heterogeneous, being gathered from nearly all lands under heaven, is acquiring a homogeneous character. The Saxon element is yet, and must be, predominant. Evangelical religion still presides over the formation of their character and destiny. Still, as in every *new* country, a dash of barbarism is uniformly found, and some bad tendencies have been developed. In the extreme Western, and especially Southwestern States, one meets with many things to disturb and shock his moral sensibilities. Generous, it may be, in some aspects of their character, the people are often impulsive, passionate, and even revengeful. The bowie-knife style of civilization occasionally makes its appearance. Law is sometimes set at defiance. Mobocracy and Lynching rule the hour. Penetrating still further west and south, where the confines of civilization pass into those of barbarism, a wild and somewhat savage frontier style of life discovers itself. Religion and law are little known. Rudeness and violence characterize a large portion of the ignorant and scattered inhabitants. Here and there, indeed, are found individuals and families of noble and generous qualities, but many more are degraded and lawless. Poor, besotted Indians, half-breeds, freebooters, who have fled from the face of society to hide themselves in the woods, and persons of a morose or savage turn of mind, frequent these frontier settlements, or rather solitudes. The fol-

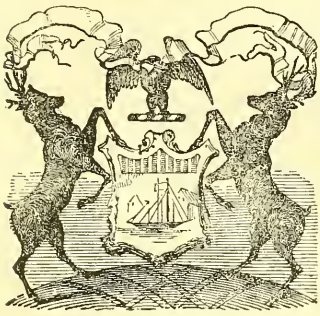
lowing, from Audubon, will give a lively idea of this class of persons, and the necessity thence resulting of taking the law into one's own hands:—

"On our return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all I had for baggage and for company. But although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself. My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking into the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace; and, as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles, which form their food; and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland. I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered, from its glare, that it was from the hearth of a small log-cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements. I reached the spot, and, presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire thrown negligently about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against a log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which, in some countries, is regarded as evidence of the apathy of his character), I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people of the neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed with his finger to one of his eyes, and gave me a significant glance with the other. The

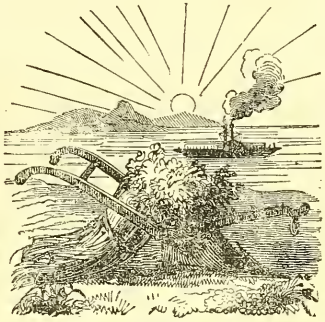
fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon, in the top of a tree, the arrow had struck upon a cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever. Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that, on removing the ashes, I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took the gold chain that secured it from around my own neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison. The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine ; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us. Never until this moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number. I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I clipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearances, fast asleep. A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance,

bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother (for so she proved to be) bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently; he moved his tail, and, with indescribable pleasure, I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me. The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors du combat;* and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning-machine, and watched her working every way with the dangerous instrument, until the sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill him; and then for the watch.' I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot; but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should arrive at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives. They were now

quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, toward the settlements."



Arms of Michigan.



Arms of Wisconsin.

Passing to the northeast, though yet in the region of the West, just above the Mississippi Valley proper, we find the country and people becoming more and more like those of the Eastern or Middle States. *Michigan* is a fine thrifty State, settled chiefly from New York and New England, and making rapid progress in agriculture and commerce. Lying snugly between the two great lakes, the Erie and the Michigan, and traversed through her entire breadth by a substantial railroad, she possesses superior advantages for trade and transportation. Some idea may be formed of the immense travel and business on this road, by a glance at the depot in Detroit—we presume, the largest in the country, being some 800 feet in length, and of proportional width and hight. Michigan has made ample provision for a complete system of common-school education, having reserved a sufficient amount of the public domain to endow a university, with different subordinate branches, as well as primary schools and grammar schools, for the whole population.

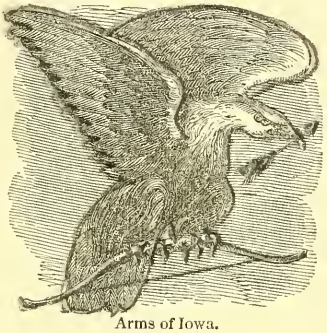
Advancing further west, we find a new world forming in *Wisconsin;* and still further, about the head-waters of the Mississippi, in the beautiful and diversified regions of *Minesota,* which has been styled the "New England of the West." "The gallant State of Wisconsin," says a writer in the *National Era,* "is laying a broad basis for the instruction of her youth. The number of

acres in her school sections is 1,408,000, to which, if we add the 500,000 acres ceded by Congress for school purposes, we have very nearly 2,000,000 acres in this State for a permanent school capital. These lands will yield, on an average, $5 per acre, which will give $10,000,000 as the school fund of Wisconsin; more, by near $400,000, than that of New York. In addition to it, above 46,080 acres of the best lands are set apart for the establishment of a university."

Western School-Teacher.

As to Minesota, it embraces an area of about one hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles along the banks of the Mississippi, and on the head-waters of rivers which flow into Hudson's Bay

and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the 47th and 48th parallel, full of beautiful lakes and streams, suitable for navigation and commerce, and of great variety and fertility of soil; a land of promise to thousands of emigrants.



Arms of Iowa.

To the south is the fine Territory, or rather State, of *Iowa*, with many Indians, but filling up with emigrants from the East, and destined to be one of the largest and most influential States in the West.

Proceeding in the direction of the setting sun, you come to the vast regions of the Mandans, and crossing the Rocky Mountains, to the wide-spread lands, lakes, rivers, mountains, and forests, in-

cluded in the newly acquired Territory of Oregon, lying north of California, and terminating on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

But we retrace our steps, and, standing once more on the banks of the Mississippi, let us form some estimate of the extent, population, and prospects of this wild, but magnificent West. Says a good authority—

"The 'West', in distinction from the East, properly embraces all those States and Territories west of the Alleghanies, over the Rocky chain to the Pacific, commencing with the line of the following States on the East, viz., Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, and embracing Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and the territory west of the Pacific. We will divide all the States west of the Alleghanies, for the sake of convenience, into Northwestern and Southwestern. The former, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin; the latter, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and Texas.

"The entire National Domain now amounts to 3,252,574 square miles. Deducting the territory occupied by the sixteen States, and one district east of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, equaling 427,500 square miles, and there remain 2,825,074 square miles as the domain of the 'West,' or nearly seven-eighths of the whole, and containing fourteen organized States, occupying from 800,000 to 1,000,000 of square miles, or more than twice the territory embraced by the sixteen Eastern States and one District. The West is capable of making $70\frac{1}{2}$ States as large as Ohio; $376\frac{2}{3}$ as Massachusetts; and $2108\frac{1}{4}$ as Rhode Island. If as many can subsist on its soil as are in England, then 847,500,000 can find support on it; or as found in Massachusetts, over 300,000,000.

"A table, calculated by Dr. Patterson, of the United States Mint, in Philadelphia, showing the center of representative population of the United States at each census from 1790 to 1840, inclusive, gives the following results: In 1790 the center of representative population was in Baltimore county, Maryland, forty-six miles north and twenty-two east from Washington. In 1800 it was in Carroll county, Maryland, fifty-two miles north and nine east from Washington. In 1810 it was in Adams county, Pennsylvania, sixty-four miles north and thirty west from Washington. In 1820 it was in Morgan county, Virginia, forty-seven miles north and seventy-one west from Washington. In 1830 it was in Hampshire county, Virginia, forty-three miles north and one hundred and eight west from Washington. In 1840 it was in Marion county, Virginia, thirty-six miles north and one hundred

and sixty west from Washington. Thus it would appear that the center of representative population has kept nearly on the same parallel of latitude for fifty years, the latitude of 1840 being within ten miles of that of 1790. It has in the same fifty years moved westward one hundred and eighty-two miles.

"Thus we perceive that the mass of representative population is moving westward with accelerated velocity. The following statement exhibits the fact:—

"From	1790 to 1800,	the movement	West was	13 miles.
"	1800 to 1810,	do.	do.	39 "
"	1810 to 1820,	do.	do.	41 "
"	1820 to 1830,	do.	do.	37 "
"	1830 to 1840,	do.	do.	52 "

"The center of representative population is now just about the Ohio River, and in 1850 will be in Washington or Monroe county.

"Such is a glance at 'The West,' a region comprising 2,825,000 square miles, now peopled with a population, exclusive of aborigines, of only ten millions, and capable of sustaining 847,500,000 at the rate that England is populated. Such a number will be found upon it before the middle of the next century, according to the present rate of increase. Its mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers are on the grandest scale. Its natural facilities for internal communication are great. The Missouri is 3600 miles in length, or more than twice as long as the Danube. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine. Its lakes extend from east to west over 15½ degrees of longitude, covering an area of 93,000 square miles, and draining a country of 400,000 square miles. The Mississippi and its tributaries alone afford a steamboat navigation of 25,000 or 30,000 miles. Its inland commerce in 1846 was $432,000,000, more than twice the foreign commerce of the country. The vast chains of railroads and dikes commenced, when completed, intersecting it in every direction, will enhance it. A more bountiful soil, giving richer remuneration to the cultivator, cannot be found on earth. Of all the great staples, coffee is the only one which does not grow in its limits. Already it has begun to pour into the lap of suffering Europe its surplus bread-stuffs. Last year it raised 3,000,000 surplus bushels of wheat, 35,000,000 surplus barrels of flour, 17,000,000 surplus bushels of Indian corn, with potatoes and other vegetables, and meats in luxuriant proportion. For years, Europe will in a great degree be dependent on its markets for bread. It is said that the *wheat* raised in the section north of the Ohio River, bounded east by an imaginary

line running north from Pittsburg to Lake Erie, and west by the Mississippi River, is sufficient to supply the demands of the United States, and that all raised elsewhere is surplus.

"Nor is it less deficient in those other great resources in which the wealth of a nation is supposed in part to consist. Its mineral resources are inexhaustible. Ohio alone, without sinking a pit below the level of her valleys, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty-five hundred years. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Erie, and forms the very mountains of Missouri and Arkansas. Salt wells up from secret storehouses in every Northwestern State. Lead enough to supply the human race is raised from the great metallic dikes of Illinois and Wisconsin. Copper and silver beckon capitalists to the shores of Lake Superior. The discoveries of gold in New California are of the most extraordinary character.

"If the importance of the United States is seen from its extent of territory; from its richness and variety of soil; from its healthiness of climate, its mineral resources, and *as furnishing a desirable abode for man*, especially is that of the West seen from the same considerations, and from the fact that it constitutes seven-eighths of the whole domain; that it is the granary of the United States; that most of the great staples are derived from it; that it contains the great lakes, the great rivers, the great mines; that it presents, from these considerations, the greatest attractions to emigrant man as a habitation; that thitherward, in consequence, has been the greatest flow of population—its last decadal increase to that of the region east of the Alleghanies, having been in the ratio of 74 to 16½; that within a very few years the preponderance in population, and consequently of political power, will be in its favor; that, at the close of the present century, there will be contained within its limits at least 80,000,000!"

Of *New Mexico*, with its defective half-Indian, half-Mexican, half-American population, its long ranges of mountains, its extensive, and, in many respects, beautiful valley of the Rio del Norte, running through the center, we can say, at present, comparatively nothing.

But we must add a few words respecting *California*, the richest recent acquisition of the United States—the El Dorado of the West—which is attracting the attention of the civilized, and in part of the savage, world, such is the potent spell of gold, with which it abounds.

"The indications of its presence," says Senator Benton, "extend over an area of more than two thousand miles. They are in New Mexico—on the waters of the Middle Colorado—on the mountains

both beyond and on this side of the Sierra Nevada. Professor Dana, who was geologist to Captain Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, and who examined the country between the coast range and the

Arms of California.

Cascade range of mountains, found the gold-bearing rocks, as geologists call them, on the Umpqua, the Shastl, and the Tlamath rivers, and at the head of the Sacramento valley. He did not visit the Sierra Nevada, but said there was gold yet to be discovered in the Sacramento valley. It has been discovered, and no one can tell where it is to end. The Sierra Nevada is six hundred miles long, ten or twelve thousand feet high, and has a slope of from forty to seventy miles; and all this seems to be an auriferous region. South of the Sierra Nevada are prolongations of the same chain and of the same character, and known to possess gold. The Ural Mountains, now yielding so much gold to Russia, are but twelve hundred miles long and five or six thousand feet high: the mountain chains in New Mexico and California which produce gold are near twice as long and twice as high as the Ural Mountains." Silver also abounds in California, and several mines of great richness have recently been opened. Cinnebar, platinum, lead, iron, copper, and sulphur all exist, apparently in large quantities.

But the region itself, independently of its mineral treasures, is rich in natural resources. It is destined, owing to its locality on the western shores of the Pacific, and its harbor of San Francisco, one of the noblest in the world, to command the commerce of Asia. Its extent is great. From Cape Mendocino, at the borders of what used to be the United States, of which California now forms a part, to "the root" of the peninsula, is seven hundred miles, while Lower California stretches its long line of country to

an almost equal distance. The old region is for the most part a broken, hilly, and barren tract of land, but relieved occasionally by rich and beautiful plains. Alta California extends from the coast to New Mexico. The interior is a huge desert basin, but partially explored, wooded, wild, and rocky, with a few lakes and streams, and peopled by savage Indian tribes. The great gold region is divided from this wilderness by the Sierra, or Snowy Range, between which and the sea lies another line of mountains, forming a valley of 500 miles in length, watered by the Sacramento and San Joachim, both rich in gold, and bordered by fertile valleys and wooded slopes, now filled with the hum of busy industry. These two streams form a junction in the center of the valley, and pour their united current into the harbor of San Francisco. The aspect of the country is diversified and beautiful. Green valleys and flowery slopes, deep woods, gleaming lakes, and verdant hills adorn the interior borders, backed by the dome-like spires of the Snowy Range, whose deep ravines and caverns are peopled by laborious gold-hunters. The banks of the rivers are becoming covered with cottages here and there in the more favored localities, while "amateur delvers" dig among the sands for the yellow treasure.

As a whole, the country is fertile, producing abundance of grains, fruits, and vegetables, with excellent timber; while fair meadows and pasture-grounds afford nourishment to the flocks and herds that once formed the principal wealth of California.

The first discovery of gold was made by Captain Sutter, in 1847, in his water-mill course, a thousand feet above the level of the valley, where the Rio de los Americanos pours down from the Sierra Nevada, to swell the combined streams of the Sacramento and San Joachim. This was soon spread abroad,—gold-dust was discovered in other parts of the country, in the beds and sand-bars of the rivers, in the mountains, and in the valleys. It spread over the United States like lightning, and soon reached England, Spain, France, Germany, the Sandwich Islands, South America, and even China; and from all these quarters thousands flocked to this new land of "golden" promise. The harbor of San Francisco was filled with vessels of various colors—cities, villages, hamlets, houses, tents, sprung up as by magic along the valleys and the streams. Soldiers abandoned their posts and citizens their employments, and hurried to the Sacramento and the San Joachim. Half-naked Indians; "canny Scotchmen" and bustling Englishmen; sharp-visaged Yankees in straw hats and loose frocks; groups of swarthy Spanish Americans; old Dons in the gaudy costumes of a dead fashion; gigantic trappers, with

their rude prairie garb; and gentlemen traders from the United States, with strange groups of Sandwich Islanders and waddling Chinese, "jostled in tumultuous confusion through the gold region."

California at last, with her free institutions planted on the shores of the Pacific, was admitted into the American Union. Order, law, religion, prosperity, immediately ensued. Every where Christian enterprise follows in the track of commercial enterprise. Churches spring up in San Francisco, Sacramento, and other places, and of course schools and colleges will speedily follow. "American enterprise," says an English journal, "is clearing the forest lands, cleansing out mines, planning cities, speculating in town lots, erecting school-houses, universities, and churches; while land is selling at prodigious prices. Dreaming adventurers call to mind the coffers of King Crœsus, and hearing that in California there is

> 'Gold to fetch, and gold to send,
> Gold to borrow, and gold to lend,
> Gold to keep, and gold to spend,
> And abundance of gold in *futuro*,'

pour in mad torrents to the favored land, while building up visionary castles more extravagant than those of the sanguine Alnaschar in the Thousand and One Nights."

Much incidental evil doubtless comes of all this,—much suffering and sorrow, much crime and death. Nevertheless, California is steadily rising in prosperity, and exerting a wide commercial and moral influence.

Utah, the new and peculiar home of that strange, fanatical, half-Jewish, half-Mohammedan, half-Christian sect, the Mormons, demands a passing notice; as it may figure, by-and-by, largely in the history of the Far West. The name Utah is given to an extensive tract of country bounded by California, Oregon, and New Mexico, and what was formerly termed the great Western Territory. Considerable portions are wild and wooded, others are not only difficult of access, but rocky and sterile, covered with incrustations of salt, or a giant species of sage, their only vegetation, of no use except to be consumed as fuel. In the midst of its snow-covered mountains, through which there is no access but by arid and lonely passes, choked five months of the year with snow-drifts, lies a tract of land, five thousand feet above the level of the sea, called The Great Basin, of considerable fertility, and by no means destitute of mineral treasures, in which the Mormons hoped, in "silence and secrecy," to form a new, peculiar, ecclesiastical empire.

But it has been discovered and overrun by the great stream of American emigration to California, and made "the Half-way House" to the Pacific.

"This basin is some 560 miles in diameter, has its own system of lakes and rivers, and has no known communication whatever with the sea, unless the existence of the whirlpools in the Salt Lake, which are reported to be lately discovered, should prove an internal communication with the Pacific, or with some spring or lake in the lower country. In the northern part of this basin lies the GREAT SALT LAKE. The waters of this sheet are shallow, so far as explored, though probably its central parts will be found very deep. Its waters are intensely salt, more so than the ocean —three gallons making one gallon of the purest, whitest, and finest salt. Southeast of this lake, shut in by the mountains, lies the Mormon Valley that contains their capital city, by some called the *Great Salt Lake City;* by others, *Mormon City.* This valley is thirty miles by twenty-two, connected to another valley, which is about fifty miles by eight. These two valleys contain the principal body of the settlers. Explorers think that they are capable of supporting a population of a million.

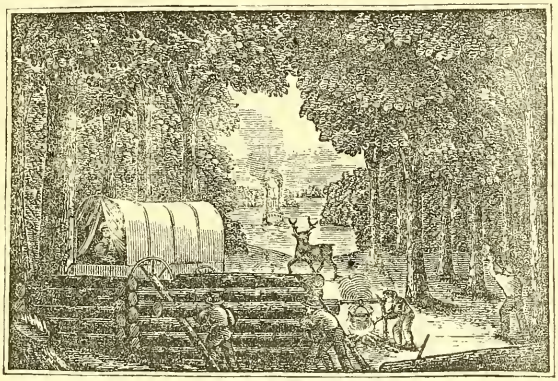
"Fifty miles south of the city is the *Utah Lake and Valley.* Here lies the city of *Provo,* on the Provo River. The lake is pure water, eight miles by four, and abounds in fish. There is still another valley one hundred miles further south, called San Pete, where there is another settlement; and here we find the hieroglyphic ruins, the remains of glazed pottery, &c., that indicate the former existence of the outlying cities of the Aztec Empire.

"The soil of all these valleys is astonishingly productive, though requiring, constantly, artificial irrigation from the mountain streams. The climate is one of the healthiest, and the air the purest, on the continent. The neighboring mountains rise to the hight of a mile and a half above the valley, and are covered with perpetual snow.

"The CITY is laid out in blocks of ten acres each; eight lots to the block; an acre and a quarter to the lot; the streets eight rods wide; each ten-acre block to be surrounded by a stream brought down from the mountains. *No two houses front each other;* so that, standing in his own door, every man looks into his neighbor's garden. In the city are four public squares, to be surrounded with shade-trees, and supplied with fountains.

"The peculiar locality of Utah will prove of immense service as a stopping-place for rest, refreshment, and provisions for the army of emigrants that will, year after year, seek California, or

Oregon, by the Southern Pass; and when the great railway is established, it will prove of incalculable benefit as a great Station-House on the route."



Commencing a Settlement.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN TERRITORY AND INDIANS.

Before leaving the United States, we will make a brief visit to the Indian Territory, west of the Mississippi, where the great body of the aboriginal tribes are now gathered, and where some of them, for example, the Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees, are advancing rapidly in agriculture, education, and Christianity. These tribes have formed constitutions similar to that of the United States, and have, within their domains, schools and churches, with a regular administration of justice. In nearly all the other States and Territories are some small and scattered remnants of Indian tribes; but the larger and more influential tribes, and, indeed, the great majority of the Indian people, have taken up their abode beyond "the Father of Waters." To the south are the Choctaws, Creeks, Seminoles, Cherokees, Senecas, and Quapaws; further north we find the Peorias, Delawares, Kansas,

Gros Ventres, Kickapoos, Otoes, Missourias, the Pawnees, Omahoes, Pottawattamies, Iowas, and Foxes. Still further north, toward the head-waters of the Mississippi and Missouri, are the Sacs and Foxes, beyond whom, toward the west, are the Sioux and the Mandans; while further west and north are the Crows and Blackfeet, ranging all the way from the Mandan Territory to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Beyond these mighty barriers are the Flatheads, and some other tribes, all the way to the shores of the Pacific. In Texas, New Mexico, and California are numerous bands of native tribes, but generally inferior to those on the eastern side of the mountains, especially those in the Indian Territory proper, which has certain defined limits, extending from the western boundary of Arkansas and Missouri to that of the United States, lying between the Red River, on the north, and the Nebraska, on the south, or more generally, perhaps, the State of Texas, being about 600 miles in breadth and 700, more or less, in length, and containing an area of some 225,000 or 300,000 square miles. To the west of the Mandan Territory, properly Indian in its character, lies the Great American Desert, as it is called, which extends along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, with a breadth of about 500 miles, much of the soil being arid and barren, with stinted trees and shrubs. The eastern part of the Indian country is comparatively fertile, and in many places rich and beautiful, with magnificent prairies and abundant rivers. The eye roams over boundless meadows, or flats, through which range the elk and the buffalo. "From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri," says Catlin, "a distance of 2600 miles, is one continued prairie; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the banks of the river and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The summit-level of the great prairie, stretching off to the west and east from the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two to three hundred feet above the level of the river, which, by its continual overflowing, has formed deposits with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side, through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other, which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colors imaginable—some, with their green sides, gracefully sloping down in the most lovely groups to the water's edge; while others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colors, which arrest the eye of the traveler with the most curious views in the world."

Upon these various forms of nature, the result of rains, frost,

and other agents, travelers dwell with enthusiasm, as presenting in endless variety aspects of the sublime and picturesque, often appearing like the ruins of ancient cities, ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles, cupolas and magnificent porticoes, with here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal and spire of clay which stand alone and glistening in the distance, as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed.

Among these wild and quiet haunts the mountain sheep and the fleet-bounding antelope sport and live in herds, secure from their enemies. Here also the grizzly bear has his chosen place of abode, where he sullenly sneaks through the gulfs, and chasms, and ravines, and frowns away the lurking Indian.

But the most characteristic feature of the Indian Territory are the prairies, vast, silent, and solitary, except when disturbed by the yelp of the prairie-dog, the howl of the wolf, the tramp of the buffalo, the shout of the savage, or the roar of thunder. Here the Indian finds his game, and here the white man feels himself awed and subdued amid interminable, but sublime and attractive solitudes. Every where the splendid panorama of a new and peculiar world opens to his gaze, "with its thousands of miles, and tens of thousands of grassy hills and dales, where naught but silence reigns, and where the soul of a contemplative mold is seemingly lifted up to its Creator."

The Indians of North America, as is well known, are copper-colored, strong, tall, elastic and wiry, with black eyes, black hair, and high cheek-bones; from whom descended, is an unsettled question, but, generally speaking, having certain features which ally them with the Tartars of the aboriginal East, the great fountain of nations. They are savages, but of the noblest stock, having traits of character which ally them to the best nations of the earth; but rude, wild, uncultivated, the wandering denizens of the forest and wilderness. Once they numbered no less than 16,000,000, but they have been scattered, peeled, destroyed by the knife, the bayonet, the bottle, the small-pox, and other diseases unknown to their fathers. Six millions alone have fallen victims to the small-pox. Of the 2,000,000 remaining, about 1,400,000 are already "the miserable victims and dupes of the white man's cupidity, degraded, discouraged, and lost in the bewildering maze that is produced by the use of whisky and concomitant vices;" while the remaining number remain "yet unroused and unenticed from their wild haunts or their primitive modes by the dread or love of the white man and his allurements."

It ought to be stated here, however, that the entire population within *the Indian country proper* is beginning to improve. The Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks are already organized States, having settled constitutions, written laws, representative legislatures, and regular courts of justice. They are increasing in wealth and knowledge, in piety and virtue, and their example upon the neighboring tribes is beginning to be decisively felt.

As to the general character of the wild, uncultivated Indians, much magniloquent nonsense has been written. They are savages, as we have already said, of a somewhat noble stock, with the virtues and vices of savages. Some writers have described them as dark, dishonest, cruel, relentless, and murderous in the extreme, with scarce a quality to elevate them above the brutes. Others have given them an elevated rank in the scale of humanity, as "honorable, humane, and highly intellectual beings." The truth probably lies between these extremes. The worst specimens of the Indians are on the frontiers, the best, perhaps, in their native wilds, far beyond the pale of civilization; for, alas! most of these "sons of nature" seem incapable of learning any thing from the white man but his vices. Unless Christianized, they fall into deeper barbarism than that of their original state. That all of them have much of the tiger cunning and lion fierceness of the savage state, cannot be denied; but they are generally brave, magnanimous, and hospitable, at least to those they deem their friends. They are capable of immense endurance, and of great heroism. The Mandans, as described by Catlin, have not only fine athletic forms, but possess many high qualities. He speaks of them as uniformly kind, hospitable, and even generous to himself; but then he passed among them for a "great medicine-man," a sort of "supernatural genius" having special endowments, a kind of character for whom they cherish a superstitious reverence. Catlin, however, goes into raptures over their fine forms, free, magnanimous natures, jovial looks, dignified deportment, merry talk, and happy lives.

The Indians have some notion of a Great Spirit, who speaks in the thunder, and controls the winds and waves; but with this notion, somewhat vague and local, they associate many ridiculous superstitions. Their government is simple and patriarchal. Polygamy is a common practice. Women are the servants of the men, perform the out-door as well as in-door labor, so that a man's wealth among them may be estimated by the number of his wives. They are fond of their children; they are warmly attached to their friends, cruel and relentless to their enemies. Revenge is a uni-

versal quality among the Indians. The men are all warriors; fighting and hunting are the great business of their lives. They are fond of amusements; and though dignified and silent among strangers, are exceedingly free, garrulous, and merry among themselves. They offer sacrifice, especially presents, to propitiate the Great Spirit.* Their "medicine-men," which means *mystery-men*, are their priests, doctors, and advisers, who, having power with the Great Spirit or Spirits, control the elements, bring rain, good luck, health, and buffalo-meat. As illustrative of their character and superstitions, we give the following from Catlin, somewhat condensed:

It was a time of long and severe drought; and there was little prospect among the Mandans of having any corn, of which they raise great quantities. The old women were groaning, and the young ones were sighing over their sad prospects. The medicine or mystery men, who, besides curing, by means of spells, incantations, wild dances, and hideous yellings, all sorts of sickness, are also rain-makers, supposed to be capable of controlling the clouds of heaven, provided the *medicine* or *mystic power* be strong enough. They put off the women as long as they could, recommending patience as a special virtue. But the corn was growing yellow and withering, and the prospect of their annual festivity, "the green-corn dance," to which they attach great importance, was fast fading away. At last, however, the medicine-men were compelled to yield to the importunities of the people. They assembled in the council-house, with all their mystery apparatus about them, with an abundance of wild sage and other aromatic herbs, with a fire prepared to burn them, that their savory odors might be sent forth to the Great Spirit. The lodge was closed to all the villagers, except some ten or fifteen young men, who were willing to risk the dreadful alternative of making it rain or suffering the everlasting disgrace of failure.

After the use of all sorts of spells and ceremonies in the lodge, they were called by lot, each in his turn, to spend a day upon the top of the lodge, to test the potency of his medicine; the people gathered in a mass around the lodge, in solemn silence awaiting the result. While the venerable doctors were burning incense in the lodge below, chanting dismal songs and prayers for success to the Great Spirit, "who lives in the sun, and commands the thunders of heaven," Wah-kee (The Shield) was the first who ascended the wigwam at sunrise. In vain, however, did he stand

* Human sacrifices have been offered by some of the wilder tribes, but they are discontinued.

all day, telling his beads, and invoking the clouds of heaven. Not a cloud was seen in the clear, hot heavens; and at the setting of the sun, he descended from the lodge and went home,—"his *medicine* was not good," nor can he ever be a *medicine-man.*

Om-pah (The Elk) was the next who ascended the lodge at sunrise, his body entirely naked, and covered with yellow clay. On his left arm he carried a beautiful shield, and a long lance in his right; and on his head the skin of a raven, the bird that soars amid the clouds, and above the lightning's glare. He flourished his shield and brandished his lance in vain; for at sunset the ground was dry, the squaws were crying, and their corn was withering at its roots.

Wah-rah-pah (The Beaver) was the next, but the heavens were deaf to his voice; and, next morning, Wak-a-dah-ha-hee (The White Buffalo's Hair), a small but beautifully proportioned young man, took the stand. He was dressed in a tunic and leggins of the skin of the mountain sheep, splendidly garnished with porcupine quills, and fringed with hair taken by his own hand from the scalps of his enemies. On his arm he carried his shield, made of the buffalo's hide; its boss was the head of the war-eagle, and its front was ornamented with "red chains of lightning." In his left hand he clinched his sinewy bow and one single arrow. After a pompous speech to the assembled multitude, he promised, by the lightning of his shield, and the force of his arrow among the clouds, to bring down the rain, or take his place, in everlasting disgrace, among old women and dogs. After pouring contempt upon those who preceded, and especially upon "The Beaver," whose emblem lives under the water, and never wants it to rain, he said, "My friends! I see you are in great distress, and nothing has yet been done; this shield belonged to my father, the White Buffalo, and the lightning you see on it is red; it was taken from a black cloud, and that cloud will come over us to-day. I am the White Buffalo's Hair—and I am the son of my father."

In this manner flourished "The Hair of the White Buffalo," alternately appealing to his audience and the heavens, holding converse with the winds and the *je-bi* (spirits) floating about them, stamping his feet over the Magi involved in mysteries beneath, and invoking the spirits of darkness to send rain upon the fields.

It happened on this memorable day, about noon, that the steamboat "Yellow Stone," on her first trip up the Missouri River, and the first in that region the Indians had ever seen, approached and landed at the Mandan village. No rain appeared, but a salute of twenty guns, of twelve pounds calibre, was fired from the steamer. The Indians supposed it to be thunder. All eyes were fixed upon

the "White Buffalo's Hair," who turned this new sound to good account. The medicine-men were coming out of the lodge to bestow upon him the envied title of *medicine-man,* or *doctor*—wreaths were prepared to decorate his brow—with eagles' plumes and calumets to do him honor—his friends rejoiced—his enemies wore on their faces a silent gloom and hatred.

During all this excitement "The White Buffalo's Hair" kept his position, assuming the most commanding and threatening aspects, brandishing his spear in the direction of the thunder, though not a cloud was to be seen, until he, poor fellow, being elevated above the rest of the village, espied, to his inexpressible amazement, the steamboat plowing its way up the windings of the river, puffing steam from her pipes, and sending forth the thunder from her guns. The White Buffalo's Hair stood pale and petrified, when, with trembling lips, he turned to the multitude and said, "My friends, we will get no rain! there are, you see, no clouds; but my medicine is great, I have brought a *thunder-boat!* Look and see it! The thunder you hear is out of her mouth, and the lightning you see is on the waters!"

At this intelligence the whole village flew to the tops of their wigwams, and gazed, with affright, upon the huge monster which approached them. Descending, they stood their ground manfully for a few moments; when, by an order of their chiefs, all hands were ensconced within the pickets of their village, and all the warriors armed for desperate defense.

The steamer was soon moored. Three or four chiefs boldly advanced to the river, with a spear in one hand and a calumet (pipe) of peace in the other. The Indian agent, an old acquaintance of theirs, made his appearance, and all their fears were speedily allayed.

But where was the Rain-maker? Appalled at the "thunder-boat," or fearing the inevitable scorn and disgrace into which he must fall, he slunk off and hid himself; but being reassured, he began to mingle with the crowd, and congratulated them on the arrival of their friends with the boat, pretending that he had foreseen the whole. Toward evening a cloud appeared in the sky, and "The White Buffalo's Hair," more watchful than others, instantly took his place on the top of the lodge, stiffened and braced to the last sinew, with his arrow pointed toward the cloud, now coming over the village. The multitude were again drawn together, and "The White Buffalo's Hair" vaunted his superhuman powers, waved his spear and stamped his foot, at the same time commanding the cloud to come near, that he might draw down its contents on the corn-fields of the Mandans. In this wise he

stood, waving his shield over his head, stamping his foot, and frowning as he drew his bow and threatened the heavens, commanding it to rain—his bow was bent, and the arrow, drawn to its head, was sent to the cloud, and he exclaimed, "My friends, it is done! Wak-a-dah-ha-hee's arrow has entered that black cloud, and the Mandans will be wet with the water of the skies." His prediction was fulfilled, and in a few minutes the rain fell in torrents.

The great *medicine-man*, who had made it rain, of course awaited his well-earned honors. All night it continued to rain, the thunder broke in terrible peals over the village, and one flash of lightning pierced through a wigwam and killed a beautiful girl!

Here was food and fresh fuel for their superstitions. The dreams of the new-made medicine-man were troubled, and he had dreadful apprehensions for the coming day; for he knew that he was subject to the irrevocable decree of the chiefs and doctors, who canvass every strange event with eager and superstitious scrutiny, and let vengeance fall without mercy upon its immediate cause. Indeed, it was possible that the life of the poor man might pay the forfeit of his audacity; for he himself ascribed the death of the girl to his criminal desertion of his post on the appearance of the "thunder-boat."

In the morning, having learned from his friends the opinion of the wise men, and the nature of the tribunal that was preparing for him, he sent to the prairie for his three horses, and mounted the *medicine lodge*, around which in a few moments the villagers gathered. "My friends," said he, "I see you all around me, and I am before you; my medicine, you see, is great—*it is too great*—I am young, and I was too fast—I knew not when to stop. The wigwam of Mah-sish is laid low, and many are the eyes that weep for Ko-ka (The Antelope). Wak-a-dah-ha-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for Ko-ka; his medicine was great—his arrow pierced the black cloud, and the *lightning* came, and *the thunder-boat also!* Who says the medicine of Wak-a-dah-ha-hee is not strong?"

At the close of this sentence a unanimous shout of approbation went up from the multitude, and "The Hair of the White Buffalo" descended among them, where he was greeted by shakes of the hand, and among whom he now lives and thrives under the familiar and honorable appellation of the "Big Double Medicine!"

The Indians always succeed in procuring rain, for the simple reason that they continue their conjurations until it comes; and a great medicine-man who has succeeded in drawing down the blessing, seldom makes a second attempt.

The following amusing account of a medicine-man is given by Col. McKinney, who met him among the Choctaws:

"I shook hands with him, and told him I was glad to see him; that I had heard of his greatness, and that I was so anxious to know the secret of rain-making, that I would give him an order on the agent for a pair of scarlet leggins, a pound of tobacco, a string of wampum, a pound of powder, two pounds of lead, and a blanket, if he would tell me all about it. He stood up and looked around him, and then holding his head first on one side and then on the other, listened; when, looking well round him again, he sat down, saying to the interpreter, 'Ask him if he will give me these things.' 'Most certainly,' I replied, 'upon the condition that he will tell me all about his art as a rain-maker.' He stood up again, and looked and listened, and then seating himself, began:

"'Long time ago, I was lying in the shade of a tree on the side of a valley. There had been no rain for a long time; the tongues of the horses, and cattle, and dogs, all being out of their mouths, and they panted for some water. I was thirsty; every body was dry. The leaves were all parched up, and the sun was hot. I was sorry; when, looking up, the Great Spirit snapped his eyes, and fire flew out of them in streams all over the heavens. He spoke, and the earth shook. Just as the fire streamed from the eyes of the Great Spirit, I saw a pine-tree, that stood on the other side of the valley, torn all to pieces by the fire. The bark and limbs flew all round, and then all was still. Then the Great Spirit spoke to me, and said: "Go to that pine-tree, and dig down to the root where the earth is stirred up, and you will find what split the tree. Take it, wrap it carefully up, and wear it next your body; and when the earth shall become dry again, and the horses and cattle suffer for water, go out on some hill-top, and ask me, and I will make it rain." I have obeyed the Great Spirit; and ever since, when I ask him, he makes it rain.'

"I asked to see this thunderbolt that had shivered the pine-tree. He rose upon his feet again, and looking well around him, sat down; and drawing from his bosom a roll which was fastened round his neck by a bit of deer-skin, began to unwrap the folds. These were of every sort of thing—a piece of old blanket, then one of calico, another of cotton, laying each piece, as he removed it, carefully on his knee. At last, and after taking off as many folds as were once employed to incase an Egyptian mummy, he came to one that was made of deer-skin, which, being unwound, he took out the thunderbolt, and holding it with great care between his finger and thumb, said, 'This is it!' I took it and

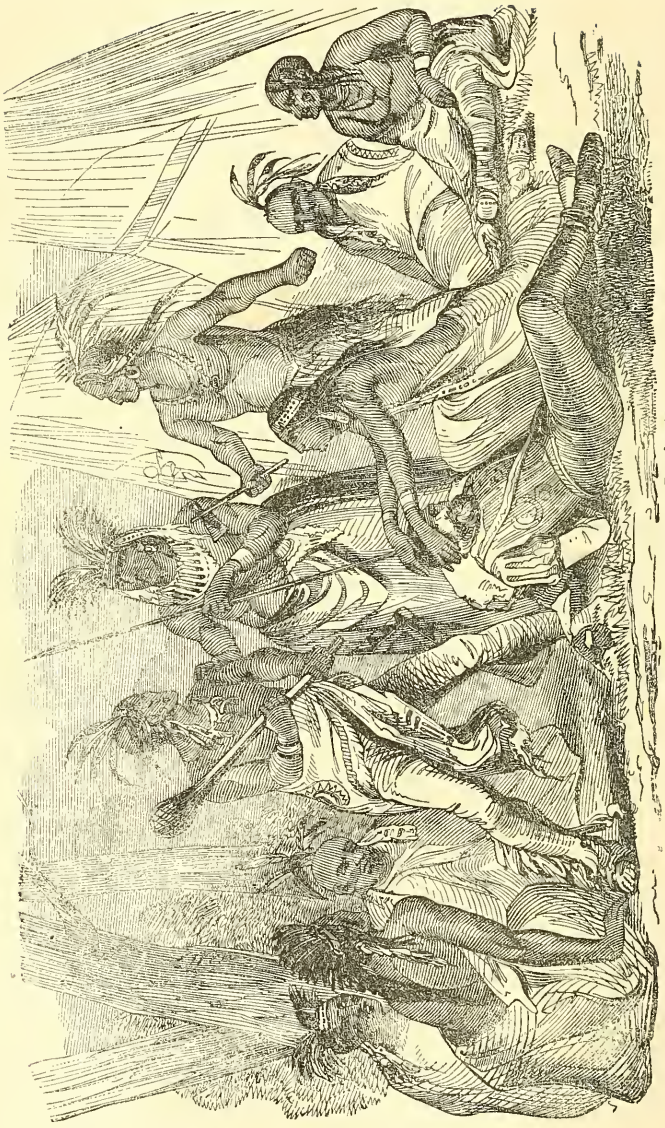
examined it, with an expression of great interest, telling him it certainly was a wonderful revelation and a great sight; then handing it back to him, he carefully wrapped it up again with the same wrappers, and put it back in his bosom.

"The reader is no doubt curious to know what this talismanic charm, this thunderbolt, was. Well, it was nothing more nor less than that part of a glass stopper that fills the mouth of a decanter, the upper or flat part having been broken off!

"I wrote and gave him an order for the presents, when he shook hands and left me, doubtless much edified as well as benefited by the interview, to carry on his operations as a rain-maker till it should rain."

As hunting and war are the great employments of the Indians, most of their amusements have reference to the one or the other. They are fond of wild and furious dances, in which they shout and yell like demons let loose from Pandemonium, throw themselves into all grotesque and horrible attitudes, and whirl round and round, accompanied with song and beat of drum. Among these is the "buffalo dance," in which, dressed in buffalo-skins, with their ghastly-looking heads covering their own, they dance from day to day until the buffalo come; and the *bear dance*, in which many of the dancers wear masks made of the skin of the bear's head. In this, as in the buffalo dance, they imitate the motions of the animals in whose honor the dance is given, and jump and yell to their own infinite satisfaction, and the great amusement of "the gentler sex," to whom the honor of mingling in such grave and lordly exercise is not conceded. They have also the *beggar's dance*, the object of which is to excite commiseration for the poor. In this dance every one sings as loud as he can shout, uniting his voice with others in an earnest appeal to the Great Spirit to open the hearts of the bystanders to give to the poor. They love especially the *scalp dance*, which is given as a celebration of a victory; it is often danced in the night, by the light of torches, and is continued a number of nights in succession. The scalps are held up as tokens of prowess; the warriors brandish their weapons, shout, yell, and groan, twist their faces and limbs into the most hideous shapes, jumping, rushing, and roaring together in a circle; seizing each other by the hair, stamping, striking, cutting and carving each other to pieces, as if in actual combat. The gnashing of teeth, the hiss and rush, the whoop and groan of these dances, at the dead of night, in the solemn wilderness, under the glaring light of torches, are said to be inexpressibly horrible and appalling.

Indeed, the dances of the Indians are innumerable. Every



Rescue of Capt. Smith by Pocahontas.

thing among them, whether pertaining to common life, to war, or to religion, is danced. Their prayers to the Great Spirit are made by dancing. Scarce an hour elapses, by night or day, when the drum is not heard. The living and the dead are honored by dances. The *medicine-man*, dressed in the most frightful-looking *wolf* or *bear* robes, dances around the bed of the dying.

But we have not space to dwell upon these customs of savage life. It is a more interesting consideration that the Indians, with all their wildness, are capable of the highest acts of heroism and magnanimity, a number of striking instances of which are related in the "Memoirs of Col. McKinney," and, above all, that they are susceptible of the highest cultivation. Some have thought that the Indians could never emerge from their savage state, and that it was folly to attempt their civilization, and especially their conversion to Christianity. But this notion has been refuted by facts. One of the noblest and most beautiful of the race, the far-famed Pocahontas, was a true convert to the Christian faith. She was baptized in the small, rude church at Jamestown, by the name of REBECCA. In Capt. Smith's account of her, she is called "the first Christian convert of that nation, the first Virginian that ever spoke English." In another place he says: "In London, divers courtiers and others of my acquaintances have gone with me to see her, that generally concluded God had a great hand in her conversion."

"Star of Virginia! in her darkest hour
Her joy, her theme of glory and of song;
Her wild, red rose, that in the Stuart's bower
Shed grace, not took it from the courtly throng.

"Her, her I sing not—and yet her I sing,
Freed from earth-worship, cleansed from rites obscene—
Who from unnumbered gods to Zion's King
Escaping, waves her palm of deathless green.

"FIRST CONVERT OF THE WEST! The Indian child
A Christian matron stands, from whose sweet tongue
Flows the pure stream of English undefiled,
Flows the deep anthem and eternal song.

She died afar: no pilgrim finds her tomb—
Unknown the spot, yet holy is the ground;
The Savior's breath there left a rich perfume,
And angels keep their guardian watch around.

"AS POCAHONTAS, while these skies remain,
Still shall our zodiac show the virgin sign;
But as REBECCA, when yon stars shall wane,
Yon heavens roll by, she AS A STAR SHALL SHINE!"

MISS CAULKINS.

A host of other Indians, some of them chiefs and warriors, have also been converted, and by the meekness, purity, and dignity of their lives, the serenity, beauty, and triumph of their deaths, have proved the "divinity" of their faith. Who has not heard of the famous Oneida chief, Skenendoah, "whose pathway for sixty years had been marked with blood, whose terrible war-whoop rang for many years through the Mohawk Valley, and who was in all respects the *cruel*, the *indomitable* savage?" But under the influence of the Gospel the lion was turned into a lamb; the tomahawk fell from his grasp, and his long life was one continued hymn of holy love and joy. He died at the age of a hundred years. A short time previous to his death, a friend calling to see him and inquiring after his health, received this answer: "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top" (referring to his blindness). "Why I yet live, the great Good Spirit only knows. When I am dead, bury me by the side of my minister and friend" —(Rev. Mr. Kirkland, under whose ministry he had been awakened and converted)—"that I may go up with him at the great resurrection!"

We give only another instance of a similar kind, that of Kusick, chief of the Tuscaroras, who lived in Western New York many years, a good man and a minister of the Gospel to his own people. As Col. McKinney will not be suspected of undue partiality in such a case, we give his account of this interesting Indian chief.

"He had served under Lafayette, in the army of the Revolution. It was usual for him, in company with a few of his leading men, to visit, once in every two or three years, the State of North Carolina, whence his tribe originally came, to see after some claims they had upon that State. In passing through Washington, the old chief would call at my office, for the purpose of submitting his papers and of counseling with me. On one of these occasions he made a call before breakfast, at my residence, accompanied by his companions. A neighbor had stepped in to see me, on his way to his office, and our conversation turned on Lady Morgan's France, which had just then been published, and was lying on my table. We spoke of Lafayette. The moment his name was mentioned, Kusick turned quick upon me his fine black eyes, and asked, with great earnestness—

"'*Is he yet alive*—the same Lafayette that was in the Revolutionary war?"

"'Yes, Kusick,' I answered, 'he is alive, and he is the same Lafayette who was in that war. That book speaks of him as being not only alive, but looking well and hearty.'

"He said, with deep emphasis, '*I'm glad to hear it.*'

"'Then you knew Lafayette, Kusick?'

"'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'I knew him well; and many a time in the battle I threw myself between him and the bullets, *for I loved him.*'

"'Were you in commission?'

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I was a lieutenant; Gen. Washington gave me a commission.'

"My friend (the late venerable Joseph Nourse, at that time Register of the Treasury) and myself agreed to examine the records, and see if the old chief was not entitled to a pension. We (or rather, he) did so. All was found to be as Kusick reported it, when he was put on the pension list.

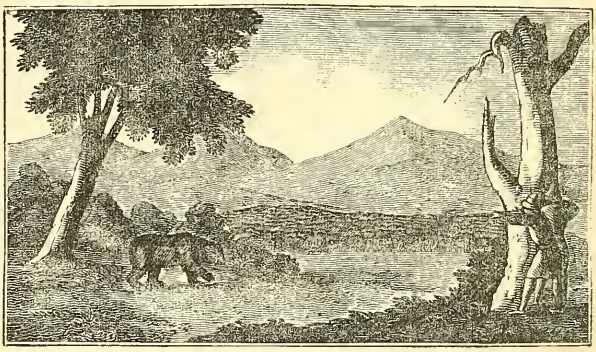
"Some years after, in 1827, when passing through the Tuscarora reserve on my way to the wilderness, I stopped opposite his log-cabin, and walked up to see the old chief. I found him engaged drying fish. After the usual greeting, I asked him if he continued to receive his pension.

"'No,' said the old chief—'no; Congress passed a law making it necessary for me to swear I cannot live without it. Now, here is my little log-cabin, and it's my own; here's my patch, where I can raise corn, and beans, and pumpkins; and there's Lake Oneida, where I can catch fish. With these I can make out to live without the pension; and to say I could not, would be *to lie to the Great Spirit!*'

"Here was principle and deep piety, and a lesson for many whose advantages had far exceeded those of this poor Indian. In connection with this, I will add another anecdote in proof of his veneration for the Deity. He breakfasted with me on the morning to which I have referred; and knowing him to be a teacher of the Christian religion among his people, and an interpreter for those who occasionally preached to them, I requested him to ask a blessing. He did so, and in a manner so impressive as to make me feel that he was deeply imbued with the proper spirit. He employed in the ceremony his native Tuscarora. I asked him why, as he spoke very good English, he had asked the blessing in his native tongue. He said—'When I speak English, I am often at a loss for a word. When, therefore, I speak to the Great Spirit, I do not like to be perplexed, or have my mind distracted to look after a word. When I use my own language, it is *like my breath;* I am composed.' Kusick died an honest man and a Christian, and, though an Indian, has doubtless entered into his rest."

We may add, that Kusick was a member of the Baptist denom-

ination, and highly honored among them, especially by those who knew him personally. He possessed a mild and generous spirit, and died, in a good old age, full of faith and holy joy.



Hunters and Grizzly Bear.

CHAPTER IX.

REGIONS TO THE NORTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

North of the United States, in the direction of the polar seas, bounded on the one side by Russian America, and on the other by the Atlantic Ocean, lie vast tracts of country, of greater or less value for agricultural or commercial purposes, belonging to the British government. Of these the most important is Canada, formerly divided into Upper and Lower, now Western and Eastern Canada, occupied by a somewhat mixed population, consisting of colonies from France, England, Ireland, and Scotland, with here and there some scattered tribes of Indians. Canada covers the whole of the country lying north of the great lakes and rivers, drained by streams falling into the river St. Lawrence, and containing an area of about 1300 miles long and 700 broad, in all about 348,000 square miles. Filled with lakes and streams, and containing every variety of climate and soil, with a river, lake, and ocean navigation which, under favorable circumstances, might command the commerce of the world, Canada possesses great

natural resources. The population is about a million and a half, the majority of whom are of French origin, and speak the French language. But these French Canadians, however polite and vivacious, are far behind their neighbors in vigor, intelligence, and enterprise. The single fact that only one in ten of the whole male population can read, reveals a mournful state of ignorance, prejudice, and degradation. The other portion of the population, consisting chiefly of English, Scotch, and Irish, are much more intelligent and enterprising, and are making great and rapid progress. The French, with slight exceptions, are Catholics, entirely under the domination of their priests, who possess considerable wealth and influence.

This difference of races, with a partial dependence, in all matters of government, upon the mother-country, has greatly hindered the prosperity of Canada, and still threatens her future peace and prosperity. Still, her progress in agriculture, commerce, and even in religion and education, are highly commendable. The principal cities are Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, the last of which is now the seat of government. The climate is severe in winter, though warm and genial during the brief and rapid summer. In general, the people are thrifty, hospitable, and agreeable in their manners. The French are lively and pleasant, fond of amusements, and greatly addicted to dancing, horse-racing, and merry-makings of every sort. Sunday is their great *fête*-day; though every day that can be spared, and every evening, particularly in winter, is devoted to amusement. Great crimes are uncommon among the French Canadians; and, perhaps, great virtues are equally scarce. Multitudes of the females are employed in out-door labor, and look old and ugly long before they attain old age. The French population long for independence and self-government, and sometimes talk of annexation to the United States, but it is a mistake to suppose that they do so from love of any thing like legitimate freedom or pure republicanism.

Beyond Canada stretch wide and desolate regions, occupied by Indians, bears, and wolves. The Esquimaux, though Indian in their character and habits, have some traits of form and personal appearance resembling Europeans. They are of small stature, but firm and hardy, live by hunting and fishing, and, notwithstanding the hardships to which they are exposed, and their rough manner of living, enjoy, it is said, a fair amount of material enjoyment. They have but little or no idea of a Supreme Being, and place their chief delight in eating and merry-making. They are, in fact, mere children, with little knowledge and little morality, "pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw." They dress in

skins, and in winter "burrow" like dogs under the snow. They are excessive eaters, whenever they have opportunity of indulging their appetite. No matter what their food is, though mere offal, they devour it with greediness. Captain Parry states that he has known them, after a long fast, eat vigorously for hours, and the quantity consumed was in proportion to the time. He says that he "speaks within bounds" in stating that "a little girl" got through "eight pounds of solids" in a day, and he mentions that a lad consumed in twenty hours the following things, and did not think the effort extraordinary!—Sea-horse flesh, frozen, four pounds and four ounces; the same, boiled, four pounds and four ounces; head, one pound and twelve ounces; in addition to which he swallowed one pint and a half of rich gravy soup, three wine-glasses of raw spirits, one tumbler of strong grog, and one gallon and one pint of water. The Esquimaux are much dependent upon their fine race of dogs, which they harness to little sleds, and make their way, with considerable rapidity, over the frozen snow. They are fond of dancing and all sorts of trivial amusements. Captain Parry introduced "leap-frog" among them, with which they were excessively delighted. A little present will throw them into fits of incontrollable laughter. They are said to be affectionate to their children, but ungrateful, dishonest, and treacherous. The Moravian missionaries have labored for their benefit with much patience and very gratifying success. The change in the character and manners of the converts has been striking.

Similar to the Esquimaux, of the same race, language, and manners, in fact, are the natives of Greenland. Quite a number of them have been converted under the self-denying labors of the Moravians.

But the most interesting people in these polar regions of eternal ice and snow are the inhabitants of *Iceland*, that singular, rocky island, with its mighty heart of flame, ever-burning Hecla, and perennial springs of boiling water. Iceland, however, belongs to Europe. Its people are of the best Norwegian stock, and are singularly intelligent, pious, and happy, forming in this respect the most striking contrast to the natives of Greenland or Labrador. Religion and education are universally diffused. Their manners are simple and courteous; their amusements grave and dignified. They belong to the Lutheran branch of the Christian faith, and are warmly attached to the customs of their fathers. The religious sentiment is the predominant one in their character. The common salutation on meeting is Oriental, borrowed evidently from the Scriptures—"Peace be with you!" To which the response is, "The Lord bless you!" On knocking at a door for admission, it

is customary to say—"The Lord be in this place!" to which the reply is—"The Lord bless you!" It is the universal custom to give thanks, with clasped hands, before and after meals. At meeting and parting, the kiss of peace is the ordinary salutation. Before and after crossing a river, the Icelander takes off his hat and offers a short prayer, and also when he starts in a boat from the shore. As characteristic of the simplicity and elevation of their faith, the Rev. Dr. Henderson gives the following example: "I could not but notice," says he, "the manner in which my hostess spoke of her children. On my inquiring how many she had, she replied, '*I have four; two of them are here with us, and the other two are with God. It is the best with those that are with Him, and my chief concern about those that remain is, that they may reach heaven in safety.*'"

The Icelanders have cultivated literature with success. Few people are more intelligent and refined. On winter evenings one of the family is selected to read some instructive or entertaining work, while the rest ply their tasks. In fact, the Icelanders are among the happiest and most virtuous people on the face of the earth; a result to be ascribed to nothing but the prevalence among them of a pure and primitive Christianity.

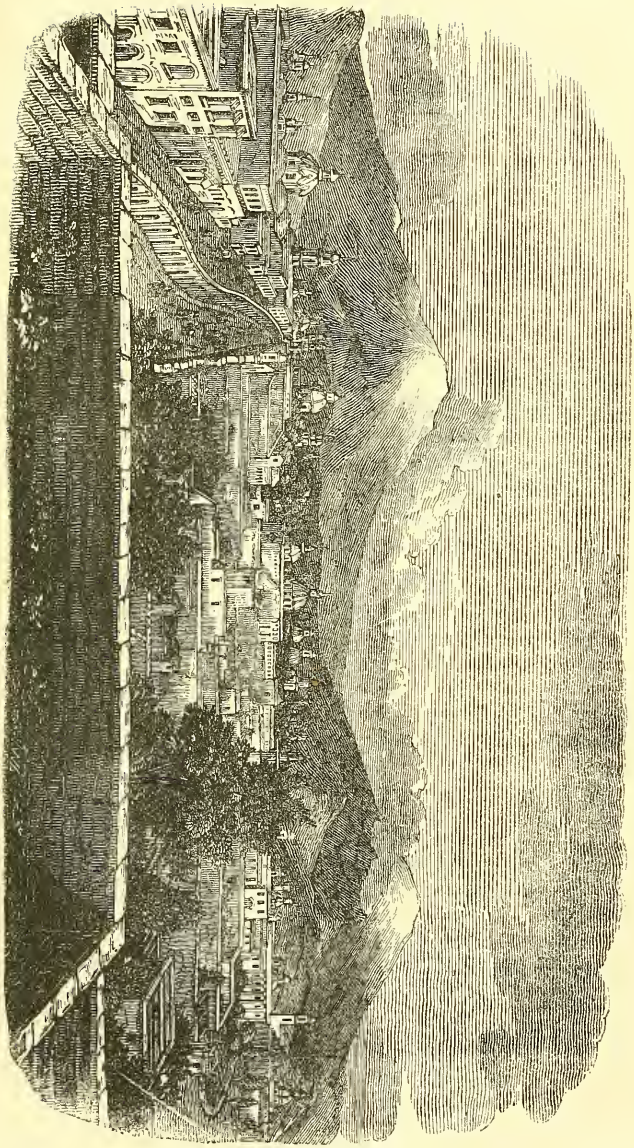
Settled as early as the ninth century, Iceland was long an independent republic. In 1264 it passed under the dominion of the King of Norway, with which country it was subsequently transferred to the crown of Denmark, under which it now remains. No person ever suffered capital punishment in Iceland. Persons amenable to this extreme penalty are sent for execution to Copenhagen, no Icelander being willing to become executioner in such a case. The laws are mild, and great crimes are exceedingly rare. The people form a single family, so to speak, dwelling alone, in their far island fastness; in a word, "a peculiar people," holy, peaceful, and happy.

CHAPTER X.

MEXICO.

It is time again to pass southward; so leaving the regions of eternal snow, we traverse, once more, the lands through which we have already passed, and after a few weeks of travel, again strike the "Father of Waters," reach the city of New Orleans, whence we proceed across the Gulf of Mexico, and find ourselves wandering amid the rich valleys and lofty mountains of Mexico. This naturally fertile and beautiful country lies along the shores of the Pacific on the one side, and the Atlantic on the other, forming a tract of land of almost unequaled variety. It belongs to the tropics, and yet has all the climates and productions of more temperate regions. This arises from the inequalities of its surface, and the influence of its mountain ranges. It is composed, indeed, of three plateaus or terraces, of unequal hight, and of different temperatures and productions. The first of these, forming a narrow track along the coast of the Atlantic, is intensely hot, thence called by the inhabitants *tierra caliente*, having the ordinary temperature of equinoctial countries. Burning plains, sandy and barren, are intermingled with others of exuberant fertility, covered with aromatic shrubs and wild flowers, among which rise to a great hight magnificent tropical trees laden with blossoms and fruit. This is the region of deathly malaria and destructive thunder-storms. The season of the bilious fever—*vomito*—the scourge of these coasts, lasts from spring to the autumnal equinox, when it is checked by the cold winds which descend from Hudson's Bay, but which in winter often "freshen" into fearful tempests and desolating hurricanes.

Some twenty leagues beyond this fervid region, the land begins to ascend, and we find ourselves in a purer atmosphere. The landscape insensibly changes, passing gradually from the torrid to the temperate zone. Still, it is warm and genial, and although the "vanilla, the indigo, and the flowering cacao groves," are left behind, the "sugar-cane and the glossy-leaved banana" still accompany us. Ascending further, about four thousand feet, we see, "in the unchanging verdure, and the rich foliage of the liquid amber-tree, that we have reached the hight where clouds and mists settle in their passage from the Mexican Gulf." This is the region of "perpetual humidity," but it is free from malaria and pestilence. "The features of the scenery become grand, and even



City of Mexico.

terrible. Our road sweeps along the base of mighty mountains, once gleaming with volcanic fires, and still resplendent in their mantles of snow, which serve as beacons to the mariner, for many a league at sea. All around we behold traces of their ancient combustion, as the road passes along vast tracts of lava, bristling in the innumerable fantastic forms into which the fiery torrent has been thrown by the obstacles in its career. Perhaps at the same moment, as we cast our eye down some steep slope, or almost unfathomable ravine, on the margin of the road, we see their depths glowing with the rich blooms and enameled vegetation of the tropics."

Advancing still further upward, we mount into other climates, with other styles of cultivation, more nearly resembling those of Europe or of the United States. Indian corn, of course, is found in the warmer levels below, and covers these more temperate regions; but here, also, extensive fields of wheat greet the eye, mingled with plantations of the aloe, or American agave, applied to such a variety of uses by the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. Lofty oaks and forests of pine give proof that we have entered what the Mexicans call the *tierra fria*, or cold region, the third and last of the great natural terraces into which the country is divided. When we have climbed to the hight of between seven and eight thousand feet, "we stand upon the summit of the Cordillera of the Andes, that colossal range, that, after traversing South America and the Isthmus of Darien, spreads out as it enters Mexico into that vast sheet of table-land, which maintains an elevation of more than six thousand feet, for the distance of nearly two hundred leagues, until it gradually declines into the higher latitudes of the north."

"Across this mountain rampart a chain of volcanic hills," says Prescott, whose admirable sketch we are mainly following, "stretches, in a westerly direction, of still more stupendous dimensions, forming, indeed, some of the highest land on the globe. Their peaks, entering the limits of perpetual snow, diffuse a grateful coolness over the elevated plateaus below; for these last, though termed cold, enjoy a climate the mean temperature of which is not lower than that of the central parts of Italy. The air is exceedingly dry; the soil, though naturally good, is rarely clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of the lower regions. It frequently, indeed, has a parched and barren aspect, owing partly to the greater evaporation which takes place on these lofty plains, through the diminished pressure of the atmosphere; and partly, no doubt, to the want of trees to shelter the soil from the fierce influence of the summer sun. In the time of the Aztecs, the

table-land was thickly covered with larch, oak, cypress, and other forest trees, the extraordinary dimensions of some of which, remaining to the present day, show that the curse of barrenness in later times is chargeable more on man than on nature."

In the central region, midway between the continent, though somewhat nearer the Pacific than the Atlantic Ocean, at an elevation of nearly seven thousand five hundred feet, lies the remarkable valley of Mexico, encircled by a colossal rampart of porphyritic rocks, and forming a circumference of about sixty-seven leagues, with a sky of the deepest blue, a serene atmosphere, and a magnificent landscape.

In this rare valley, with its five ancient lakes, snow-crowned volcanoes, and fertile plains, stands the city of Mexico, one of the richest and most beautiful cities in the world, with its crowded population and innumerable spires and domes. This was the Mazitli, so called from one of their gods, or Tenochtitlan of the Aztecs, richer and far more beautiful even than it is now, standing in the midst of its five great lakes, now much shrunk in their dimensions, upon green and flower-enameled islands, like Venice amid the waves, with myriads of Indian boats gliding along its liquid streets, long lines of low houses mingled with great numbers of pyramidal temples, lofty trees and flower-gardens floating, as it were, on the bosom of the waters, and here and there a loftier temple sacred to the gods of the land.

Though built on piles, the city of Mexico is celebrated for its magnificence. It is said by Humboldt "to be undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere; being inferior only to Petersburg, Berlin, London, and Philadelphia, as respects the regularity and breadth of the streets, as well as the extent of its public places." The architecture is generally fine, and many of the buildings of noble construction, though usually of a somewhat plain exterior. Two sorts of hewn stone, porous amygdaloid and porphyry, are generally used in the better parts of the city. The balustrades and gates are of Biscay iron, ornamented with bronze; and the houses, which are three or four stories high, have flat terraced roofs, like those of Italy and other southern countries. The principal plaza, or square, is one of the finest to be seen in any metropolis. The Cathedral, the Palace, and the Mineria, are imposing structures. The interior of the Cathedral is quite gorgeous. The high altar is loaded with golden ornaments. It is inclosed by a massive railing of mixed metal, so valuable on account of the gold which it contains, that a silversmith of Mexico is alleged to have offered the bishop a new silver rail of equal weight in return for the old metal.

In the interior of the Cathedral, also, are some curious remains of the olden time, including several idols, and "a stone of sacrifice," on which lay the human victim when his breast was pierced, and his quivering heart torn out by the priest! On the outer wall is fixed the *Kellenda*, a circular stone of basaltic porphyry, covered with hieroglyphic figures, by which the Aztecs, or native Mexicans, used to designate the months of the year, and which is supposed to have formed a sort of perpetual calendar.

But the remains of ancient temples and other buildings are mostly gone, and few traces remain of the pride and splendor of the ancient Aztecs, who reared among the surrounding lakes a city of greater magnificence than that which their conquerors have built.

On a summer evening, when the people are abroad, and the canals are covered with light canoes, filled with mestizoes humming gay tunes, or striking their guitars, the rosy light of departing day yet lingering upon the mountains, and tinging the snow-crowned summits of the Cordilleras, which encircle the valley, the city of Mexico presents a most attractive appearance, and suggests to the thoughtful traveler the striking contrast between its past and present condition. As he listens to the hum of the cheerful population, mingled with the sound of evening bells from Christian temples, calling men, not, as the Aztec drum did, to human sacrifices, but to sacred vespers, he cannot but feel grateful that the ancient form of Mexican society has passed away forever. Imperfect as the present religion of Mexico is, certainly it is far better than the bloody rites of heathenism.

The population of the city of Mexico is about 150,000, of an exceedingly mixed character, comprising about 68,000 Creoles, or descendants of Spaniards; 28,000 mestizoes, or half-breeds between Europeans and Indians, though many of them are scarcely distinguishable in color from the former; about 35,000 copper-colored natives; 10,000 mulattoes; and only about 6000 Europeans. A few of the citizens, among whom are the nobles and speculators in mines, are excessively rich, but the mass of the population are indolent and poor. The lower orders, resembling the lazaroni of Naples, are filthy, despise labor of every kind, and may be seen constantly lounging or lying about the churches or markets, leaning against the walls, or loitering near the theaters and coffee-houses. Indeed, the leperos of Mexico are worse than the lazaroni of Naples, being frequently stained with the crimes of robbery and assassination. The dress and habits of the higher orders resemble those of Europeans. The large cloak of Spain is universally worn. The costume of the ladies is uniformly black,

with the vail and mantilla; but on holydays and public occasions their dress is distinguished for variety and gayety of colors, as well as expensiveness of material. "Indeed, when in their carriages, in the Passeo, they contrast somewhat strangely with the same persons, when seen at home in complete dishabille, without stockings, squatting on the floor, and either pursuing their favorite amusement of cigar-smoking (for Mexican ladies are much addicted to smoking), or eating cakes and capsicum out of the dirty earthenware of the country. The ladies seldom go out during the day; but after sunset, young and old come forth from their hiding-places, and the Alameda, Passeos, and Portales swarm with the damas and señoritas of the city, chatting and smoking with their gallants. Many gentlemen belonging to the higher classes are intelligent, and a few even fond of literature; but the city is so badly supplied with libraries, and other means of study, as to give little encouragement to such pursuits. There are three or four newspapers; but they are miserable productions, containing little besides the merest chit-chat, copiously interspersed with advertisements."

Mexican Gentlemen.

With respect to the country in general, we may add, that the scenery of Mexico is bold and beautiful. Its productions are of

all climates, temperate and torrid. Indeed, there is no sort of plant or tree which may not be raised in this fertile country. Its commerce is limited, its agriculture far inferior to that of Europe. The people are not enterprising, like those of New England and other northern regions. Education makes no progress among them. The country has immense resources, not only in agriculture, but in mines of gold and silver, but the people are languid, sensual, and pleasure-loving. Some of them are wealthy, but most are poor. This is the case especially with the Indian population. They have little or nothing in religion, politics, or even in the common wants of life, to stimulate them. They are content simply to live—to vegetate, and then to die. Good Catholics, they feel safe and easy for time or for eternity, no matter how ignorant and sensual, how besotted or vicious. "Mexico," says *Chevalier*, "is a country so rich, that famine scarcely visits the most indolent. In the tierras calientas, and even on the plateaus, the natives are content to dwell, with their families, in a cabin of bamboo trellis-work, so slight as scarcely to hide them from the stranger's gaze, and to sleep either on mere mats, or at best on beds made of leaves and brushwood. Their dress consists simply of a pair of drawers, or petticoat, and a serape (or dyed woolen garment), which serves for a cloak by day and a counterpane by night. Each has his horse, a sorry beast, which feeds at large in the open country; and a whole family of Indians is amply supplied with food by bananas, chilli, and maize, raised almost without labor, in a small inclosure round the hut. Labor, indeed, occupies but a trifling portion of the Indian's time, which is chiefly spent in drinking pulque, sleep, or singing to his wretched mandolin hymns in honor of Notre Dame de Guadeloupe, and occasionally carrying votive chaplets to deck the altar of his village church. Thus he passes his life in dreamy indifference, and utterly careless of the ever-reviving émeutes by which the peace of Mexico is disturbed. The assassinations and robberies which the almost impotent government allows to be committed with impunity on the public roads, and even in sight of the capital, are to him only matter for conversation, the theme of a tale or ditty. And why should he trouble himself about it? Having nothing in the world but the dress in which he stands, his lance, spurs, and guitar, he has no fear of thieves; nor will the poniard of the assassin touch him, if he himself, drunk with pulque or chingarito, do not use his own." The condition of the half-breeds, and even of the lower orders of Spanish descendants, is not much superior to that of the Indian. Thousands of them live precisely as he does, and thousands more by begging or stealing. Some, indeed, are

farmers, and live upon their comfortable haciendas, and others rise somewhat in the world, and have a deeper interest in the order and peace of the community; but all, more or less, have caught the Indian traits, and are more distinguished for their indolence and love of pleasure than their enterprise and virtue.

In the larger cities, the prevalent amusements are the theater, bull-fights, horse-races, dancing, and gambling.

The entire population numbers from six to seven millions, partly Spanish, but mostly Indian; not, indeed, pure Indian, but mixed. Perhaps the predominant element is Spanish and European; but the Indian is wonderfully diffused, as may be seen in the bronze color, long black hair, deficient beard, and oblique eyes of the people. The pure Indians number at least two-fifths of the entire population. The Mexicans of European extraction—the Creoles, as they are called—may be said to govern the country. They are the nobles, merchants, and miners of Mexico; and while inferior to the inhabitants of England and the United States, and even of Spain, their mother-country, are certainly far superior to the Indians. Many of them are quite intelligent and polished, having enjoyed all the advantages of a European education.

The government is professedly republican, but is insecure and despotic. The laws are said to be just and mild, but wretchedly administered. Indeed, Mexico is not unfrequently in a state of absolute anarchy. Robberies and assassinations are common as day. "With tranquillity," says the intelligent Chevalier, "every thing else is also lost. There is no longer any security. It is a mere chance if the diligence from Mexico to Vera Cruz proceed the whole way without being stopped and robbed. It requires whole regiments to convey the *conducta* of piasters to Vera Cruz. Travelers who cannot afford to pay for an escort, go armed from head to foot, and in little caravans. Here and there rude crosses, erected by the sides of the roads, and surrounded by heaps of stones, thrown by passers-by, in token of compassion, point out the spot where some wayfarer, and almost always a stranger, has perished by the hand of robbery."

All education, such as it is, is in the hands of the priesthood, who make certain of its being kept within *safe* limits. The religion of the country is universally Catholic. Many of the churches are magnificent, literally blazing with gold and jewels. In the city of Mexico, the services of religion are celebrated with great pomp; but the people, and even the priests, are ignorant, sensual, and superstitious. So say all travelers. The mass and the bull-fight have equal charms. Among such a people, of course, with much latitude of manners, there will often be great severity of re-

ligious discipline. The following is a description by Madame de la B——, lady of the Spanish Minister to Mexico, who wrote two volumes on Mexico a few years ago, of a singular *flagellating penance*, which often takes place in their churches:—"To-day we attended the morning penitence, at six o'clock, in the church of San Francisco, the hardest part of which was their having to kneel, for about ten minutes, with their arms extended in the form of a cross, uttering groans—a most painful position, for any length of time. But the other night I was present at a much stranger scene, at the discipline performed by the men; admission having been procured for us by certain means, *private*, but *powerful*. Accordingly, when it was dark, enveloped from head to foot in large cloaks, and without the slightest idea of what it was, we went on foot through the streets to St. Augustin. When we arrived, a small side-door apparently opened of itself, and we entered, passing through long vaulted passages, and up steep winding stairs, till we found ourselves in a small vailed gallery, looking down directly upon the church. The scene was curious. About one hundred and fifty men, enveloped in cloaks and serapes, their faces entirely concealed, were assembled in the body of the church. A monk had just mounted the pulpit, and the church was dimly lighted, except where he stood in bold relief, with his gray robes and cowl thrown back, giving a full view of his high, bald forehead and expressive face. His discourse was a rude, but very forcible and eloquent, description of the torments prepared in hell for impenitent sinners. The effect of the whole was very solemn. It appeared like a preparation for the execution of a multitude of condemned criminals. When the discourse was finished, they all joined in prayer with much fervor and enthusiasm, beating their breasts, and falling upon their faces. Then the monk stood up, and, in a very distinct voice, read several passages of Scripture descriptive of the sufferings of Christ. The organ then struck up the Miserere, and all of a sudden the church was plunged in profound darkness; all but a sculptured representation of the Crucifixion, which seemed to hang in the air illuminated. I felt rather frightened, and would have been very glad to leave the church, but it would have been impossible, in the darkness. Suddenly, a terrible voice in the dark cried—'My brothers! when Christ was fastened to the pillar by the Jews, he was *scourged!*' At these words, the bright figure disappeared, and the darkness became total. Suddenly we heard the sound of hundreds of scourges descending upon the bare flesh. I cannot conceive any thing more horrible. Before ten minutes had passed, the sound became *splashing*, from the blood that was flowing.

"I have heard of these penitences (penances) in Italian churches, and also that half of those who go there do not really scourge themselves; but here, where there is such perfect concealment, there seems no motive for deception. Incredible as it may seem, this awful penance continued, without intermission, for half an hour! If they scourged each other, their energy might be less astonishing.

"We could not leave the church, but it was perfectly sickening; and had I not been able to take hold of Señora ——'s hand, and feel something human beside me, I could have fancied myself transported into a congregation of evil spirits. Now and then, but very seldom, a suppressed groan was heard, and occasionally the voice of the monk encouraging them by ejaculations, or by short passages from Scripture. Sometimes the organ struck up, and the poor wretches, in a faint voice, tried to join in the Miserere. The sound of the scourging is indescribable. At the end of half an hour, a little bell was rung, and the voice of the monk was heard calling upon them to desist; but such was their enthusiasm, that the horrible lashing continued louder and fiercer than ever. In vain he entreated them not to kill themselves, and assured them that Heaven would be satisfied, and that human nature could not endure beyond a certain point. No answer but the loud sound of the scourges, which are many of them of iron, with sharp points that enter the flesh. At length, as if they were perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and, little by little, ceased altogether. We then got up in the dark, and, with great difficulty, groped our way, in the pitch darkness, through the galleries, and down the stairs, till we reached the door, and had the pleasure of seeing the fresh air again. They say that the church floor is frequently covered with blood after one of these penances, and that a man died the other day in consequence of his wounds."*

This method of "satisfying" the Deity is rather heathenish, and reminds us of the more terrible sacrifices of the ancient Aztecs to satisfy their bloody god; but we believe that it is in accordance with Mexican and Spanish, and even Italian, orthodoxy. It reminds us of the answer made by a tolerably intelligent Spaniard to the question, What do you understand by penitence? when, suiting the action to the word, as if he were scourging himself, he said in broken English, "Whip um! whip um!" Perhaps it may be a good plan for these wretched Mexicans to *whip* the demon of evil out of their skins; but how such inflictions are pleasing to the Deity, it would be difficult to say.

* "Mexico as It Is" vol. i.

But the Mexican has his pleasures to put over against his penances. Among these, one of his favorites is the bull-fight, a description of which we will give, from the authority just quoted :—

"Fancy an immense amphitheater, with four great tiers of boxes, and a range of uncovered seats in front, the whole crowded almost to suffocation ; the boxes filled with ladies in full dress, and the seats below by gayly dressed and most enthusiastic spectators ; two military bands of music, playing beautiful airs from the operas ; an extraordinary variety of brilliant costumes, all lighted up by the eternally blue sky ; ladies and peasants, and officers in full uniform, and you may conceive that it must have been altogether a varied and curious spectacle.* Bernardo's (the chief matador) dress, of blue and silver, was very superb, and cost him five hundred dollars. The signal was given, the gates were thrown open, and a bull sprang into the arena ; not a great, fierce-looking animal, as they are in Spain, but a small, angry, wild-looking beast, with a troubled eye.

"'Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo, the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe ;
Here, there, he points his thundering front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail, red rolls his eye's dilated glow.'

"A picture equally correct and poetical. That first *pose* of the bull is superb ! Pasta, in her Medea, did not surpass it. Meanwhile the matadors and the banderilleros shook their colored scarfs at him—the picadors poked at him with their lances. He rushed at the first and tossed up the scarfs which they threw at him, while they sprung over the arena ; galloped after the others, sticking the horses so that, along with their riders, they occasionally rolled in the dust, both, however, almost instantly recovering their equilibrium, in which there is no time to be lost. Then the matadors would throw fire-works, crackers adorned with streaming ribbons, which stuck on his horns, and, as he tossed his head, enveloped him in a blaze of fire. Occasionally the picador would catch hold of the bull's tail, and passing it under his own right leg, wheel his horse round, force the bull to gallop backward, and throw him on his face.

"Maddened with pain, streaming with blood, stuck full of darts,

* The occasion was a special one.

and covered with fire-works, the unfortunate beast went galloping round and round, plunging blindly at man and horse, and frequently trying to leap the barrier, but driven back by the waving hats and shouting of the crowd. At last, as he stood at bay, the matador ran up and gave him the mortal blow, considered a peculiar proof of skill. The bull stopped, as if he felt that his hour were come, staggered, made a few plunges at nothing, and fell. A finishing stroke, and the bull expired.

"The trumpets sounded, the music played. Four horses galloped in, tied to a yoke, to which the bull was fastened, and swiftly dragged out of the arena. In a similar manner eight bulls were done to death. The scene is altogether fine, the address amusing; but the wounding and tormenting of the bull is sickening, and as here the tips of his horns are blunted, one has more sympathy with him than with his human adversaries. It cannot be good to accustom a people to such bloody sights.

"Yet let me confess, that though at first I covered my face and could not look, little by little I grew so much interested in the scene that I could not take my eyes off it, and I can easily understand the pleasure taken in these barbarous diversions by those accustomed to them from childhood."*

CHAPTER XI.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

South of Mexico, between the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea on the one side, and the Pacific Ocean on the other, stretches a long and unequally shaped strip of country toward South America, forming a sort of natural link, or isthmus, between the two great divisions of the American Continent, usually styled Central America. Lying under the tropics, and containing a great variety of soil, with vast mountain ranges (a continuation of the Cordilleras) and deep valleys, its productions are rich and diversified. The heat, of course, is intense, yet cooled in many places by the fresh mountain breezes, and the streams which descend from the regions of snow. The lofty mountain-peaks are volcanic, several

* "Mexico as It Is," Vol. i. pp. 120, 121.

of them now in active operation, roaring and blazing amid the snows which encircle their summits. It is a region, however, of tropical storms and earthquakes, and inhabited by a people similar to those of Mexico, with, perhaps, a greater proportion of Indians. This also is the locality of those ruins (particularly in Yucatan) which attest the ingenuity, power, and even splendor of the more ancient races long passed away. These have been admirably described by Stephens and others, and are objects of intense and curious interest to the learned.

The Republic of Guatimala, or Central America, contains the States of Guatimala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the Federal District, with a population of about 2,000,000. The people are said to be hospitable, friendly, and pleasure-loving. Like the Mexicans, they are addicted to cock-fighting, bull-fighting, gambling, dancing, and so forth. They are also excessively fond of religious processions, and other striking ceremonies of the Church, which they seem to regard much in the light of amusements, and from which at least they pass freely to the most giddy diversions. Perhaps it may be regarded as singular that all the monkish establishments have been suppressed. This indicates the prevalence among them of some liberal and reformatory movements. Most of the cities, among which are Guatimala, Leon, and San Salvador, have occasionally suffered from earthquakes. In Guatimala, the services of religion are celebrated with great pomp and ceremony half the Sunday, while the other half is devoted to feasting and frolicking. The morals of the people suffer in consequence. Education is much neglected. All classes are fond of showy dresses and exciting pleasures.

The productions of the country are indigo, logwood, and other dyes, mahogany, cedar, gold, silver, and precious stones. Mercury is also found here, as also copper, iron, nickel, zinc, antimony, and so forth. In the lower grounds, cotton, sugar, tobacco, and cocoa are freely grown. Various kinds of tropical fruits are raised in abundance. The wild animals comprise the American tiger (or jaguar), wolf, tapir, mountain cow, wild goat, striped boar, &c. Immense flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are reared in the Ladenos, or table-lands, of Quesaltenango. The horses are inferior to the mules, which are mostly used. The trade and commerce of this part of the world is mostly in the hands of foreigners, especially Americans and English, and carried on chiefly through Balize, or Honduras, which belongs to the British. A new channel is opened for trade with the United States through the accession of New Mexico and California, and the recent arrangements touching a ship canal, connecting, by means of the Lake Nica-

ragua, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This lake, the largest in Central America, lies principally between the eleventh and twelfth degrees of north latitude, about twelve miles, in a direct line, from the Pacific, and ninety from the Caribbean Sea. It is of an oval shape, being some 130 miles long by 40 wide, discharging its surplus waters by the river San Juan into the Caribbean Sea, which is said to be navigable during the rains through its whole extent. It would seem, therefore, that the two oceans might easily be brought together by means of a ship canal, one of the most stupendous internal improvements of the age.

Central America, in position, productions, and population, belongs more to the South than to the North. We pass, therefore, into the more southern regions of the continent.

South American Costumes.

The most striking things in the external aspect of South America, which is somewhat less than North America, though more compact, and in outline somewhat resembling Africa, are its vast mountain ranges, its magnificent rivers, its immense forests

and plains, or llanos, with their singularly diversified forms of vegetable and animal life. It has three distinct systems of mountains. The first are the Andes, the "longest and loftiest," coming down from the north and running through the whole extent of the continent, branching off here and there on the one side and the other, forming the natural boundaries of the various countries, and inclosing long and wide-spread valleys, through which rush the streams fed from the hills. They lie, however, chiefly on the Pacific side of the country, a distance of 150 miles, rising into lofty volcanic peaks at immense elevations, covered with eternal snow, while their sides, in almost all instances beautifully wooded, are covered in regular series with the various productions of temperate and tropical climes. The whole chain of these sky-piercing mountains is subject to violent volcanic action. From Cotopaxi to the Southern Ocean are no less than forty volcanoes in constant operation. Some of these mountains rise to the hight of fifteen, and even twenty and twenty-five thousand feet. Cotopaxi is 19,000, Chimborazo 21,730, Illimani 24,250, and Sorata, the two last in Bolivia, 25,400 feet.

The other mountain ranges are the Parima, consisting of several chains to the northeast, in the upper part of the continent, running through Venezuela and Guiana; and the third, the Brazilian, of considerably less elevation, the highest reaching only a little more than 6000 feet.

The Andes divide the country, from lat. 9° N. to 52° S., into three extensive plains, open toward the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and on the west inclosed by a huge rampart of mountains. The most northern of these, watered by the Orinoco, which runs in an easterly direction and falls into the Atlantic, consists of llanos, or level tracts, covered with reedy plants and a few straggling palms. To the south is the vast wood-covered plain of the Amazon, with mighty forests of tropical growth, beyond which is the far-reaching flat of the pampas, covered with coarse herbage, and thronged with innumerable herds of cattle. The three principal rivers of the country are the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the La Plata, flowing through the broad slope of the Atlantic and emptying into the ocean at different points, so as to traverse the whole country. They are more like inland seas or lakes than rivers proper, expending their treasures upon the countries through which they pass, and bringing but a small tribute to the ocean. The entire course of the Amazon, which looks more like a system, or tree of rivers, than a single river, is estimated at 4700 miles, and is navigable from the sea to the east foot of the Andes, a distance of 2000 miles. The Orinoco has a course of about 1800

miles, and the La Plata, which runs south, with a slight inclination to the east, 2500 miles.

Within these vast regions the climate and productions are infinitely diversified. This is owing not simply to difference of latitude, but to difference of elevation, and the presence, first, of lofty mountain ranges, and then of deep valleys, and long-extended plateaus. Some of the plains are found at an elevation of from 6000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea! Thus the plain of Quito, immediately under the equator, where the heat ought to be intense, has an elevation of above 9600 feet, and its mean temperature does not exceed 53° Fahr. These different climates, frequently in close proximity, have different vegetable and animal productions. Hence the traveler journeying down the deep descent of one of the magnificent ravines, through forests of birches, oaks, and pines, finds himself suddenly among Oriental palms. He sees wolves of northern aspect dwelling in the vicinity of monkeys; humming-birds returning periodically from the borders of the frozen zone, with the northern bunting and soft-feathered titmice, to nestle with parrots; and our common European whistling ducks and teal, swimming in lakes which swarm with sirens and Brazilian parrots and boatbills.* "In the Andes," says Humboldt in his Cosmos, Vol. I. pp. 11, 12, "of Cundinamarca, of Quito, and of Peru, furrowed by deep barrancas, it is permitted to man to contemplate all the families of plants and all the stars of the firmament. There, at a single glance, the beholder sees lofty feathered palms, humid forests of bamboos, and all the beautiful family of the Musaceæ; and, above these tropic forms, oaks, medlars, wild roses, and umbelliferous plants, as in our European homes; there, too, both the celestial hemispheres are open to his view, and when night arrives, he sees displayed together the constellation of the Southern Cross, the Magellanic clouds, and the guiding-stars of the Bear which circle round the Arctic pole. There the different climates of the earth, and the vegetable forms of which they determine the succession, are placed one over another, stage above stage, and the laws of the decrement of heat are indelibly written on the rocky walls and the rapid slopes of the Cordilleras, in characters easily legible to the intelligent observer. * * * * In the burning plains which rise but little above the level of the sea, reign the families of the bananas, of cycadeæ, and of palms, of which the number of species included in our floras of the tropical regions has been so wonderfully aug-

* "Richardson's Zoology of North America," in the Sixth Report of the British Association.

mented in our days by the labors of botanic travelers. To these succeed, on the slopes of the Cordilleras, in mountain valleys, and in humid and shaded clefts of the rocks, tree ferns, raising their thick cylindrical stems, and expanding their delicate foliage, whose lace-like indentations are seen against the deep azure of the sky. There, too, flourishes the cinchona, whose fever-healing bark is deemed the more salutary the more often the trees are bathed and refreshed by the light mists which form the upper surface of the lowest stratum of the clouds. Immediately above the regions of forests the ground is covered with white bands of flowering social plants, small Aralias, Thibaudias, and myrtle-leaved Andromedas. The Alp rose of the Andes, the magnificent Belfaria, forms a purple girdle round the spiry peaks. On reaching the cold and stormy regions of the Paramos, shrubs and herbaceous plants, bearing large and richly colored blossoms, gradually disappear, and are succeeded by a uniform mantle of monocotyledonous plants. This is the grassy zone, where vast savannas (on which graze lamas, and cattle descended from those of the Old World) clothe the high table-lands and the wide slopes of the Cordilleras, whence they reflect afar a yellow hue. Trachytic rocks, which pierce the turf, and rise high into those strata of the atmosphere which are supposed to contain a smaller quantity of carbonic acid, support only plants of inferior organization, lichens, lecideas, and the many-colored dust of the leprairia, forming small round patches on the surface of the stone. Scattered islets of fresh-fallen snow arrest the last feeble traces of vegetation, and are succeeded by the region of perpetual snow, of which the lower limit is distinctly marked, and undergoes extremely little change. The elastic subterranean forces strive, for the most part in vain, to break through the snow-clad domes which crown the ridges of the Cordilleras; but even where these forces have actually opened a permanent channel of communication with the outer air, either through crevices or circular craters, they rarely send forth currents of lava, more often erupting ignited scoriæ, jets of carbonic acid gas and sulphuretted hydrogen, and hot steam."

This is the region of earthquakes, often terrible and devastating, shaking the whole continent, and causing the huge mountains to tremble to their foundations, drying up rivers, and casting to the ground temple and tower, village and city. It is the region also of deadly malaria and violent tornadoes; and, we may add, of social changes and revolutions.

The population is similar to that of Mexico and Central America, being derived from much the same stock, with some slight exceptions, and educated in much the same manner. This especially

holds true of the more northern States and Republics, where the Spanish and Indian elements give the predominant features of the inhabitants. Of the same faith, with the same traditions and usages, and subjected generally to much the same influences, they occupy about the same level of character, moral, social, and political. The Republics of South America are scarcely worthy of the name. They are maintained only by force, and thus far have bred nothing better than tyrants and usurpers. The bayonet rather than the ballot-box is the great ruling power in them all. Nor can we hope for any thing better so long as the people are governed by a superstitious priesthood, and kept back from free inquiry and universal education. The native Indians are no better, if, indeed, as good, as their forefathers, and, under the present political and religious regimen, seem incapable of rising higher in the scale of civilization. Doubtless there are exceptions, but this is true of the great mass of the aboriginal inhabitants. Many of them, especially toward the south, are wild and savage.

But it is time we set off on an exploring expedition to some of the States and communities into which South America is divided.

Crossing the rocky boundaries of Central America, we descend into the beautiful and diversified regions of *New Granada*, which consists chiefly of elevated plateaus bounded by lofty mountains, and lies on the head-waters of the Orinoco, with a population of something less than 2,000,000, and containing rich mines and washings of silver and gold, as well as mines of emeralds and other precious stones. The government is republican, and Bogota is the capital, the cathedral of which contains an image of the Virgin, adorned with 1358 diamonds, 1295 emeralds, and other precious stones.

From this, stretching all along the valley of the Orinoco to the Atlantic Ocean, we come to *Venezuela*, also a Republic, such as it is, with a sparse population, not much troubled with enlightenment, and addicted to political changes. The banks of the Orinoco are covered with immense forests, resounding with the cries of the jaguar, the puma, and innumerable multitudes of monkeys. The huge boa hangs from the trees; and the waters of the stream teem with alligators, porpoises, and manatees. The people live upon the plains, in the higher regions. The majority of the inhabitants are Indians. Caracas, the capital, was seriously injured by an earthquake in 1812.

South of New Granada, under the shadow of the Andes, with the snow-crowned peaks of Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, and traversed by the head-waters of the Amazon, is the Republic of

Ecuador, or the Equator, with a population, climate, and productions somewhat similar to those of New Granada. The climate is an eternal spring. Vegetation never ceases. The meadows and trees are covered with perpetual verdure. The plow and the sickle are in use together—buds, blossoms, and fruit are found on the same tree. One flower succeeds another. The colors of autumn, spring, and summer are blended together, while in the distance the lofty peaks of the Andes are clothed with sparkling snow. This, however, is true only of the valley and table-land of the interior; the other parts of the country, especially that lying along the coast, are filled with poisonous serpents, musketoes, ants, caymans, and deadly malaria. Quito, too, often trembles with earthquakes, and the whole land seems "founded" upon a fire-flood, into which at any time it may be precipitated. The population is about 650,000 souls.

Quito, the capital, is a gay, luxurious place, with a population of 70,000, changeable and giddy. Earthquakes and revolutions are equally common. Masses and processions, carnivals and bull-fights, go hand in hand.

But we pass to *Peru, North* and *South*, the fair and fertile regions of the ancient sun-worshipers, with their mild civilization and singular manners, traversed by lofty mountain peaks, with terraced beauties, rich in mines of gold and mercury, and in all the productions both of temperate and tropic zones, having a population, chiefly Creoles, of 1,700,000. The ancient capital was Cuzco, surrounded by mountains; the present is Lima, having a population of 80,000, mostly Creoles, though with many foreigners, English, Spanish, and American. It is a beautiful city, charmingly situated, with a serene atmosphere and magnificent views. It lies in a delightful valley, the Rimac, from 500 to 600 feet above the level of the sea, not far from the Pacific, and contains considerable wealth. The buildings are low and substantial, on account of the earthquakes, to which it is much exposed, but not without grace and ornament. They are usually terraced, and have flat roofs. The cathedral is a building of considerable magnificence. The beauty of the landscape, the sweetness and serenity of the atmosphere, and the graceful appearance of the women, are much praised. "Would you see more of Lima?" says one writing to a friend in H——. "Well, then, step out on to my balcony, and stand with me while we look upward into the cloudless blue heavens, whose transparency seems penetrable, almost to the revealing of the 'golden gates.' See those huge birds, lazily floating on their outstretched wings, anon wheeling in circles, then up and down, then right, then left, always slowly and gracefully, as though

moving in harmony with the music of the spheres. Alas! that they should be only turkey-buzzards! So let's leave them, and look straight across the street to the opposite balcony, and there you have a specimen of the Limanian style of beauty, in the person of a young *señorita;* an heiress, too, for her father counts his millions. She has the beautiful hair peculiar to her countrywomen, which she wears in braids reaching half way to her feet. In other respects, her costume is the same as ours; and oh! while you look on her beauty, and welcome it 'as God's handwriting,' drink in also, as a charmed draught, a cup of blessing, new life, and health, and hope, from this glorious sunshine, this lovely sky, and these cool ocean-zephyrs, which, like *all* our Lord's mercies, are new every morning, and repeated every evening; for though we are near the middle of summer, and under an almost vertical sun, the heat is, even at noonday, never oppressive. Our nights are cooled by winds from the far-off ice-mountains; and so far, a blanket on the bed is quite necessary to one's comfort."

This is the pleasing side of the picture; for what with earthquakes, bull-fights, assassinations, and revolutions, Lima is not the most desirable place on earth. The changes there, political and moral, are often as sudden and startling as the tornado or the earthquake. Gayety and devotion, revelry and murder, succeed each other with fantastic rapidity. The following piquant account of one of these revolutions, and of a religious festival, we have just taken from one of our newspapers:

"Lima, March 17th, 1850.

* * * We are in the midst of a revolution! This, although Sunday, is the day of election, and the parties of the rival candidates for the Presidency are in a terrible ferment; and as merely depositing a vote quietly, as in our country, does not satisfy these turbulent spirits, they parade the streets, shouting '*Viva Echinique!*' '*Viva Vicanco!*' (the names of the rivals) and, whenever the two parties meet, are ready for a fight, armed with stones, knives, clubs, &c. A mob of this sort have just attacked, and nearly demolished, a bakery in the block opposite the theater, the military not arriving until the destroyers were sated with their work of ruin. Unlike our mobs, they fear the military, and on its approach take to flight. A guard of soldiers has been left to protect the premises, and the mayor, with his troop of horse and foot, has gone to another street where the like scenes are enacting. Several have been already killed, and it appears to me that the officer in command, instead of parleying with the vagabonds, ought to sweep them down, as Bonaparte did the mobs of Paris. Speedy

and deadly measures in such cases, I am convinced, are not only the most effectual, but the most merciful.

* * * It is now half past 1 P. M., and the excitement is increasing. The *Plaza* is filled with troops, and the candidate who can command the strongest force will probably install himself in the palace as President. This is the usual method of procedure in Lima. Exciting times, these! How unlike our peaceful Sabbath at home! The great gates, opening into the *porte-cochere*, of the houses are to-day fast shut; people look from their balconies with pale and anxious faces, fearing a renewal of the bloody scenes so often enacted in the streets of this beautiful city.

* * * It is now evening, and the streets are quiet, the rioters having been dispersed by the strong military force who are now patrolling in every quarter. The law is, that no election shall proceed while a military force are in the city—they must be at least two leagues distant; and when the voting commenced this morning, the troops were in Callao, thus affording a fine opportunity for the vagabonds of both parties, and the lawless of no party, to *do* each other to death, without fear of hinderance by the authorities, for they recognize no *civil* power. In the rencounters of this morning, twenty-eight were killed, and about forty wounded, including among the latter a general, who was shot in the arm with a pistol. The killed and wounded are generally the lowest orders of the people, ruffians in the fullest sense of the word. The strongest party, that of Echinique, say they shall go on with the election, in defiance of the law respecting the presence of the military; and as the voting will continue through the week, we shall probably see something worth recording. I am not sure but that a high-handed, absolute monarchy would be better for *such* republicans. The Emperor of Russia, with his strong power, would have speedily settled this day's business, to my satisfaction at least, had he been autocrat here.

* * * *Monday Evening*, 18*th*.—I have just come in from a walk to the *Plaza*. The military have possession of the streets, and, on the slightest indication of a gathering of the populace, ride through them, dispersing them *instanter*. Despite their efforts, however, the people gather and hold together long enough to shout their '*vivas*,' and fire off rockets, which we hear in every quarter, from time to time. The palace occupies one side of the *Plaza*, and, in common with all private residences, is occupied by stores on the first floor. These stores, and all others surrounding the *Plaza*, and in the streets leading to it, are now fast closed and barricaded. People, with anxious faces, stand talking in groups, and one would suppose the city was in a state of siege, or

that some terrible calamity was hovering over it. No one dares to speak his mind aloud, lest he should be assassinated by some partisan of the opposing candidate.

* * * *Sunday, 24th.*—I have been waiting, day after day, thinking I should have something stirring to tell you '*à la révolution*;' but, since the outbreak on the first day of the election, all has been quiet, the populace being kept in check by the presence of the soldiery. To-day, while I write, the bells are ringing merrily, and rockets exploding by the hundreds, in proclaiming the election of Echinique, the candidate favored by the government, who, however, does not assume the duties of the office till one year from this time. The present President deserves much commendation for the energetic measures by which peace has been preserved—measures in opposition to the constitution, but of which he, like an illustrious predecessor in the Republican chair of State, says, 'I take the responsibility.' The wheels of government will now, I suppose, again roll on with their usual steadiness, which steadiness, by-the-way, is a fine practical illustration of what has been called the 'stability of change!'

* * * *March 29th.*—It is now the closing week of Lent, called '*Semana Santa*' (Holy Week), during which many gorgeous, and perhaps impressive, spectacles are produced by the church powers, of which silver plate, gold lace, silks, satins, and embroidered work, with cloth of gold and waving plumes, form an important and conspicuous part. The first spectacle which we went to see was a procession, and, after forcing our way through a crowd made up of all classes, we took our station on one of the abutments of the bridge, over which the procession was to pass. Hundreds continued to press on and over the bridge to the church, where it was to stop, and it was not until dusk that the procession opened upon us. First came boys and men bearing lighted candles three feet high; then three negroes in white robes, the center one bearing the holy banner, which is, in shape, like a barrel wrapped in cloth of gold, a deep gold fringe surrounding the bottom, and the top surmounted by a cross, while the other two carried candles wreathed with flowers. Following these was a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children, with palm branches; then women with vessels of burning incense; then a platform about six feet square, borne on men's shoulders, covered with embroidered satin, and hung around the edges with lace, gay ribbons, and flowers, the offerings of the pious; while forming a railing around this platform were huge burning candles. In the center of it, a huge bunch of palms overshadowed an imitation (not very life-like) of an ass, upon which was seated an image of the

Savior, covered with a glittering dress, with a gilt crown on his head, while, leaning from the palm-tree, in a very hazardous position, and anxiously peering through its branches, stood Zaccheus, dressed in a scarlet coat, trimmed with gold lace. As this passed by, all uncovered their heads, repeated their prayers in a low voice, and crossed themselves. Next came about twenty priests in white robes, bearing palms, and chanting plaintively; then another canopy, surrounded with lighted candles, under which was the Virgin Mary and another saint; then followed a company of soldiers and a band of music, with the entire populace of Lima in their rear. In about an hour's time the bridge was clear, and we made our way home.

"Our next *sortie* for sight-seeing was on the evening of 'Good Friday.' In the first church we entered, seated on the platform in front of the altar, were figures, of the size of life, representing our Lord washing the feet of the disciples, among whom Judas sat on the end of the bench, dressed in red (his hair and face inclining to the same color), with the money-bag under his arm. Then there were the 'publicans and sinners' looking on, dressed in costumes ornamented with gold lace. In the next church was a 'dead Christ' on a bier, with the face and feet uncovered, around which pressed the multitude, each in turn kissing these exposed portions of the body. The bier was covered with a gorgeous white satin gold-embroidered pall, strewed with white flowers, whose fragrance, together with the incense burning in various parts of the house, was almost overpowering. At the head of the bier sat a priest, with a table before him, on which were laid the contributions of the charitable. Passing on, we paused before the 'grand altar,' on the steps of which was arranged all the plate of the church, of great value, interspersed with pots of magnificent flowers in full bloom, and myriads of tall candles, occupying every possible spot among the pillars and images which reach from the altar to the high ceiling. In front of the steps was a representation of the 'Last Supper.' The whole immense nave of the church was densely packed with kneeling ladies, all dressed in black, with black mantillas over their heads, from whose parted folds shone out, like stars from parting clouds, the brightly flashing eyes of many a youthful *señorita*. The *señors* always stand, or sit on some few benches arranged along the borders of this female *parterre*.

"We went to two other churches, in all of which there were similar ceremonies; and to the cathedral, in which there was a grand illumination.

"*April* 1*st*.—'Easter Sunday' came yesterday, but I did not

go out. The day began as our Fourth of July does, by the ringing of bells and firing of rockets, and these continued throughout the day. The streets swarmed with people in gay attire, all wearing flowers. A 'bull-fight' took place as usual, and the theater was crowded; and thus you have the 'Holy Week' at Lima."

To this we add the following description, by Mr. Colton, of a bull-fight in Lima, which, it appears, took place, like the election and revolution, on the Sabbath. As they say in Scotland, "the better day, the better deed."

"On the Sabbath which succeeded Holy Week I went to the cathedral to attend worship, and found it closed; continued on to the church of San Pedro, and found that closed; turned off to the church of San Augustin, and found that also closed. Observing the streets full of people, who were moving toward the broad bridge which crosses the Rimac, I concluded that there must be some great religious festival in that quarter, and followed on.

"The crowds continued to move over the Rimac, but instead of entering any church, wound off, in solid column, through the rows of trees which shade its left bank. I at last inquired of an intelligent-looking man who was walking at my elbow, to what sacred spot they were bound. When, with a look of half-wonder at my ignorance, he replied, 'To the *corrida de toros!*'—the bull-fight! I turned on my heel and threaded my way back, with some difficulty, through the crowds who were pressing onward to the savage spectacle. Among them were groups of children from the schools—boys in gay frocks, and girls in white, with wreaths of flowers around their sunny locks, headed by their teachers. Monks with their beads, mothers with their daughters; infancy at the breast, and old age with one foot in the grave; all chattering and laughing, and jostling and shouting, and pressing on to the bull-ring, on the Sabbath!

"Upon inquiry, I found that these bull-fights formerly took place on Monday, but that the Archbishop of Lima, to enable the laboring classes to attend them, had changed the day to the Sabbath. They are a horrible spectacle at best, utterly revolting to every sentiment of refinement and humanity; and the social and moral evils which they inflict would be sufficiently revolting were they confined to secular occasions, but they become doubly pernicious when they involve such an outrage upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, under the sanction, too, of the highest ecclesiastical functionary in the State.

"Bull-fights, as conducted here, involve very little peril and suf-

fering except to the poor beast. His antagonists are pretty safe, or he would drive them out of the arena. It is an exhibition of craft and cowardice on one side, and courage and despair on the other. Of the two, the bull sustains much the nobler part, and would have much the larger share of my sympathy and respect. If men must fight for the amusement of their fellows, let them fight one another. If the death of one don't furnish sufficient excitement, then let the other be shot or hung, as the taste of the spectators shall suggest. But let them not catch a poor beast, torture him with fagots and fire, skulk themselves, and pick him to death with their long weapons, and then insult the intelligence of the community by calling the dastardly act an exhibition of chivalry and valor.

"It is no wonder the ladies in Lima are deficient in delicacy and moral refinement, accustomed as they are, from their childhood, to such savage spectacles. It is but justice, however, to say, that there are some mothers here who will not permit their daughters to attend them; nor will they allow them, for this or any other purpose, to disguise themselves in the *saya y manto.* There was one righteous man in Sodom, and there is more than one good mother even in Lima."

The Indians of Peru are few and feeble. Discouraged and depressed, they find it difficult to maintain their national existence. Indeed, they may be said to have no national existence. Nominally "Catholics," without much knowledge of Christianity, they look back with regret to the days of their ancient splendor, and venerate the memory of their Incas. The descendants of those ancient princes are now almost entirely extinct. One or two, it is said, yet linger amid the mountains of Peru. The following letters addressed to the late President of the United States, and communicated by him to the American Ethnological Society, with respect to "the last of the Incas," will be read with interest. The first is from Samuel G. Arnold, Esq., of Providence, a gentleman who, in the course of an extensive exploratory tour through South America, had paid a visit to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas of Peru.

"PROVIDENCE, May 7, 1849

"*To the President of the United States:*

"SIR:—In the course of an extensive tour through the interior of South America, during the past year, I visited Cuzco. That city, renowned as the capital of the Inca Empire, and the limit of the conquests of Pizarro, is among the most interesting places I have seen in any part of the world. The extreme difficulty of

reaching it, owing to its distance from the coast, and the lofty chains of Andes intervening, appears to be the chief reason that this celebrated city is so little known to our countrymen. It abounds in stupendous monuments of art, attesting a civilization quite equal, if not superior, to that of the Aztecs. But amid these remains of ancient days there exists a living relic of the past, some short notice of whom may throw light on the inclosed letter. The venerable Doctor Don Justo Sahaurauria, a canon of the Cathedral of Cuzco, and now more than ninety years of age, claims to be a lineal descendant in the seventh degree from Haana-Caipac, the last reigning Inca, and father of the ill-fated Atahualpa, burnt alive by the conquerors in the plaza of Caxamorca. The evidence of his claim appears to me to be conclusive; so that in this man we see the last of the royal race of Incas, as no others of unmixed blood are known to exist. He is a man of learning, and quite distinguished in the history of his country, having personally received the thanks of Bolivar, at the close of the War of Independence, for his services in the cause of liberty. A clerical friend took me to the old man's house. We found him reading Tasso in his garden, a secluded spot just under the walls of the great Temple of the Sun, where his ancestors, as high-priests of the sun and hereditary lords of Peru, once officiated at the altar in the grand and imposing worship of 'The Children of the Sun.' He received us very affably, and showed me many matters of interest about his house. He conversed more intelligently than is usual with Peruvians of the interior, concerning 'El grande Republica del Norte,' as they call the United States, and appeared much interested in the slight sketch of our political system which he requested me to give him. He had many questions to ask—who was President, and who would be the next President? He is a fine-looking man, with a physiognomy quite different from that of the Quicha Indians (the race peopling this part of Peru), having a high forehead, large regular features, and an intelligent eye. A paralytic stroke about two years ago deprived him of the power of writing, except early in the morning, when he can sign his name. His son acts as his amanuensis. He always affixes the word Inca to his name. The seal of the inclosed letter bears the arms granted by Charles V. to his family in 1544—the original letters patent are carefully preserved in his library. I left Cuzco in June last. Some time afterward I received a letter from him, in which he asked a continuance of the correspondence, which I provided for through the U. S. Consul at Lima, although scarcely expecting to hear from the aged Inca again. On parting from him he had desired me to present his compliments, &c., to the President of the

United States on my return home. This he repeated, with the usual additions of Spanish courtesy, in the letter I received from him at Lima. After my return to the United States I received a package of letters from the venerable Dr. S., dated Cuzco, August 16th, in which he desires me to deliver the inclosed letter: '*Y significa á esse grand hombre mis rendimientos.*' I should be pleased to receive an acknowledgment of the receipt of this, as I shall write to Cuzco in a few days, and wish to assure the old gentleman that his letter has reached its destination.

"Trusting that the subject of this letter will be found of sufficient interest to atone for its length, I remain your excellency's most obedient servant,

"SAMUEL G. ARNOLD.

"Gen. Z. TAYLOR, President of United States."

[TRANSLATION.]

"*To the most Excellent President of the United States of North America: From the Capital of the Sovereign Incas of Cuzco, the 16th of August,* 1848:

"*The possessor of my profoundest Respect and Veneration:*

"A Peruvian prince, the seventh in descent from the Emperor Huaynaccapac, the most immediate branch of the sovereign Incas, places himself under the protection and auspices of your excellency, entreating that you will have the goodness to receive his homage.

"When the Spaniards entered the Peruvian Empire, giving the name of conquest to a sanguinary devastation, they found in the principal temple of Cuzco various prophecies, and among them one that foretold the destruction of the empire, together with its rites and ceremonies; and that this was to take place in the reign of the twelfth emperor.

"When the Emperor Huaynaccapac was told by his vassals in Tumpis that there had appeared on the coast certain canoes like houses, the crews of which were composed of bearded men very different from themselves, he said that a tradition existed among the members of the royal family to the effect that there should come from beyond the sea an unknown people who would destroy the empire, its religion, rites, and ceremonies. This, he said furthermore, was to take place during the reign of the twelfth emperor; and, as he was the twelfth in succession, the prediction was, doubtless, about to be fulfilled, even as it is said in the prophecy, 'Inter alia vaticinia, quæ de amissione Regni loquuntur.'

"Moreover, the prediction inspired the Children of the Sun with the hope that the day would arrive in which they should be

reinstated in their ancient splendor, by the aid of a people from a country called England; and, in order that your excellency may be fully possessed of the whole prophecy, I here transcribe it as follows:

"'Et Deum ego testor, mihi a D. Antonio de Berreo affirmatum, quemadmodum etiam ab alijis cognovi, quod in præcipuo ipsorum Templo inter alia vaticinia, quæ de amissione Regni loquuntur, hoc enim sit, quo dicitur fore, ut Incæ, sive Imperatores et Reges Peruviæ, ab aliquo Populo, qui ex Regione quadam, quo [quæ] Inglaterra vocetur, in Regnum suum rursus introducantur.'*

"As the prophecy does not expressly say whether they are to be Anglo-Europeans or Anglo-Americans, it appears to me that the Children of the Sun ought to follow their own inclinations. I, like others, am well convinced, and constantly hear of the great kindness with which all who are inclined to the grand Republic of North America have been welcomed by it. On these accounts, and because of the preference which I personally entertain, I place myself under the shelter of the Republic, and under that of your excellency, who will not disdain to receive an unfortunate prince like myself.

"Praying the Almighty to preserve the health of your excellency during all the years that America may require it, and especially the humble priest who kisses the hands of your excellency,

"I am, most excellent sir,

"Dr. Justo Sahaurauria, Inca."

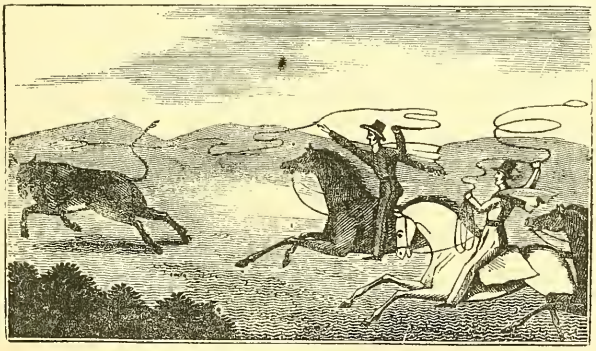
We must not stay longer in Peru, but pass over into *Bolivia*, with its lofty mountain peaks—the loftiest, we believe, on the continent of America, and, except two or three in the Himalayah Mountains, the loftiest in the world—its extensive and beautiful lake Titicaca, high up among the ranges of the Andes, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, and its rich mines of gold and silver. Among the latter is the famous Potosi, or La Rica, *The Rich*, as the natives call it. It was discovered in 1545 by a Peruvian named Hualpu, who, ascending the mountain with his flocks, grasped a bush, whose roots gave way, revealing the presence of a rich mass of silver ore. For some time this shepherd

* "I call God to witness that I was informed by Don Antonio de Berreo, even as I had learnt from others, that among the prophecies preserved in the principal Temple, which speak of the loss of the Kingdom, there is one which says that the Incas, or emperors and kings of Peru, shall be restored to their Kingdom by a people who shall come from a certain country called Inglaterra (England)"

concealed the discovery from all his acquaintances, and resorted to the place only at intervals to supply his wants. But the obvious change in his fortune attracted the suspicions of the Indians, who, with difficulty, wrung from him his secret. In consequence of a quarrel with Hualpu, these Indians revealed it to his master. It was then formally registered and opened, since which time it has been worked with success. Its yield has been immense. The vein was found running through the entire mountain, the whole of which nearly has been excavated. Millions upon millions have been derived from this source.

The inhabitants of Bolivia, estimated at something more than a million, resemble those of the neighboring States, to which we have already referred. They are said to be quite hospitable. The government is Republican, the religion Catholic. More than one-half of the inhabitants are said to be Indians, some of whom are wild and warlike in their habits.

Stretching from Peru to Patagonia, between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean, is the long and narrow, but rich and fertile



Throwing the Lasso.

Chili, with its evergreen foliage, medicinal gums, resplendent flowers, and precious ores. The population consists principally of Spaniards, mestizoes, and Indians, with some English, American, French, Irish, and negroes. There are some independent Indian communities, as the Aracaunians, possessed of considerable energy of character. Earthquakes are common in Chili. Beggars, also, are somewhat numerous, and, it is said, actually often ride on horseback to solicit alms. But horses and other cattle are very numerous here, and are caught wild among the mountains, by means of the *lasso*, which the people practice with great dexterity.

This, however, is not confined to Chili, but is common through South America. The lasso is a long line or thong with a noose, which a Chilian at full speed, on horseback, can throw over the horns, head, or legs of a wild animal, as a horse or bull, at full speed. Its use is practiced by the children in the case of dogs, cats, &c., from their earliest years.

The lasso is sometimes used in war with considerable effect. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten men, who had never seen a piece of artillery till one was fired at them in the town of Buenos Ayres. They galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassoes over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it.

The government of Chili is Republican, but, as usual in South America, where education and religion are so poor, is in an unsettled state.

South of Bolivia, between Chili and the river La Plata, south of the Atlantic, lies the Argentine Republic, as it is sometimes called, more properly, Buenos Ayres, or provinces of La Plata, with its vast unwooded plains or pampas, 1200 miles in length and some 500 in breadth, on which roam innumerable herds of wild oxen, horses, ostriches, thousands and thousands of which are annually taken by means of the lasso. In the upper part of the country, with woods and mountains, are many mines of gold and silver, as also several of gems, jasper, and emeralds.

Buenos Ayres (*good airs*, from the salubrity of the climate), the capital, stands on the southwest side of the La Plata, the houses built of brick or chalk, with flat roofs, and innumerable gardens. The population of the city is 80,000, one-fourth of whom only are whites, the rest being mixed breeds, Indians and negroes.

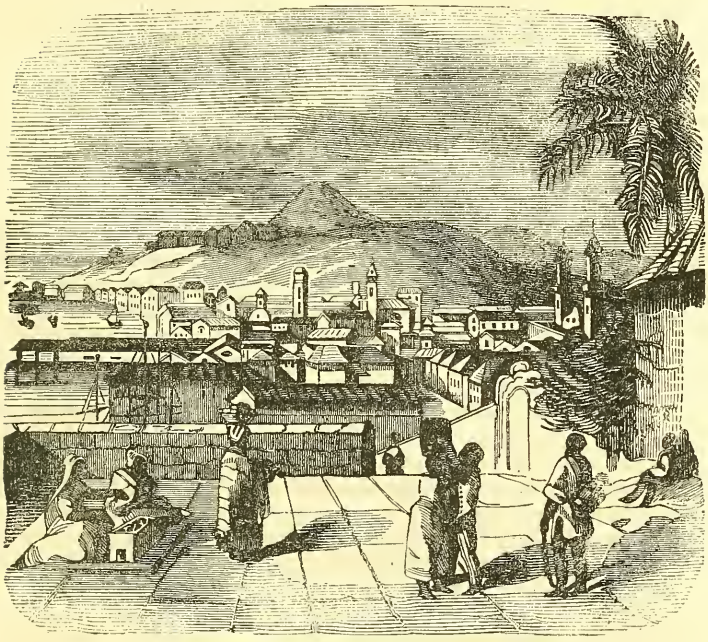
The population of the whole State, which is Republican, falls short of a million, with many Indians, some of them independent. Slavery and gambling are prevalent.

In the upper part of the continent, to the southwest, are small colonies of Dutch, French, and English, in the two former of which slavery prevails, and in the latter are many blacks. But these need not detain us. They are important chiefly for their commerce.

Nor will *Patagonia*, on the extreme south, with its huge Indians, rude manners, and Jesuit institutions, detain us from more interesting regions.

Uruguay is a small State, lying between Buenos Ayres and Brazil. Paraguay, a little above, enjoys, or perhaps suffers, a singular dictatorship, under Doctor Francia, and has a tolerably thriving population of 20,000 whites, and 250,000 blacks. Inter-

dicted from commerce with foreigners, and shut in, by a rigid system of police, within its own boundaries, the nation is said to be contented and happy. All are taught to read and write, so 'tis said; and though the tyrannic Doctor rules them with a rod of iron, he rules them well.



View of Rio Janeiro.

The last State which demands our attention is Brazil, the largest and most important of South America, occupying nearly one-third of the whole continent; extending, on the one side, from Venezuela on the north, to Uruguay on the south; and on the other, from Peru to the Atlantic Ocean, with an area of 3,000,000 square miles, a population of 5,000,000, and commanding nearly the whole of the river Amazon, the largest river in the world, with its 200 tributaries, and vast mouth, or rather mouths, of 175 miles in extent. The tide ascends perceptibly 600 miles from the sea, and the river is navigable for ships several times that distance.

Brazil was settled from Portugal, though the descendants of the

Portuguese, who govern the country, are greatly exceeded in number by Indians and mixed breeds. The government, now independent of the mother-country, is imperial, with a tendency, it is said, to republicanism. The character of the people is Portuguese, with a mixture of Indian. In some parts of the country are colonies of Irish, Swiss, and Germans. Some English may be found at Rio Janeiro, the capital, a city of 150,000 inhabitants, which stands on the west side of a bay close to the sea, and is a place of much opulence and splendor. Slavery is universal. A portion of the inhabitants are nobles, among whom are some distinguished and wealthy agriculturists, ennobled by Don Pedro.

Brazil, though only partially cultivated, is a country of ample resources, almost all the productions of tropical countries being found there, as also those of more temperate regions. It abounds in the precious metals and other minerals; and not only so, but in precious stones and diamonds. The diamond mines are wrought by collecting the ferruginous earth, in which the diamonds are found, mixed with flints, and washing it. The former operation is generally performed during the hot season, at a time when the beds and torrents of the rivers are dry, and the diamond sand can be easily collected. When the wet season arrives, the operation of washing commences. It is performed in the open air, and frequently under sheds, where the action of the sun is least likely to injure the health of the negroes. At the bottom of the shed glides a small stream, which occupies one of its sides. Seats, raised, and without backs, are arranged along the shed in such a manner, that the subaltern officers are enabled to watch the negroes at work. One of these superintends eight negroes. Each negro works in a compartment of the shed, separated from the others. The material to be examined is placed in troughs close to the stream, and the negroes are introduced entirely naked, excepting in time of extreme cold, when they are allowed a kind of waistcoat, but without either lining or pockets. They are supplied with a sort of hand-spike, by means of which they separate the earth from the flint; and then taking the largest stones in their hands, they proceed to search for the diamonds. Notwithstanding all the precautions taken, robberies of diamonds by the negroes frequently occur. When a negro discovers a diamond, having first shown it to the attendant officer, he deposits it in a large wooden vessel suspended in the center of the shed. If any negro is fortunate enough to discover a diamond weighing seventeen carats, he is bought by the government, and receives his liberty. The discovery of a stone of less weight also confers liberty, but with some restrictions. Various premiums are distributed, according to the value of a

stone, even to a pinch of tobacco. But diamonds are frequently stolen, and sold to smugglers at a low price. The negroes, however, somewhat cunning, sometimes contrive to impose upon the contrabandists, by crystals, to which they give the appearance of rough diamonds. Some 20,000 negroes are employed in this business.

Brazil abounds in forests, and in all kinds of beautiful and useful trees. Cotton is also cultivated. The forests and rivers are filled with wild animals, serpents, tigers, monkeys, crocodiles, and caymans. The domestic animals, such as the horse and ox, are very numerous; and though much of the country is uninhabited, being occupied by vast forests and untrodden marshes, their agricultural productions are quite considerable. Great masses of hides, tallow, horns, and beef are exported to other countries. They also export coffee, sugar, and cotton.

In education, literature, the fine arts, and especially religion, which is Catholic, the Brazilians rise no higher than their neighbors of South America generally. Perhaps they are inferior to some of them. The first printing-press in the country was introduced in 1808! Gross ignorance prevails among the common people. Many of the rich nabobs, or sugar-planters, know little more than their negroes. A few are educated, and all, it is said, are somewhat remarkable for their pompous vanity. The Indians are partly civilized, and partly savage. Their condition, in most instances, is depressed. Distinctions of color scarcely exist. All intermarry. The mulattoes are among the most energetic people of the country. Fitted to the climate, they gain in wealth and influence. The progress of Brazil, in wealth and population, has been slow; but of late years, the infusion of new elements, by means of foreigners, and the change in its political institutions, has given it a powerful impulse in the right direction. It will, however, take a long time to rise superior to the combined influence of ignorance, slavery, and superstition. As an instance of their superstition, Dr. Walsh informs us that, at Rio, they claim to have the descendant of the cock which crowed when Peter denied his Master. Dr. W. was favored with a sight of him, and describes him as an ungainly bird of great size, and with a sort of a croak in his crowing that was quite monitory.

The negroes, it is said, are treated, in some cases, with indiscriminate kindness; in others, with fearful severity. Every day, says Walsh, negroes are sacrificed; not so much as delinquents punished for offenses, as victims offered up to the revenge or malice of their masters. They are often whipped to death. Sometimes they commit suicide, to avoid what they deem a more

terrible doom. "They have a method of burying their tongue in their throat, in such a way as to produce suffocation. A friend of mine was passing through the Carioca, when a slave was tied up and flogged. After a few lashes, he hung his head apparently lifeless, and when taken down, he was actually dead, and his tongue found wedged in the œsophagus, so as completely to close the trachea."*

A stranger, on entering Rio Janeiro for the first time, is struck with the extremes of condition in the population. Two-thirds are slaves, and so debased, in form and manners, are many of them, that they appear more like baboons than men. The nobles and merchants are rolling in wealth and splendor, while multitudes of the slaves are all but naked and starving. Still, many of them rise in comfort, and even in wealth, and many of them secure their freedom. Occasionally, a tawny-faced African may be seen officiating as priest, and instructing his white brethren in the truths of religion. A slave, after ten years' bondage, is entitled to his freedom, as also when he is the father of ten children! Thirty-three holidays are allowed them, on which they may have their wages; and any one can free himself, by paying the price of his first cost.

The slave-trade, domestic and foreign, is carried on briskly in Brazil. Thousands are brought from Africa annually, and sold in the markets. The slaves are kept naked in stalls, to be sold. The voice of the owner, or a crack of the whip, brings them out for exhibition and sale. The following description of the slave market, &c., with which we close our notices of Brazil, is from the pen of Dr. Walsh, considered excellent authority with reference to Brazilian usages:

"Round the rooms are benches, on which the elder generally sit, and the middle is occupied by the younger, particularly females, who squat on the ground, stowed close together, with their hands and chins resting on their knees. Their only covering is a small girdle of cross-barred cotton, tied round the waist. The first time I passed through this street, I stood at the bars of the window, looking through, when a cigano (gipsy-dealer) came and pressed me to enter. I was particularly attracted by a group of children, one of whom, a young girl, had something very pensive and engaging in her countenance. The cigano observing me looking at her, whipped her up with a long rod, and bade her, with a rough voice, come forward. It was quite affecting to see the poor, timid, shrinking child standing before me, in a state the most

* Walsh.

helpless and forlorn that ever a being like myself, with a reasonable mind and an immortal soul, could be reduced to. Some of these girls have remarkably sweet and engaging countenances. Notwithstanding their dusky hue, they look so modest, gentle, and sensible, that you could not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge that they are endued with a like feeling and a common nature with your own daughters. The men were generally less interesting objects than the women. Some were soot-black, having a certain ferocity of aspect, that indicated strong and fierce passions, like men who are darkly brooding over some deep-felt wrongs, and meditating revenge. When any one was ordered, he came forward with a sullen indifference, threw his arms over his head, stamped with his feet, shouted, to show the soundness of his lungs, ran up and down the room, and was treated exactly like a horse put through his paces at a repository; and when done, he was whipped to his stall.

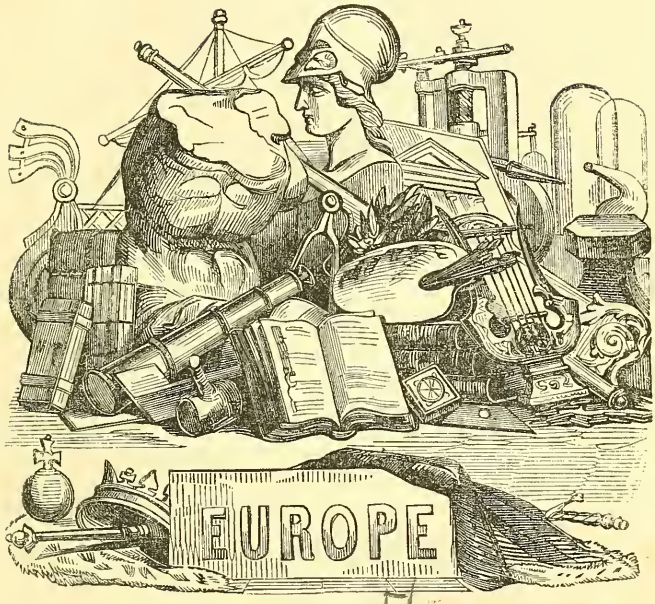
Many were lying stretched on the bare boards; and among the rest, mothers with young children at their breast, of which they seemed passionately fond. They were all doomed to remain on the spot, like sheep in a pen, till they were sold. They have no apartment to retire to; no bed to repose on; no covering to protect them. They sit naked all day, and lie naked all night, on the bare boards or benches.

Among the objects that attracted my attention in this place, were some young boys, who seemed to have formed a society together. I observed several times, in passing by, that the same little group was collected near a barred window. They seemed very fond of each other, and their kindly feelings were never interrupted by peevishness. Indeed, the temperament of a negro child is generally so sound, that he is not affected by those little morbid sensations which are the frequent cause of crossness and ill-temper in our children. I do not remember that I ever saw a young black fretful or out of humor. I sometimes brought cakes and fruit in my pocket, and handed them in to the group. It was quite delightful to observe the disinterested and generous manner in which they distributed them. There was no scrambling with one another—no selfish reservation to themselves. The child to whom I happened to give them took them so gently, looked so thankfully, and distributed them so generously, that I could not help thinking that God had compensated their dusky hue by a more than usual portion of amiable qualities.

Nothing is more absurd than to say that the Africans are happy, or reconciled to slavery. They seem to have as keen a sense of bondage, and to repine as bitterly at their lot, as any white man

in the same state in Africa; indeed, if we may judge from the effects, still more. The harbor is constantly covered with the bodies of blacks, on whom no marks of violence are found, and who are known to have thrown themselves in, to escape from an insupportable life. I have seen them, myself, left by the tide on the strand, and some lying weltering just under our windows. We were eye witnesses to a very striking and melancholy fact of this kind. One evening, some policemen were conducting a woman to the calabouça, along the road leading from Catete. Just when they came opposite our door, where there was an open descent to the strand, the woman suddenly rushed down the rocks, and cast herself into the sea. The place in which she fell was too shallow to drown her; so, after lying on her face a moment, she again raised herself, and, rushing forward into deeper water, she sunk and disappeared. The policemen made no attempt to save her, but Mr. Abercrombie ordered some of the blacks of our house to follow her. They immediately did so, brought her up apparently dead, and carried her into our hall. The negroes, supposing her to be dead, threw her down on the bare stones, just as they would be treated themselves, and she lay there just like any other worthless and despised object; but on examining the poor creature, we had reason to suppose it still possible to restore suspended animation. She was seized with convulsions, succeeded by a violent shuddering, when she fell into a slumber, from which she awoke in a sensible state. She had been employed in washing, which she willingly performed; but her master treated her with the greatest cruelty and inhumanity, and in proof, she showed her arms and side, which were greatly swelled and inflamed, from the effect of blows received a few days before. She could endure it no longer, and fled to the wood. Her master immediately gave sixteen milreis to the capitao do mato, whose office it is to take fugitive slaves. She was pursued and overtaken, and was on her way back, when she conceived such a horror at again returning to encounter the brutality she had before experienced, that she determined not to be brought home alive. She appeared very grateful for the kindness with which she was treated, so different from any thing she had experienced in Brazil before, and proposed to do any work with alacrity to which she was put; but when we spoke of her returning to her master, she expressed a degree of horror in her looks and manner that amounted to distraction, and seemed to think that she was little indebted to those who saved her life, if she was again to be given up to that suffering, than which loss of life was more tolerable."

CHAPTER XII.



It is natural to pass from the United States to Europe, for, in many respects, America, and especially the United States, reproduce the peculiarities of Europe. Thence all the inhabitants of this country, except the Indians and the Africans, are derived. There are many striking differences between them, it is true, arising from government and local influence; after all, these differences are not essential. The great lineaments of character are the same. The language, the literature, the habits of thought, the aspirations and aims, all are the same. And yet an American is always struck with the strange and peculiar aspect of things in what he calls "the Old World." This impression, however, passes away, and he soon finds himself at home amid the usages of the mother-country. An intelligent citizen of the United States is soon domesticated in England or Scotland. He finds there, for the time being, a second and a congenial home.

Still, in comparison with America, Europe is old and mature. Old associations, antique buildings, the hoary monuments of bygone days, the haunts of genius consecrated for ages, ancient battle-fields, castles and baronial halls, beautiful ruins among the hills and vales, venerable grave-yards, ivy-clad churches, and haunted cairns, all are there, with their strange fascination. On that soil, soaked by the blood of martyrs, trod the mighty men of the olden time. There freedom fought and fell, or rose to supremacy and triumph. There our holy religion was planted, amid agony and strife, and, acquiring a dominion wider than that of the Cæsars, blessed the world with its gentle reign. There fought the Bruces and the Tells for liberty and their native land. There preached Luther and Fenelon, Zuingle and Chalmers, John Howe and Jeremy Taylor. There Newton and La Place read the starry heavens, and there sang, in numbers that will never die, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton.

We are in Europe, then, my readers, and I their humble cicerone in our journey round the world. Before us spread the green meadows of England, the vine-clad hills of France, the orange-fields of Spain, the green forests of Germany, the level steppes of Russia, the glacier peaks of Switzerland, and the olive-groves of Italy, mingled and beautified by the works of industry and art. Every thing, externally at least, appears mature and finished.* Roads, bridges, buildings, the fields, covered with the waving produce of agriculture, the fences, the cottages of the peasantry, the dwellings especially of the gentry, the residences of the nobility, the gardens, the lawns, the places of out-door amusement, the squares and public promenades, all have an aspect of finish and elegance. In the larger cities, indeed, and even in the country hamlets, much poverty and crime, and consequent wretchedness, may be found; but the general appearance of Europe, particularly in Great Britain, is that of wealth and civilization. Beggars enough, meager and tattered, swarm every where, in this respect differing essentially from the United States, where beggars, and especially tattered ones, are exceedingly rare; and yet every region almost, both in England and on the Continent, presents indications of elegance and plenty. These, indeed, may be in the actual possession of "the few," while "the many" are struggling with difficulties; but the countries themselves, as a whole, are attractive and beautiful.

The first thing which strikes us in Europe, which has an area of something less than four millions of square miles, is the density of

* Except, perhaps, in Russia.

the population, the whole amounting to nearly two hundred and seventy millions, which makes a population of about seventy to a square mile, the most intelligent, the most vigorous, the most enterprising population in the world. The population of the United States, however, being of the same origin and races, are included in this category. "Nearly all the Europeans," says Ungewitter, in his *Europe*, "belong to the Caucasian race. Only a few tribes in Russia are Mongolians. With respect to their origin, the Europeans form three great divisions: the *Germanes*, *Slavonians*, and *Romanians*. The *Germanes* are to be considered as descendants of Gomer (Gen. x. 2), or of the Kimres, who at first lived in the countries near the mouths of the Dnieper and Dniester, whence they afterward moved to the north and northwest, and peopled the Scandinavian peninsula, the present kingdom of Denmark, Germany, &c. The old *Goths* were likewise Germanes. Thus, to the great family or tribe of the Germanes belong the *Germans* proper, most of the *Swiss*, and part of the *English*, the *Dutch*, the *Flemings* (in Belgium), the *Danes*, *Icelanders*, *Norwegians*, and *Swedes*. The *Slavonians* (or, rather, *Slaves*, but in another sense than those who are in bondage), in ancient times called *Sarmates*, are probably descendants of Magog and Madai (Gen. x. 2), or of the Scythians and Medes. In the beginning, they lived in the country between the Don, Volga, and the Caucasus Mountains, and, in the course of time, spread over the present Russia and Poland, and westward to the river Elbe. To the great family or tribe of the *Slavonians* belong the *Russians*, *Poles*, *Servians*, *Bosnians*, *Bulgarians*, *Croats*, *Slavonians* proper, *Bohemians*, &c. The *Romanians* are descendants partly of the ancient Iberians, Gauls, &c., partly of the ancient Romans and Greeks, and partly of the Germanes; and the *Italians*, *French*, *Spaniards*, *Portuguese*, and part of the *Swiss*, belong to this great family or tribe. Besides these three great divisions, there are still found descendants of the ancient Celts, or Gaels, in Ireland and Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland, and *Basques*, or descendants of *Iberians*, in *Biscay*, and in the neighborhood of Bayonne in France. The Turks belong to the Tartar tribe; the Magyars in Hungary are probably descendants of the ancient Scythians, and lived, until the close of the ninth century of the Christian era, in the vicinity of the Ural River; and the *Greeks* are descendants partly of the ancient Greeks, but chiefly of Slavonian tribes. The descent of the Jews is universally known.

With the exception of about seven millions Mohammedans, three millions Jews, and a few pagans among the Samoides and Kalmucs, all the Europeans are Christians. Of these, nearly

133,000,000 are Roman Catholics (occupying the Pyrennean peninsula and Italy, and prevailing in France, Ireland, Belgium, Poland, Austria, and Bavaria), more than 59,000,000 are attached to the Greek Church (chiefly in Russia, and moreover prevailing in Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands), and about 58,000,000 are Protestants, almost exclusively occupying the Scandinavian peninsula and Denmark, and prevailing in Great Britain, Prussia, Holland, Finland, in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and in most of the German States."

In all the European States, the mechanic arts, the fine arts, music, sculpture, architecture, and painting, as also literature and science, agriculture and commerce, are carried to the highest point of perfection. Husbandry has reached the highest improvement in England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Lombardy (the north of Italy). In manufactures and commerce Great Britain exceeds all other empires; though in some branches of manufactures France, Belgium, and Germany are superior to it. The European States next after Great Britain, in commercial and political importance, are France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Holland, &c. France has weakened herself by political changes and revolutions; Great Britain, Russia, perhaps also Prussia, are steadily advancing in strength and resources. Italy, Spain, and Portugal are feeble—that is, feeble in comparison with the States just mentioned, as also in comparison with their former prosperity. The south is chiefly Catholic; the north, with the exception of Russia, Protestant.

Of all the European families, the German, including not only the inhabitants of Germany, but of England, Scotland, &c., or, as we sometimes term them, the Teutonic and Saxon races, are the most powerful, and, at present, possess the greatest influence. "Their own country," says McCulloch, "has never been conquered, while the Germans have been the most extensive and permanent of all conquerors, as is shown by their conquests of France, England, Italy, and Spain, and by the still more extensive conquests they are now achieving across the Atlantic and in Australia. The German family has probably exhibited greater enterprise, perseverance, and even invention, than any other family, as evinced by its discoveries in arts and sciences, its military enterprises, and its political institutions. For the last two thousand years, and probably even before it was known to the rest of the world, it has gone on steadily advancing in civilization, and in the accumulation of knowledge. The portraits of Luther, Milton, and Newton are favorable representations of this family, and those of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. exhibit its ruder and more vulgar form."

It is worthy of remark here that free institutions, civil and religious, prevail among the German and Anglo-Saxon branch of the European family. Learning, industry, science, art, religion flourish among them, and, through their agency, are spreading in far and foreign lands. The form of civilization which they embrace is gaining ascendency throughout the world. Asia, Africa, Australia, are beginning powerfully to feel its influence. Indeed, the fate of mankind seems to be very much in their control.

At this point we venture to introduce some statements touching *the balance of power*, and the relations of the different European States.

"Among the questions which occupy the attention of political men, none is perhaps more important than that which relates to the maintenance of the *European balance of power*. This balance consists in preserving the equality between the different powers of Europe, so that one of them can never dictate laws to the rest. It is easy to understand how this principle has gradually possessed the minds of the nations and controlled the counsels of kings. For, the equality of the great States renders all secure. Without it, all would be subordinated to the will of one man, or of one nation, and the independence of the others would be lost. But if the duty of maintaining the political balance in Europe is essential, it must be confessed that it leads also to much injustice, and exposes the secondary States to be agitated or oppressed by the stronger.

Let us examine, first, by the light of history, the origin of the idea of a European balance of power; and then see what are the results at the present moment.

In the Dark Ages, when the feudal system prevailed from one end of the continent to the other, the thought of forming a general balance of power was almost entirely unknown. The nations had then little communication with one another. They did not know what passed beyond their respective frontiers, or but vaguely. Germany was ignorant of the internal condition of France, and France of that of Germany. Further, in one and the same country, one province was often ill-informed of what took place in another. No newspapers; no regular means of information. Thousands of petty feudal lords made war or peace at their pleasure. The *European Republic*, as it has been sometimes called, did not then exist.

The first event which began to bring together the nations of Europe was that of the *Crusades*. The rulers of the different kingdoms became acquainted with each other. The nations mingled with one another in vast armies, marching to the Holy Land,

and learned to appreciate one another's ability. In this respect a real service was done to our Old World. Opinions became more liberal; relations were formed between the various parts of Christendom, and the fanatical desire of rescuing a grave at Jerusalem from infidels, gave the impulse to that vast European union which was established in subsequent ages.

The bishops of Rome conceived the plan of being the leaders of this new confederation of nations. They pretended to decide all great affairs which occurred in Europe, and kings found themselves at the foot of him who wore the triple crown. These efforts of popery to exercise universal empire contributed, after the Crusades, to bring together the nations of Europe. But the evil was as great as the good, and perhaps greater; for the Roman pontiffs, instead of employing their high authority to render strict justice to all, followed oftenest the suggestions of pride and avarice, and filled all the palaces with unworthy intrigues. Still, the idea of unity in the Christian world gained ground, and already we see, in the fifteenth century, nations opening frequent communications with one another.

The Reformation appeared at first to inflict a terrible blow upon this unity. It separated Europe into two hostile camps. Princes and their subjects formed alliances, not influenced by political considerations, but by their religious belief. For some time all was disorder. Romanists and Protestants, constantly in arms, struggled desperately for the ascendency, and sundered all the ties of the European confederation. It seemed, then, as if Christendom would be divided into two great irreconcilable parts; and the popes did not fail, from selfish motives, to foster these bloody discords.

But, after some years, the Reformation contributed to unfold the idea of the European balance of power. Kings understood that the State has to do with politics rather than with religion. They were tired of shedding the blood of their soldiers for doctrinal disputes, and began to consult the social interests of their States. Thus, at the end of the sixteenth century, the King of France, Henry IV., in concert with his illustrious minister, Sully, conceived the high thought of a *European congress*, which should serve to protect the rights of nations, and to establish universal peace. He had contrived his plan with much wisdom, and prepared to put it in execution, when he fell under the dagger of an assassin, a disciple of Jesuits.

In the seventeenth century, a prince of the Romish Church, Cardinal de Richelieu, feared not to join a Protestant king, Gustavus Adolphus, to fight the Catholic house of Austria. It be-

came evident, from this time, that political questions exerted more influence than doctrinal disputes. What was the aim of Cardinal de Richelieu? He desired to weaken the Emperor of Germany, because the vast States of this prince endangered the European balance. Another cardinal, Mazarin, presided, in 1648, at the peace of Westphalia, in which the civil rights of Protestants were duly regarded. He did not concern himself to know if Rome would be satisfied or not, provided the power of France was not endangered by that of the German emperors.

Since the peace of Westphalia, the principle of the balance in Europe has constantly ruled in the councils of sovereigns; and a history of the last two centuries might be written by taking this principle for the guide. All the important events, the wars, alliances, coalitions, friendly relations or cabinet quarrels, are explained by the need of protecting this balance, or of restoring it when lost. Look, for example, at what happened under the reign of Louis XIV. This prince had added several provinces to his States; he acquired gradually a preponderance dangerous to other nations. What then did they do? They met under the direction of King William III., and forced the proud Louis XIV. to yield a part of his conquests.

The eighteenth century brought upon the political stage two new States of the first order: *Prussia* and *Russia*. The first of these two powers had before been blended with the secondary States of Germany, and exerted no influence upon the general destinies of Europe. The military and diplomatic genius of Frederick II. first gave to Prussia the high rank which she now holds. Russia was barbarous before the eighteenth century, and seemed to belong less to Europe than to Asia. But she grew wonderfully under the Czar Peter and his successors. The cabinet of St. Petersburg undertook to interfere in all the affairs of the continent, and now nothing important can be definitively settled without its leave.

Here, then, are five great States in Europe: England, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Formerly, Spain and the Ottoman Empire figured in the number; but they are dwindled to the rank of secondary States, and others have taken their place. Strange vicissitudes in the fate of nations! Nations are like individuals: they have their times of growth and of decay.

The European balance has been several times in danger for fifty years. Napoleon, especially, completely deranged it. There was a time when he was absolute master of all the States except England and Russia. His empire extended from the Tagus to the Baltic. Italy, Spain, Holland, and part of Germany were sub-

jeeted to his iron scepter. Austria dared not stir. Prussia was crushed. The small northern States trembled at his voice. Then the oppressed nations made gigantic efforts to restore the old balance. There was a unanimous cry: "Independence! National independence! Better to die than to remain in bondage!" And Napoleon, in spite of his genius, succumbed.

At the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, the diplomatists had but one idea, one aim: that of restoring the balance of Europe. The intention was wise and good, but the result was unhappy. Then appeared in all its nakedness the oppression which the large States exercised over the small. The sovereigns of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria (I do not name France, for she was vanquished and humiliated) partitioned arbitrarily among themselves the nations, as if they were cattle. Ancient national ties were sacrificed to political calculations. Unhappy Poland was adjudged to the northern powers, and must stifle her complaints before the bayonets of Cossacks. Belgium was united to Holland, though these two countries had nothing common in their religion, habits, nor even in their language. Italy was given up to the despotic power of Austria. Thus, the great States disposed tyrannically of the smaller, and, under pretense of constituting a better balance, changed at their will the map of Europe.

Here is the abuse of a principle good in itself. By what right do the strong crush the weak? Why should Poland, Belgium, Italy, Saxony, and other small States be mutilated, enslaved, stripped of their national character? Evidently, the principal members of the Congress of Vienna committed the same fault for which they so bitterly reproached Napoleon. They made no account of historical traditions; they did not respect ancient laws and principles of justice. The superiority of brute force was their only guide, and the result is, that the treaties of 1815 have never taken deep root in the public mind. They have been violated at different times, even by those who dictated them, and the nations have protested, in the name of right, against the violence of which they were victims.

In 1830, after the revolution of July, the French government proclaimed a new principle: that of *non-intervention*. This signified that the great States were not authorized to interfere by force of arms in the internal affairs of the small States, that every nation was at liberty to change its political constitution as it saw fit, and that the independence of all was inviolate. This principle of non-intervention was observed in regard to Belgium, which was allowed to separate herself from Holland, without being invaded by the Prussian armies. The French nation was then determined

to hinder the encroachments of the northern sovereigns, and to go to war rather than let the liberty of Belgians or Spaniards be stifled.

But this new principle was not long regarded. When troubles arose in Italy, Austria sent troops into the Pontifical States, declaring that she was ready to make war upon France, if her right of intervention was disputed. The cabinet of Louis Philippe recoiled from the prospect of a general war, and was content to interfere in turn in the affairs of Italy, by seizing upon the city of Ancona. Since that time the principle of non-intervention has been habitually violated. The great States have only consulted their own convenience, their own interests; and, every time they have thought it for their advantage to oppress secondary powers, they have not scrupled to do it.

In an abstract point of view, the question presents serious difficulties. Indeed, can the principle of non-intervention be laid down in an *absolute* manner? Is it just and good in all cases? Imagine that there are in a country of Europe two parties who butcher one another for whole years, without the one succeeding to conquer the other. Shall the civilized world witness, as an indifferent spectator, this butchery? And is it not their duty to interfere and stop such a cruel effusion of blood? Suppose still that a sect of fierce Fourierists should become the ruling party in one of the States of our continent, that they should resort to pillage and murder to seize upon others' property, and arouse the indignant passions of the neighboring nations; shall they be forbidden to interfere? And shall the government wait, in inaction, till the flames have reached their own dwellings?

This is impossible. The principle of non-intervention is not absolute. There are circumstances in which a nation has a right, further, when it is its duty, to meddle directly in the internal affairs of its neighbor. But what are the cases of exception? This seems incapable of being solved at present. If the cabinets of the large States are the sole judges of the circumstances in which they ought to interfere, it is clear that all is referred to the force of the bayonet, and that feeble countries have no protection against the power of the strong.

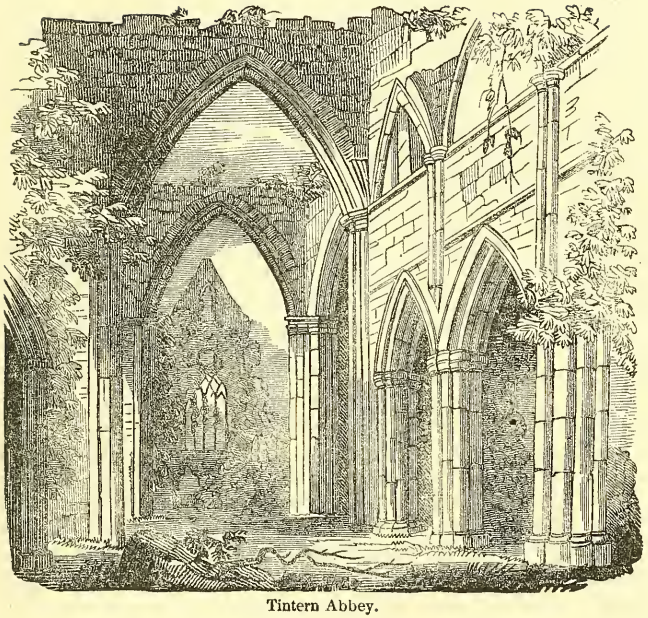
We hope that the progress of public morals and of civilization will enable us one day to realize the noble thought of *Peace Societies*, which calls for a *supreme tribunal* to be instituted to decide international disputes. This tribunal should be composed of representatives of all the States. Matters should there be maturely discussed; and when the majority shall pronounce sentence, who shall dare to oppose it? We have already had *diplomatic con-*

gresses in Europe. But the great powers were then alone represented, and they decided without appeal upon the interests of nations which had not been called to express their opinion. This was not just, and unhappily, the time would seem still distant when each nation shall have a vote in a universal congress."

We add a single observation here, that it must be evident to every attentive reader, that the principle and form of the prevalent religion exert a prodigious, and, indeed, controlling influence, upon national character and destiny. Where this is weak, imperfect, superstitious, or fanatical, the nation is subject to change, revolution, and final decay. On the other hand, where it is free, energetic, and pure, the nation becomes strong and prosperous, permanent and happy. The hand of God is visible in all the history of man.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLAND.



Tintern Abbey.

Our readers will please to imagine themselves passing, on stage-coach or rail-car, or, what is better, in a comfortable carriage, with a couple of handsome horses, and a sleek, well-fed, good-natured postillion, through the busy towns, sweet hamlets, and sunny glades of "merry England," as it was called in the days of yore, in many respects the finest and most beautiful country in the world. Other lands may be superior to it in the boldness and richness of their scenery, the beauty of their skies, and the balmy purity of their atmosphere; but, as a whole, none are so highly cultivated, or present such a charming variety of hill and dale, garden and meadow, forest and upland, adorned with all the resources of genius and wealth, and the thickly scattered monuments

of science and religion. The climate is rather cold and variable, but moist and mellow, particularly in summer and autumn, when the verdure of the trees and lawns is so peculiarly and intensely green, and the vast profusion of fruits and flowers attests the fertility of the soil and the good taste of the people. We remember well the first time we visited England. It was in the latter part of May, or, perhaps, the first or second week in June, we forget which, when sunshine and shadow, green leaves and blossoms, mingle their glories from one end of the land to the other. We were perched high upon the mail-coach, which dashed along over the smooth and level roads, winding through meadow and woodland, busy mart and rural retreat, at the rate of ten miles an hour. The country, far as the eye could reach, seemed to be one magnificent orchard. The day was "beautiful exceedingly," neither too warm nor too cold, but "just right;" the occupants of the mail-coach full of cheer, quite sociable and chatty, inspired, doubtless, by the fine weather, the beautiful scenery, and the exhilarating motion of the coach. The drivers were good-looking, care-defying fellows, with rosy cheeks and high cravats; and the "guard," the veriest John Bull, dignified, yet merry, with a little eye incased in fat, and a short neck reposing upon a mass of shawl. Away we went, to the merry sound of the guard's bugle; for, fat as he was, he had "great power of wind," and woke the echoes occasionally as we passed along; now gliding through some fair landscape; then ascending the uplands, rich in their garniture of trees and grass; anon gaining some lofty summit, from which a wide prospect could be seen, of woods and streams gleaming in the sunlight, substantial cities, and rural villages; then again diving into the valley, with its thick umbrage and cool retreats, its garden slopes, and handsome villas; emerging into a wide plain, checkered with blossom-covered hedges, and clustering apple and plum trees, and adorned with large and comfortable farm-houses; meeting here and there a cluster of cottages among the trees, covered with roses and honeysuckles, and occasionally descrying some castle, or castellated mansion, on the acclivities beyond; now rolling along a shady avenue of lofty trees, whence the ruins of some ancient abbey, or the country-seat of some baronet, marquis, or duke could be seen, with its spacious edifice, and superb lawn, smooth as velvet, its patriarchal trees, and timid deer gazing through the thickets, or startled from their repose by the sound of our vehicle. We traveled that day and the next some two hundred miles, caught a glimpse of "the silver Avon" and the majestic Severn, "the blue hills" of Malvern, the vale of Evesham, and the rich plains of Gloucester, and assuredly, in all our travels

over the world, we never saw a richer or fairer country. Something, indeed, might be due to our youthful imagination, and the novelty of the scenery through which we passed; but we have often traveled in England since, and always with fresh delight. Not long ago we passed, after a long absence from the country, by steam-car from Liverpool to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to London, and the country upon which we gazed, while the light lasted, seemed, if possible, more beautiful than ever. To be sure, it was summer again, or rather, we ought to say, autumn, when England is clad in her richest costume of verdure and trees, and the mellow sunshine sleeps lovingly upon her wooded landscape.

Perhaps the distinguishing peculiarity in the aspect of England is the exuberance of its vegetation, and the luxuriant appearance of the lower and more extensive regions. The central and richer parts of the country are somewhat level, and, in this respect, inferior in picturesqueness to Scotland or Switzerland. But even these are made beautiful by the moist and genial climate, and the hand of art and industry. Centuries of time and millions of money have been spent in making England what it is. In no country is so much done by taste and science to render it at once fertile and attractive. Every spot seems cultivated. Trees and flowers every where abound; nothing can exceed the beauty of its rich and waving harvests.

Nor are the cities of England without their attractions. Their great size and splendor cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who visit them. Vast centers of commerce and trade, they literally throb with life and industry. "They are the chosen seats of opulence, art, science, and civilization." We may add, as in all similar cases, "of luxury, poverty, and crime.'" "All the gratifications that wealth can command, or the caprices of taste and fashion require, may there be had in the utmost profusion, at the same time that art and industry are carried in them to the highest perfection to which they have attained, and are aided by every invention and discovery, however remote the country, or distant the era of their invention."

So much for the external aspect of England; as to the *people*, they are, generally speaking, of a good, substantial presence, full of energy, intelligence, and enterprise, rather proud and distant, but possessing much generous enthusiasm and kindly feeling, being good fathers and mothers, excellent neighbors, and loyal citizens. Of course there are great diversities among them; both in the higher and the lower orders of society, grievous errors and vices may be found, but the great body of the people are honest and

virtuous. The social life of England is among the most genial and delightful in the world. Ten thousand happy homes gladden her hills and valleys. Religion is a predominant element in their character. The Bible, neglected and despised by many in England as elsewhere, is yet "the book of the people," the great charter of their rights and immunities, as well as the nurse of their piety and virtue. John Bull, indeed, is purse-proud, and especially title-proud. He despises others, often speaking of them as "bores" or "fools," a fault into which even the gifted and generous Carlyle has permitted himself to fall. He is somewhat exacting and even overbearing in his demands, and though possessed of a keen sense of personal honor, is not over-scrupulous as to the rights of others, and will trample them in the dust should they come in his way, or interfere with his plans; but he is a noble fellow after all, full of heart, full of all high and generous impulses. He loves good eating, and pays great homage to a huge lordly carcass, even if not largely endowed with brain. He is fond of wine and beer, and is guilty sometimes of a sort of boastful profanity; but he means, as a whole, to be temperate and virtuous, and certainly far excels his Continental neighbors in all qualities of head and heart. In his own opinion, he is superior to three or four Italians, and at least half a dozen Frenchmen! As a critic, John is amazingly lenient to himself, severe upon others, and especially upon Americans. He can scarcely speak of republican institutions with patience, and denounces the entire American people as so many "millions of bores."

In commerce, agriculture, science, and *literature,* England has attained the highest distinction. Including Scotland and Ireland, her empire, in some sense, encircles the world. The roll of her morning drum is heard in the wilds of Canada and Australia, on the plains of Hindostan, and in the isles of the ocean. Her ships whiten every sea. Her merchants and bankers are princes of the earth. True, her national debt is immense, and her numerous taxes grievous to be borne, especially by the poorer classes; the former amounting to the huge sum of eight hundred millions of pounds sterling, or about four thousand millions of dollars, to meet the interest on which and the expenses of the government, there is raised by Great Britain a yearly revenue of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Yet the wealth of the country is constantly increasing.

The resources of England are all but boundless, derived not only from her vast possessions in foreign countries, but from continual improvements and discoveries in science and the arts of industry. Her large standing army, her extensive navy, and her

national church, so richly pensioned, are a heavy drawback upon her resources; and yet England is strong, vigorous, and thriving. Many persons, poorly informed, talk of her as on the verge of bankruptcy and dissolution. No mistake can be more absurd. True, the wealth of England is badly distributed, her institutions are enormously expensive, and her poorer classes often suffer terribly

Parish Church of Stratford-on-Avon.

from the pressure of taxes, excessive competition, grasping avarice, and defective legislation; but England, as a whole, is one of the richest countries in the world, and her resources are equal to all her wants.

Rich especially in the gifts of soul, the literature of England, the heritage of all who speak the English tongue, is at once

vigorous and beautiful. Into this glorious treasure, the myriad-minded Shakspeare, the majestic Milton, the inventive Bacon, the aerial Shelley, the eloquent Coleridge, and the sublime Wordsworth, have poured their contributions. To this also John Bunyan and John Locke, John Newton and Jeremy Taylor, John Foster and Thomas de Quincey, John Wilson and Thomas Chalmers have added their golden stores. A long race of poets, orators, artists, divines, and statesmen, have adorned the annals of English literature; and though not, perhaps, equal to the Miltons and

Birth-place of Shakspeare.

Shakspeares of an elder day, the literary men of modern England seem not unworthy of their sires.

Among the highest distinctions of England is her spirit of Religion, often outward and formal, no doubt, but oftener, we trust, inward and vital. The whole land is beautified and hallowed by the services of Christian worship, by the spirit of holy love and devotion. In that beautiful island, ages upon ages, great and good men have worshiped, whether in the open fields or in the temples of God. The prayers of martyrs and confessors, and the

songs of loving and devout hearts, have ascended from all her hills and vales. "O my mother isle!" exclaims the enthusiastic Coleridge,

> "How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
> To me, who from thy lakes and mountain rills,
> Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
> Have drank in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
> All adoration of the God in nature,
> All lovely and all honorable things,
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joys and greatness of its future being!
> There lives not form nor feeling in my soul
> Unborrowed from my country. O divine
> And beauteous island! thou hast been my soul
> And most magnificent temple, in the which
> I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
> Loving the God who made me."

The character of England, its people, and even its external aspect, are much modified by its *aristocracy*, perhaps the best in the world, and as good as an aristocracy can well be, under the influence of wealth, rank, and luxury, but absorbing much of the national resources, and fostering a spirit of pride and ambition through all orders of society; for in no part of the world is there such an idolatry of wealth and station as in England. And yet the existence of such an aristocracy has its advantage as well as its disadvantages. Much of the refinement and dignity of the country are thence derived, much of its grandeur and power. To understand England, then, one must know something of her aristocracy, and their modes of life. That they are proud and luxurious, and often act as an incubus upon the nation, cannot be doubted. But much also of true virtue and real nobility is found in this class. Among the most beautiful and happy homes of England are thousands belonging to the "nobility". They foster literature and the arts, and often set an example of modesty, humility, and dignity worthy of the highest praise. A glimpse into their interior life, particularly at their country-seats, and the immense influence which they must thence exert, is given in the following extract, condensed, in part, from Howitt and N. P. Willis, as quoted in his "Rural Life," by the former. The scene, as described by Willis, is laid in Scotland, but it will serve also for England, for the aristocracies of the two countries are essentially alike.

"Much has been said of the evil effect of the aristocratic habit of spending so much time in the metropolis; of the vast sums there spent in ostentatious revelry, in equipage and establishments;

in the dissipations of theaters, operas, routs, and gaming-houses; and, unquestionably, there is much truth in it. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that this annual assembling together has some advantages. A great degree of knowledge and refinement results from it, amid all the attendant folly and extravagance. They acquire information, compare plans for the improvement of the country, and gain freedom and polish of manners. If they spend large sums in splendid houses and establishments in town, such houses and such establishments become equally necessary to them in the country; and it is by this means that, instead of old and dreary castles and chateaux, we have such beautiful mansions, so filled with rich paintings and elegant furniture, dispersed all over England. From these places, as centers existing here and there, similar tastes are spread through the less wealthy classes, and the elegances of life flow into the parsonages, cottages, and abodes of persons of less income and less intercourse with society. Multitudes, indeed, spend their money very foolishly, and acquire habits of vice, but others come down to their estates, after a season of hurry and excitement, with a fresh feeling for the beauty and repose of their country abodes. The possessors of great houses and estates invite a party to spend the recess, or especially the shooting season with them. Thus the world of fashion is broken up and scattered from the metropolis into a multitude of lesser circles, and into every corner of the empire. I can conceive nothing which bears on its surface the aspect of the perfection of human society so much as this assembling of a choice party of those who have nothing to do but to enjoy life, in the house of some hospitable wealthy man, in some one of the terrestrial paradises in this kingdom; in some fine Elizabethan mansion, some splendid baronial castle, as Warwick, Alnwick, or Raby; or in some rich old abbey, amid woods and parks, or seated on one of our wild coasts; or amid the mountains of Wales or Scotland, with all their beautiful scenery, rocks, hanging cliffs, dashing water-falls, rapid rivers, and fairy wildernesses around them.

"Prince Pückler Muskau speaks with enthusiasm of the country houses and park scenery of England. His book, indeed, is full of pictures of such country life and scenery. The beautiful dairies which he sometimes found in noblemen's parks delighted him extremely. Thus he speaks of the one at Woburn Abbey: 'The dairy is a prominent and beautiful object. It is a sort of Chinese temple, decorated with a profusion of white marble and colored glasses; in the center is a fountain, and round the walls hundreds of large dishes and bowls, of Chinese and Japan porcelain, of every form and color, filled with new milk and cream. The *consoles*

upon which these vessels stand are perfect models for Chinese furniture. The windows are of ground glass, with Chinese paintings, which shows fantastically enough by the dim light.'

"But the testimony of Mr. Willis as an American, and therefore accustomed to a life and sentiment more allied to our own, is still stronger. His account of his visit to Castle Gordon is a perfect example of all such scenes.

"The immense iron gate surmounted by the Gordon arms; the handsome and spacious lodges on either side; the canonically fat porter, in white stockings and gray livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk; the winding avenue lengthened away with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed by me driven by gentlemen or ladies; beautiful blood horses, and keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot, idling along the walk, and servants in different liveries hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gayety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile, with castellated wings; and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment of the afternoon drive.

"The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his grace was out shooting, but would return to dinner, that my room was ready, and that he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armor, and was ushered into a large chamber looking out on a park, extending, with its lawns and woods, to the edge of the horizon.

"'Who is at the castle?' I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau. 'O, a great many, sir,' and he began counting on his fingers a long list of lords and ladies. 'And how many sit down to dinner?' 'Above ninety, sir, besides the duke and duchess.' And off he tripped, turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

"It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September, and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows. I passed the time till the sun set looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and small

fallow-deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest planted by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets; or a lady, with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods; or a boy put his pony to his mettle up the ascent; or a game-keeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels. And all this little world of enjoyment, and luxury, and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey, almost, from the possession of another human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

"I was sitting by the fire, when a tall white-haired gentleman presented himself, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, with a broad red ribbon across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me, in a measure, for the introduction which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a tall, and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and we passed through files of servants to the dining-room. It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family portraits, from old knights in armor to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid; and on the sideboard stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

"I have been struck every where, in England, with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I had never seen 'Heaven's image double-stamped as man, and noble,' so unequivocally clear. * * * The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table; the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *liqueurs* were brought in when the wines began

to be circulated more slowly, and at eleven there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, music, filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels.

"I arose late in the morning, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table—ladies and gentlemen, both dressed with remarkable plainness, quite at their ease, reading the newspaper, or chatting and laughing with one another.

"Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious meal, and servants are generally dispensed with. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable than the tone of the meal. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds (forty thousand dollars) a year.

"The ladies went off, unaccompanied, to their walks in the park and other avocations; those bound for the covers joined the game-keepers, who were waiting, with their dogs in the leash, at the stables; and some paired off to the billiard-room. * * *

"The routine of Gordon Castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch, the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At two o'clock a dish of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and every body came in for a kind of lounging half-meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing-room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, outriders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and, from a pony-chaise to a phaeton-and-four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages usually were all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the seaside, some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were every where at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red-deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in

the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarcely troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking game-keepers lifting their hat in the dark recesses of the forest,—there was something in this perpetually reminding you of privileges, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what perhaps would be more poetical and republican, that a ride in the wild and unfenced forests of my own country would have been more to my taste.

"The second afternoon after my arrival, I took a seat in the carriage with Lord A., and we followed the duchess, who drove herself in a pony-chaise, to visit a school on the estate. Attached to a small Gothic chapel, a five minutes' drive from the castle, stood a building in the same style, appropriated to the instruction of the children of the duke's tenantry. There were a hundred and thirty little creatures, from two years to five or six, and, like all infant-schools in these days of improved education, it was an interesting and affecting sight. * * *

"The number at the table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty; but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either the one or the other. A traveling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, 'Who is arrived?' You are sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in any thing. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the duke and duchess, and to no one else, except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase, or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *géne* (burden) of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or *ennui* found its way into the castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For one, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal—solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased—the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail-coach at all."

This, says Mr. Howitt, is one of the most perfect and graphic descriptions of English aristocratical life in the country which was ever written. It is, indeed, on the highest and broadest scale, and is not to be equaled by every country gentleman; but in kind

and degree, the same character and spirit extend to all such life.

Society in England, the government, the church, the army and the navy, every thing, in fact, is adapted to the state of things which this description implies. The aristocracy, with the bishops of the church, form the House of Lords, the highest legislative body in the country, corresponding somewhat to the United States Senate, while the House of Commons, the real, working legislature, corresponds to the American Congress.* The nobles own large portions of the country, and exert a controlling influence in Church and State. Their property is *entailed*, consequently can never be alienated, but descends from father to son, through a thousand generations. While the poorer portions of the community are condensed into heaving, and frequently suffering, masses, these noble lords are prosecuting their amusements on their wide domains, where the poor man dare not shoot a rabbit or snare a hare. Thousands upon thousands of the working classes live upon a shilling a day laboriously earned. Whole families subsist upon eighteen pence a day, and sometimes less. The poor weavers not unfrequently suffer for the want of food, and many an honest man has been compelled to beg his bread from door to door.

This, however, is not the condition, universally, of the "great masses," as they are called. Multitudes of the farmers live like

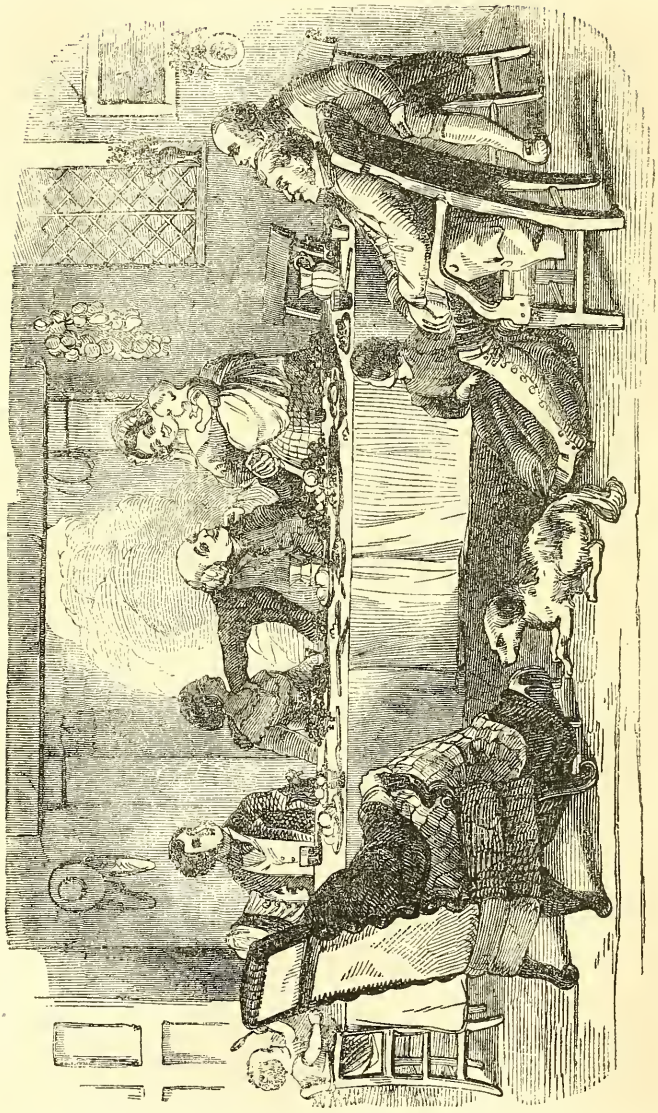
* The constitution of England is mixed; and, upon the whole, favorable to freedom. The aristocratic and kingly elements doubtless exert much influence, but these are checked and modified by the popular will. The great body of the people, who compose the electors, in the end, control the action of government through their representatives. The *monarch* is the apex or head of the whole, and is supposed to exert an all-controlling power; but this is a popular mistake, as McCulloch has shown. "The whole *executive* and administrative functions of government, as well foreign as domestic, are performed in the name of the king. He has the sole power of making war and peace; and, as incident to that power, the command and disposal of the army, navy, and other forces of the kingdom. He is conservator of the public peace, in which character all civil prosecutions are carried on in his name. He is the head of the judicial system, &c. * * * Substantially, and in fact, however, the power of the crown is comparatively limited. It is a constitutional principle that '*the king can do no wrong;*' but though he be not, his ministers are, held responsible for all illegal or unconstitutional acts committed in his name. It is further indispensable that his ministers should be able to command a majority in the House of Commons. * * He appoints ministers, but they must be confirmed by the representatives of the people." To which may be added, that while it is the prerogative of the king to declare peace and war, it belongs to the "Commons" to vote the supplies; so that in various ways, they have a veto upon the acts of his majesty. If the people of England, therefore, are poorly governed, they have none to blame but themselves.

gentlemen, many of whom rent farms of 500 or 1000 acres, and keep their hounds and horses. In the rural districts, the peasantry, though frequently rather poor and ignorant, take much solid comfort. They dearly love their humble homes and pleasant gardens. Neighborly and kind, full of chat and cheer, generally enjoying

English Milkmaid.

excellent health, fearing God and keeping his commandments, they spend their lives in peace and joy, and finally sleep in the quiet church-yard among the graves of their fathers.

The English are eminently a *social* people. They love kindly



Christmas.

gatherings and festivals, old customs and old amusements. They keep Christmas and other holidays with infinite relish. While the rich and aristocratic amuse themselves with their appropriate sports, the common people have their gatherings and gambols, rough and riotous sometimes, though generally within the bounds of decency and good temper.

It is in their *homes*, however, and among their children, that the people are seen to most advantage—in their family meetings, or in the house of God. Some, indeed, are neglectful of religion, but the great body of the people go to church somewhere, and multitudes possess a quiet and cheerful piety.

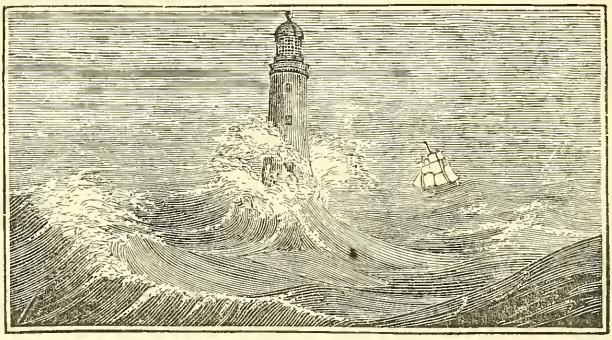
Education in England is confined too much to the higher orders. Noble and learned universities, high schools, grammar schools, and boarding schools, free academies for particular classes, and excellent foundations for the instruction of orphan children and others, abound. But universal provision is not yet made for the free education of the people, and hence great multitudes can neither read nor write. And yet the peasantry of England are among the best of their class. Thousands of them have sentiments and aspirations as noble and generous as those of Hampden and Sydney. Their dear homes nestle on hill-side and valley, among clustering roses and honeysuckles, while within gleams the good old Bible with the light of holy love and joy.

In the larger cities the population is more diversified. Wealth and luxury abound side by side with poverty and disease. In London alone, that huge center of good and bad, are something less than seventy or eighty thousand prostitutes, and a yet greater number of thieves! But such contrasts are seen, to some extent, in all large cities. Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham swarm with vicious characters. Yet you can walk unharmed any where, every where, such is the perfection of the police. And while vice abounds in these overgrown cities, both among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, there also virtue and religion, science, art, industry, order, and felicity abound. London, for example, is a great center not only of science and literature for all who speak the English tongue, but of benevolence for the world. If "*hells*" are there, in which fortune, character, every thing, in a word, that men hold dear, is lost every night, there also innumerable churches and schools, hospitals and homes, exert their benign influence.

While England is an agricultural, it is also a commercial and manufacturing country. Enter her ten thousand factories—with millions and myriads of machines, for spinning, knitting, weaving, washing, dyeing, grinding, and polishing; travel along her coasts,

studded with harbors and light-houses; pass among her extensive wharves, with forests of masts, or into some of her gigantic store-houses, and astonishment will seize you at her immense wealth and resources. The capital of Great Britain invested in commerce is estimated at £1,500,000,000, or more than $6,000,000,000. The six articles of *cotton, woolen goods, hardware, earthenware, silks,* and *leather* alone give employment to about two millions of persons, and amount in value annually to about five hundred millions of dollars.* Her mines of coal, lead, copper, &c., are of more value than all the gold of Mexico and Peru.

But the power of England in foreign lands, and particularly in India, is, if possible, still more striking, controlling, as it does,



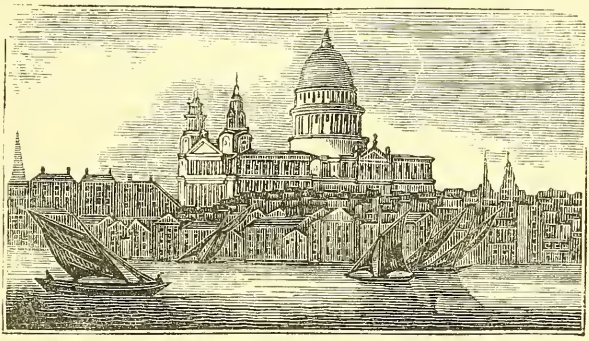
The Eddystone Light-House.

a large portion of Asia, and something more than a hundred and twenty millions of people. The East India Company alone, for years, has governed a large portion of the Asiatic continent.

"The stockholders of this company have never much exceeded two thousand; and the capital stock, on which dividends have been paid, at the largest, has been put at £6,000,000. It has been subject, in England, to the unwise management which must always attend a company whose stockholders and directors are constantly changing, and whose agents and field of operations are distant by half the circumference of the globe from the center where measures originate; and besides this, it has had to encounter the hostility of the whole commercial class of England, formerly shut out, by its monopoly, from the Indian trade, while in India

* The whole population of England, including Wales, is about seventeen millions.

it has contended for existence on a hundred bloody battle-fields, with Dutch and French, and the native monarchies of the East. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, it has expelled the Dutch; it has annihilated the power of the French in India; has subdued one native kingdom after another; its factories have grown into States, and these States into a vast and consolidated empire; it has maintained a standing army larger than that of any European power except Russia, and varying, at different times, from 150,000 to 280,000 men; it has conducted sieges not less dreadful than those which drenched the cities of Spain in blood, in the Peninsular war; it has stormed imperial cities and fortresses almost beyond number. So incessant have been its wars, that for a hundred years scarcely a day has passed in which the wild beasts of the jungles, or the alarmed inhabitants of the hills, have not fled before the thunder of the British cannon. Its bayonets have



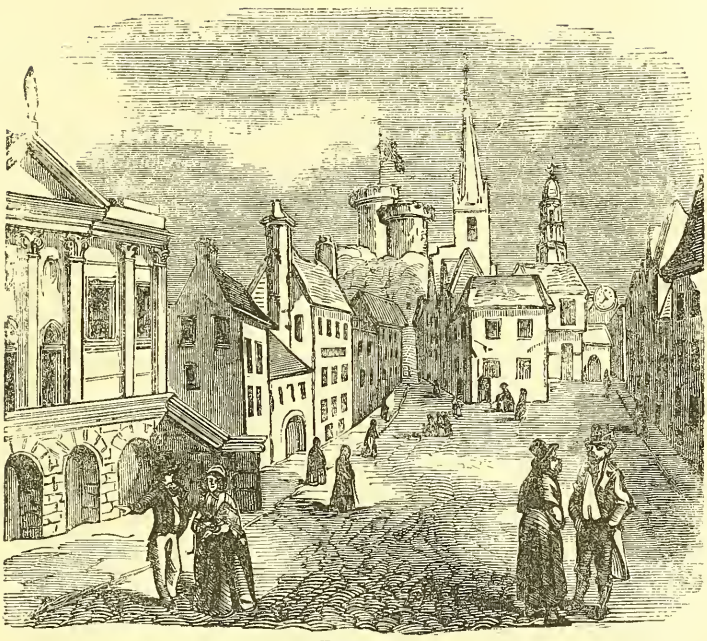
St. Paul's Church, London.

broken the great power of the wild Mahratta cavalry, of the well-disciplined squadrons of Mysore, and of the fanatic courage of the Sikhs; it has subdued great and warlike kingdoms, and not only subdued them, but has disposed of their sovereigns, appropriated their revenues, subverted institutions old as India herself, reconstructed its laws and jurisprudence, and over vast regions changed the very tenures by which the soil is held. Its history is full of vast schemes—to-day of conquest, to-morrow of social regeneration and improvement—of skillful diplomacy, of heroic achievement, of desperate valor, making good all deficiencies of numbers and resources, and of names, world-renowned in statesmanship, and war, and literature, and religion. This company in England has been composed of merchants and others, who have lived

quietly as good subjects and citizens, unknown and unheard of; yet they have appointed, and, at their pleasure, recalled governors-general who have exercised in India a despotic authority over the fortunes of more than one hundred millions of people, which the monarch of England dare not exercise in his island domain. Before its charter expired in 1833, it had subdued nearly the whole peninsula, from Cape Comorin to the impassable snows of the Himalayah Mountains. And since then, the career of conquest has not paused. The cannon of England have burst open the mysterious gates of China; she is trying new experiments in civilization among the savages of Borneo; she has added the Punjaub to her empire, and a thousand miles west of the Indus, reversing the course of Alexander's conquests, penetrating among the wild and warlike tribes of Afghanistan, where she met the fiercest resistance, her unwearied battalions have reached the confines of Persia, and the echoes of her advancing drums have startled the sentinels who at night kept watch at the outpost of Russian power."

CHAPTER XIV.

IRELAND.



Kilkenny

Crossing the Channel, we land upon the shores of Ireland, that "gem of the ocean," as her native poets call it, with her pigs and potatoes, her beautiful scenery, and peculiar population. A finer country externally, a richer and more fertile, the sun does not shine upon. And yet how poor, how miserably poor the people! Ireland, however, is not destitute of genius and virtue. Her Currans and Burkes, her Sheils and O'Connells, attest her mental power. But Ireland is poorly governed. Her people are ignorant and superstitious, improvident and restless. Beggars, the most tattered and torn, the most importunate and whining, except, perhaps, those of Naples and Rome, beset you at every corner.

Restless politicians, intriguing demagogues, and power-loving priests keep the people in a perpetual ferment. Indeed, the Irish have many faults; but they are brave, patient, laborious, kind-hearted, witty, and generous, and doubtless would make a great and a good people, if only educated and enlightened. The educated Irish are a most interesting and polished class. Some of them are exceedingly eloquent, both in public speech and private conversation.

We cannot, however, dwell long upon this country. The following is the best and briefest account of its condition we have ever seen. It deserves an attentive perusal.

"Ireland is 306 miles long, and 200 broad. It contains 42,510 square miles, or 20,808,271 acres; of which 13,887,711 acres are cultivated; 6,295,735 acres waste; and 930,825 acres are under water. Off the coast are 196 islands.

Placed between Europe and America, Ireland is most favorably situated for trade, fishing, and commerce; is blessed with a most fertile soil and temperate climate; has the finest fisheries; possesses the largest, deepest, and safest harbors, and the greatest number of navigable rivers and lakes, of any country of the same size in the world. According to geologists, Ireland has the largest coal-fields in the British Empire; one extends throughout Clare, Kerry, Limerick, and Cork; and another, which is 16 miles long and 16 miles broad, lies in Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim, and Cavan; other coal-fields and mines of less extent are interspersed through the island. The richest iron mines are situated at Arigna, in the county of Leitrim. The finest copper mines are worked in Wicklow, Waterford, and Kerry. Many mines of iron, copper, lead, silver, and some veins of gold present themselves. Ireland contains inexhaustible supplies of peat fuel. Marbles of every shade of color are found in Kilkenny, Galway, and Donegal; and slates of the best quality are quarried in Kerry and Limerick.

The population of Ireland, in 1841, amounted to 8,175,124. Ireland contains, besides several large cities, about 140 towns, with a population exceeding 9000 inhabitants, with a large number of smaller towns. The emigration from Ireland to America is immense; in 20 years (from 1825 to 1845), above 1,256,000 Irish emigrated, mostly for the United States. The exports of Ireland, in 1837, amounted to $85,000,000; and are now estimated at $100,000,000; which (excepting $20,000,000 worth of linen and some copper and lead ores) chiefly consists of provisions. Ireland consumes annually above $60,000,000 worth of British manufactures.

Thus, while Ireland is exporting men by thousands, and food by millions, one-third of her own soil is lying waste; her

mines, collieries, and quarries are unworked; her immense water power is flowing idly; her ports are empty; all articles of manufacture are imported; the trade of the world is daily passing her shores; 5,000,000 of her people are existing on potatoes, and 2,500,000 are declared paupers. What an anomaly!"

CHAPTER XV.

SCOTLAND.

"HERE's a health, bonny Scotland, to thee!" Bleak and wild as thou art, a smile of welcome plays upon thy rugged but comely features, to greet the wanderer from afar.

> "Land of the forest and the rock,
> Of dark-blue lake and mighty river
> Of mountains reared aloft, to mock
> The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
> My own green land forever."

Scotland, once an independent kingdom, nobly defended by the stalwart arms of her sons, is now an appendage, or rather a corporate part, of Great Britain. It is a small country, but possessed of very considerable resources. Its surface, for the most part, is rough and mountainous, with beautiful patches of rich arable land along the courses of its streams, and extensive meadows, called carses, as the carse of Falkirk, and the carse of Gowrie. It is of unequal breadth, being much indented with bays and creeks, and stretches some two hundred and eighty miles in length. Clustering around its western and northern coasts are the Hebrides, the Shetland and the Orkney Islands—wild and rocky regions, with rude and primitive inhabitants. In Scotland, a considerable portion of the land, especially to the north, is uncultivated, consisting of heathy hills, mountains, and moors, covered with heather and furze. Other portions of the country are fair and fertile, though in many cases made such by the hand of art. Like Switzerland, it is a comparatively poor country, but enriched by the generative powers of mind. Her wealth consists mainly in the clear heads, honest hearts, and brawny arms of her sons. The climate is cold and variable, though milder in winter than that of New England, and in summer cooler, and upon the whole more agreeable, except during the prevalence of dense fogs and long-continued rains.

The *population*, chiefly of the Saxon, though partly of the Celtic race, is over two millions and a half, and is gradually increasing; though the people, like those of Switzerland and New England, with whom they have many affinities, are greatly given to migration, and may be found in every part of the world. Its commerce and manufactures are, for its size, very extensive. Agriculture and the mechanic arts have been carried to great perfection. The people are inventive and constructive, and some of the most beautiful and powerful machinery the world has ever seen has been made in Scotland.

While the people are characteristically cautious and slow, "looking before they leap," to quote one of their favorite proverbs, they leap long and successfully. Nor are they destitute of a profound and generous enthusiasm. Ambitious almost to a fault, they aspire to the highest distinctions in art, literature, and science. Few nations have accomplished more, in all these departments. Their literature is the admiration of the civilized world. They have, indeed, no Shakspeare, Milton, or Bacon, those first three in their peculiar spheres of thought, but they have a Scott, a Burns, and a Wilson. Time would fail to enumerate one tithe of the gifted sons of Scotland, whose words have awakened heart-echoes, not only at home, but far beyond the Atlantic, and even the Pacific waves. John Knox and Thomas Chalmers, with a long line of pulpit orators, are hers. Ramsey, Byron, Campbell, Cunningham, James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," William Motherwell, and many others "known to fame," adorn her poetic annals. Robertson, Hume, and Alison, among the historians; Reid, McIntosh, Stewart, Brown, Hamilton, in philosophy; McKenzie, Brougham, Jeffrey, and, though last, not least, Thomas Carlyle, in general literature; with Playfair, Ferguson, and Brewster, James Watt, and Robert Nichol, in the sphere of science—all these, and many more, have made their native land illustrious by their character and genius.

Scotland has a fair share of architectural splendors. Some of her palaces and castles are among the most imposing and beautiful in Great Britain. Glasgow is a finely built city, with some magnificent edifices, while Edinburgh is among the most attractive cities in the world.

Her highest distinction, however, consists in the character of her people, whose spirit of love and fealty to their native land, of reverence for God, and passion for the right, are universally acknowledged. Obstinate and wrong-headed at times, characteristically dogmatic, and perhaps a little intolerant, their very faults lean to virtue's side, and go to the support of goodness. Their

punctiliousness and pride, their dogged adherence to what they conceive to be right, and their vehement mode of defending it, are the rough and thorny bark which defends the precious tree.

They are pre-eminently a *religious people*, with few exceptions, Protestant to the back-bone, occasionally rough and impetuous in the expression of their opinions, but genial and kindly at heart, honest, too, and earnest as their own heathy hills and mountain streams. A profound enthusiasm, a passionate, though not canting or boisterous devotion, a fine sense of the grand and beautiful, mingled with a keen conscientiousness, an ardent love of freedom, and a sincere trust in God, form the great elements of their religious life. Their theology is chiefly Calvinistic, apparently philosophical and dogmatic, but rather less so than popular and practical.* Of cathedrals, old and dim, of masses, chants, and processions, the pomp and circumstance of a magnificent ritual, they have little or none. But of old and glorious memories, solemn temples among the woods and hills, hallowed grave-yards, blessed sacraments, and national enthusiasm, they have abundance. Their religion is a part of the soil. It is indigenous to the country. It grew up among the mountains, was nursed by "wizard streams," and "led forth" with the voice of psalms, among "the green pastures of the wilderness." Somewhat forbidding at first, like the rough aspect of the country, it appears equally picturesque and beautiful, when really known and loved. It is the religion not of form, but of substance, of deep inward emotion, not of outward pretension and show. Neither is it a sickly sentimentalism which lives on poetic musings, and matures only in cloistered shades and moonlight groves; but it is a healthy, robust principle, which goes forth to do and to suffer the will of Heaven. Its head and heart are sound, and its works praise it in the gate. Beautiful as the visions of fancy, it is yet strong as the everlasting hills among which it was reared. In a word, it is the religion of faith and love, the religion of the old Puritans, of the martyrs and confessors of primitive times. Welling out forever from the unstained fountains of the Word of God, it has marked its course over the fair face of Scotland, with the greenest verdure, the sweetest flowers.

Scotland is naturally divided into Highlands and Lowlands. The former includes, besides the various groups of islands on the north and northwest coast, the counties of Argyle, Inverness, Nairn, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness, with portions

* Much of this and what follows is condensed from the author's "Genius of Scotland," to which he would invite the attention of his readers for a more extended account of the scenery, literature, and religion of Scotland.

of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Forfar, "Aberdeen awa'," Banff and Elgin, or the more northerly regions of the country, protected and beautified by the mighty range of the Grampians, commencing at the southern extremity of Loch Etive, and terminating at the mouth of the Dee on the eastern coast. The Highlands, again, are divided into two unequal portions by the beautiful chain of lochs, or lakes, running through the Glenmore-Nan-Albin, or Great Glen of Caledonia, forming some of the wildest and richest scenery in the world. To the north are the giant mountains of Macdui, Cairngorm, Ben-Aven and Ben-More, while nearer the Lowlands, rise the lofty Ben-Lomond, and the hoary Ben-Awe. Under their shadows gleam the storied lochs, the wild tarns and trosachs, whose picturesque and romantic beauties have been immortalized by the pens of Burns, Scott, and Wilson.

To the south and east of the Grampian range, and running parallel to them, you discover a chain of lower and more verdant hills, bearing the well-known and poetical names of the Sidlaw, Campsie, and Ochil hills. These are divided by the fertile valleys of the Tay and Forth. Between them and the Grampians lies the low and charming valley of Strathmore. The "silver Tay," one of the finest rivers in Scotland, rises in Breadalbane, expands into Lake Dochart, flows in an easterly direction through the vale of Glendochart, expands again into the long and beautiful Loch Tay, which runs like a belt of silver among the hills, whence issuing, it receives various accessions from other streams, passes on in a southerly direction to Dunkeld, famous for its ancient abbey and lovely scenery, skirts the ancient and delightful city of Perth, below which it is joined by its great tributary the Earn, which flows, in serpentine windings, through the rich vale of Strath-Earn, touches the populous and thriving town of Dundee, and gradually widens into the Firth of Tay, whose clear waters mirror the white skiff or magnificent steamer, and imperceptibly mingle with the waves of the Northern Sea. Further north, the rapid Spey, springing from the "braes of Badenoch" near Lochaber, passes tumultuously through a rough and mountainous country, lingering occasionally, as if to rest itself in some deep glen, crosses the ancient province of Moray, famous for its floods, passess Kinrara, "whence, for a few miles, it is attended by a series of landscapes, alike various, singular, and magnificent," after which it moves, with a monotonous aspect and a steady pace, to the sea. Portions of the country through which this river passes are exceedingly sterile and wild. Covered with the birch, the alder, and the pine, varied by rugged rocks and desolate moors, it admirably corresponds to our notions of Caledonia, in her ancient and primitive integrity.

In the more remote and northern regions of the Highlands, and in most of the Scottish isles, the Gaelic, or Erse, a primitive and energetic tongue, somewhat akin to the Welsh or Irish, is spoken by a majority of the inhabitants. In other parts of Scotland, the English, with a Scottish idiom, is the prevalent speech. The literature of the Gaelic is exceedingly limited, confined chiefly to old ballads, songs, and traditionary stories. The poems of Ossian are doubtless the production of Macpherson, their professed translator, while they probably contain a few translated fragments, and some traditionary facts and conceptions afloat among the Highlanders, ingeniously interwoven with the main fabric of the work.

The *Highlanders* are a simple-hearted, primitive race, mostly poor, and imperfectly educated. Those of them that are wealthy and well educated are said to be remarkably acute, courteous, and agreeable. They are clannish and patriotic.

The *Lowlands* of Scotland comprehend the south and south-eastern portions of the country, and though not the grandest and most romantic, are by far the best cultivated, and in some respects the most beautiful. Including the level ground on the eastern coast to the south of the Moray Firth, they stretch along the coast through portions of Perthshire, and the old kingdom of Fife, toward the regions bounded on either side by the river and the Firth of Forth, and thence to Kircudbright and the English border, including the principal cities, the most fertile tracts of arable land, the rivers Forth, Clyde, and Tweed, and the range of the Cheviot hills, which extend from the north of England toward the northwest, join the Louther hills in the region of Ettrick and Yarrow, with their "silver streams," pass through the southern part of Ayrshire, and terminate at Loch Ryan, in the Irish Channel. The Clyde is the most important commercial river in Scotland. Taking its origin among the mountains of the south, not far from the early home of its beautiful and more classic sisters, the Tweed and the Annan, it runs in many capricious windings, in a northwesterly direction, leaps in foaming cascades first at Bonnington, and then at Cora Linn, rushes on through the fine country of Lanarkshire, till, joined by many tributary streams, it passes through the large and flourishing city of Glasgow, bearing upon its bosom the vast commerce and population of the neighboring regions, flows around the walls of old Dumbarton Castle, with its time-worn battlements and glorious memories, in sight, too, of the lofty Ben Lomond, and the beautiful lake which it protects, touches the ancient city of Greenock, expands into the Firth of Clyde, and gradually loses itself amid the picturesque islands which adorn the western coast of Scotland.

Were it possible, by placing ourselves upon some lofty elevation, to take in at one glance the whole of this varied landscape of lake, river, and mountain, of tarn, trosach, and moor, with verdant vales and woody slopes between, we should confess that it was one of as rare beauty and wild magnificence as ever greeted the vision of man. And were our minds steeped in ancient and poetic lore, we should be prepared to appreciate the faithfulness and splendor of Burns's allegorical description of the "Genius of Scotland:"

"Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs,
Were twisted gracefu' round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token,
And come to stop those reckless vows
Would soon be broken.

A hair-brained sentimental trace
Was strongly marked in her face:
A wildly-witty rustic grace
Shone full upon her,
Her eye e'en turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honor.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew,
Deep *lights and shadows* mingling, threw
A luster grand;
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A *well-known land!*

Here rivers in the sea were lost;
There mountains in the skies were tost;
Here tumbling billows marked the coast,
With surging foam;
There distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes here and there
I could discern;
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare
With feature stern."

Now, imagine the whole of this country studded at no remote intervals with churches and schools, well supported, and well attended by young and old. Think of her ancient and able universities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, and Aberdeen, including in the last Marischal College and King's College, with an average attendance of from 2500 to 3000 students, with their learned and

amiable professors, extensive libraries, and fine collections in natural history: think of her innumerable high-schools, private schools, public and private libraries, literary institutes and ancient hospitals, some for the body and some for the mind, and connect the whole with her heroic history, her poetical enthusiasm, her religious faith, her fealty to God and man, and you will have some faint conception of the beauty and glory of Scotland.

But the impression would be deepened, could you behold the land, beautified and ennobled by her Sabbath calm, as once in seven days she rests and worships before the Lord. Could you but hear the voice of her church-going bells, and go to the house of God in company with her thoughtful but cheerful population; could you sit in some "auld warld" kirk, and hear some gray-haired holy man dispense, with deep and tender tones, the word of everlasting life; could you hear a whole congregation of devout worshipers make the hills ring again with their simple melody; above all, could you place yourself in some deep shady glen, by the "sweet burnie" as it "wimples" among the waving willows or the yellow broom, or sit down on the green "brae-side," enameled with "gowans," on some sacramental occasion, when thousands are gathered to hear the preaching of the Gospel, and with simple ritual to commemorate the dying love of the Redeemer!—could you see the devout and happy looks of the aged, and the sweet but reverent aspect of children and youth, as the tones of some earnest preacher thrilled them with emotions of holy gratitude in view of the "loving-kindness of the Lord," you would instinctively feel that Scotland, free, Protestant Scotland, was a happy land, and would be prepared to exclaim with the sweet singer of Israel: "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance."

Or you might leave this scene, and study the Scottish character with some shepherd-boy on the hills, as he reads God's word upon the green-sward, and meditates on things divine while tending his flocks, far from the house of God, on the Sabbath-day.

While in Scotland we have "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny," and other "rattling, roaring" characters; while the "skirl" of the bagpipes keeps tune to the wild dance of the Highland peasant, and many a tavern reeks with the fumes of whisky-punch; while here and there, as in other lands, folly and vice reveal themselves in "highways and by-ways," we have also the universal presence of good and virtuous influences, of good and virtuous men. Innocent hilarity is mingled with good sense and piety.

Highland Scene.

The scenes of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," one of the sweetest poems in any language, are exact transcripts from real life, as Burns himself intimates. His father was "a godly man," and was wont, morning and evening, to "turn o'er, wi' patriarchal grace, the big ha' Bible," and worship God, with his family.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big *ha' Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far their noblest aim;

* Withered cheeks.

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs* worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets* the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays.
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

* * * *

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear well pleased the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll."

These are the elements of a people's greatness. These are the perennial sources of their truth and loyalty, their freedom and virtue. These guard the domestic graces, these bind the commonwealth in holy and enduring bands. Better than splendid mausoleums and gorgeous temples; better than costly altars and a pompous ritual; better than organ-blasts and rolling incense; better, by far, than mass and breviary, confessional and priestly absolution! For, while the most imposing forms of religion are often heartless and dead, these sacred rites of a Christianity pure and practical ever possess a vital power—a power to quicken and save.

"From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

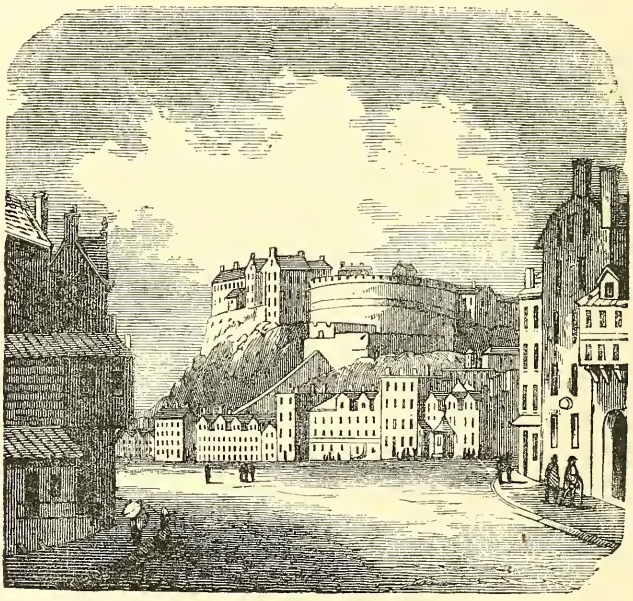
* * * *

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,

* Guides, or fans.

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

As we feel a peculiar interest in Scotland, an interest shared, we believe, by many of our readers, we shall be forgiven if we linger upon it a little longer. Our readers, then, will be good enough to accompany us on a brief tour to its two principal cities, Edinburgh and Glasgow.



Edinburgh Castle.

Before us lies "Auld Reekie," as its ancient citizens used fondly and familiarly to call it, the far-famed and beautiful "Athens of the North." We will enter the city on the west side, as if we were coming from Glasgow, pass through Prince's-street, with its elegant buildings and fine promenades, skirting that inclosure of walks and shrubbery just under the frowning battlements of the

Castle, and adorned with the superb statue of Sir Walter Scott, rising rapidly to its completion; then turn the corner at right angles, cross the North Bridge, enter High-street, and thence plunge down the hill into the old Canongate; and without waiting to look at "the Heart of Midlothian," or even the beautiful ruins of Holyrood House, at the foot of the hill, let us turn to the right and climb the rocky sides of "Arthur's Seat," with its summit of verdure overlooking the city and the neighboring country. For there, the whole panorama of the city will spread itself before us, surrounded with magnificent scenery, stretching far and wide from the Pentland Hills on the one side to the Firth of Forth on the other, from Stirling Castle on the west to the German Ocean on the east. Here we are, then, on the very highest point of the mountain, with the warm sunshine around us, tempered by the fresh "westlin wind," at once so sweet and bland. Ay, ay! this is beautiful! What a landscape! How varied, and yet how harmonious! Not only beautiful exceedingly, but grand and striking. Beneath us is the fine old city—new and old at the same time—lying nearly square, with its lofty buildings and elegant monuments, handsome parks and green shrubberies. To the left is the older part of the city, rising gradually from the palace of Holyrood at our feet and crowned by the Castle, which is built upon a granite rock, whose rough sides, terminating abruptly to the north and west, hang over Prince's-street and the lower part of the city.

"There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran gray in arms,
And pierced with many a seamy scar:
Thy ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock."—BURNS.

Before us, and stretching away toward the Forth and the city of Leith, is "the new town," surmounted on this side by the Calton Hill, on which stand the monuments of Dugald Stewart and Admiral Nelson, the unfinished Parthenon, and the monument of Robert Burns—beautiful and imposing objects, reminding us of the Acropolis of Athens, and affording fine relief to the long ranges of smooth and polished buildings beyond. Behind us are the Pentland Hills, with their verdant slopes and historic recollections. To the right lie the city and bay of Leith, "the Piræus" of Edinburgh, the long winding shore in the direction of Portobello, and "the dark blue deep" of the ocean, studded with white sails,

glistening in the summer radiance. To the north, at a distance of a few miles, you see the majestic Firth of Forth, and beyond, "in cultured beauty," the "Kingdom of Fife," with the distant range of the Ochil and Campsie Hills. From this point also you can see, at a distance of some three miles, the gray ruins of Craigmillar Castle, famous in the annals of Scotland as the residence of Queen Mary, and the scene of those secret machinations which ended in the tragedy of Holyrood; Inch Keith, with its lofty light-house; the Isle of May, once consecrated to St. Adrian, and on which stands another "star of hope" to the mariner; and old Inchcolm, famous for its ancient convent founded by St. Colomba, one of the patron saints of Scotland. How gloriously light and shade, land and ocean, park and woodland, old castles and hoary ruins, frowning rocks and smiling meadows, mingle and blend in this rare and magnificent landscape!

"Traced like a map the landscape lies,
In cultur'd beauty stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities,
There ocean, with its azure tide;
There Authur's Seat, and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dun Edin blue!
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range are seen,
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters."—DELTA.*

Here you can easily understand the reason why Edinburgh has been thought to resemble the city of Athens. Mr. Stuart, author of the "Antiquities of Athens," was the first to call attention to this fact, and his opinion has often been confirmed since. Dr. Clarke remarks that the neighborhood of Athens is just the Highlands of Scotland, enriched with the splendid remains of art. Another acute observer states that the distant view of Athens from the Ægean Sea is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the Firth of Forth, "though," he adds, "certainly the latter is considerably superior." "The resemblance," says J. G. Kohl, the celebrated German traveler, "is indeed very striking. Athens, like Edinburgh, was a city of hills and valleys, and its Ilissus was probably not much larger than the Water of Leith. Athens, like Edinburgh, was an inland town, and had its harbor, Piræus, on the sea-coast. The mountains near Edinburgh very much resemble those near Athens. I have little doubt, however, that Athens is more honored by being compared to Edinburgh, than Edinburgh

* Supposed to be Dr. Moir.

to Athens; for it is probable that the scenery and position of the Northern are more grand and striking in their beauty than those of the Southern Athens."

Let us now descend into the city. We will not linger long in old Holyrood Palace, interesting as it is, nor dwell upon "the stains" of Rizzio's blood in Queen Mary's room, as these have been described a thousand times, and are familiar to every one. Neither will we spend time in gazing upon the spot where once stood that quaint old jail, called "the Heart of Midlothian," made classic by the pen of Scott, in the beautiful story of Jeanie Deans. Neither will we visit the old "Parliament House" and the "Advocates' Library;" but we will pass right up through High-street, amid those colossal buildings, rising, on either side, to the hight of six, seven, and even eight and ten stories, swarming with inhabitants; and dive into one or two of those close, dark wynds, where reside, in countless multitudes, the poorest and most vicious of the people. Here, it must be confessed, are some strange sights and appalling noises. Yet it is not quite so bad as some have represented it. All large cities have their poor and vicious inhabitants, and although those of the Scottish metropolis are tolerably dirty and vastly degraded, they bear no comparison to the lazaroni of Naples and the beggars of Rome. Some of the streets and wynds are narrow enough and vile enough, but they contain, after all, many worthy people, who own a Bible, and read it, too; and were you only to become thoroughly acquainted with them, you would be surprised to find how much of honesty and kindly affection still dwell in their hearts. In ancient times the houses in these very "closes" or "wynds" were inhabited by the nobility and gentry. Hence Gray's Close, Morrison's Close, Stewart's Close, &c. They built their houses in these narrow streets in order to be more secure from the attacks of their enemies, and to be the better able to defend the principal thoroughfares into which they opened. In Blythe's Close may be seen the remains of the palace of the queen-regent, Mary of Guise. In another stand the old houses of the Earls of Gosford and Moray. One of the largest old palaces is now inhabited by beggars and rats.

It would be a great improvement if these miserable dwellings could be removed, and replaced by better streets and houses; a still greater one, if the people could only be induced to abandon the use of whisky, for then they would abandon their hovels as a matter of course. Their besetting sin is the love of strong drink, though this has been gradually diminishing for the last few years throughout Scotland. It is to be hoped that the pious and moral portion of the community will unite in a strong effort to reclaim

this degraded class of their fellow-townsmen, and that the time will speedily come when the only reproach which rests upon their fair fame shall be wholly obliterated.

But let us leave this region, the only unpleasant one in the whole of this fair city, and ascend to the old Castle, where we shall see the Regalia of Scotland, preserved in a little room at the top of the Castle. These regalia consist of the crown of Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, the scepter of James the Fifth, a sword presented by Pope Julius the Second to James the Sixth, and other articles of inferior note. It is somewhat singular that the regalia should have lain concealed from 1745 to the year 1818. At the time of the Union in 1707 between England and Scotland, they were walled up by some Scottish patriots, in order to prevent their being removed to London.

What recollections of the stormy but glorious history of Scotland cluster around the mind, while gazing at that antique-looking crown which adorned the head of the Bruces and the ill-fated Mary! The freedom and prosperity now enjoyed by the nation had a gloomy and tempestuous birth. Their very religion, placid and beautiful now, was cradled amid the war of elements and the shock of battle. But, thanks to God, it is all the purer and stronger for its rough and tempestuous youth.

Draw near to the edge of that battlement, and look down over the frowning rock. Would it be possible, think you, to storm the Castle from that side? One would suppose it beyond the power of man. It has been done, however, and the circumstance illustrates the spirit of hardihood and enterprise which has ever distinguished the people of Scotland. In the year 1313, when the Castle was in the possession of the English, Randolph, earl of Moray, was one day surveying the gigantic rock, when he was accosted by one of his men-at-arms with the question, "Do you think it impracticable, my lord?" Randolph turned his eyes upon the speaker, a man a little past the prime of life, but of a firm, well-knit figure, and bearing in his keen eye and open forehead marks of intrepidity which had already gained him distinction in the Scottish army. "Do you mean the rock, Francis?" said the earl: "perhaps not, if we could borrow the wings of our gallant hawks."

"There are wings," replied Francis, with a thoughtful smile, "as strong, as buoyant, and as daring. My father was keeper of yonder fortress."

"What of that? You speak in riddles."

"I was then young, reckless, high-hearted: I was screwed up in that convent-like castle; my sweetheart was in the plain below"—

"Well, what then?"

"'Sdeath, my lord, can you not imagine that I speak of the wings of love? Every night I descended that steep at the witching hour, and every morning before the dawn I crept back to my barracks. I constructed a light twelve-foot ladder, by means of which I was able to pass the places that are perpendicular; and so well, at length, did I become acquainted with the route, that in the darkest and stormiest night, I found my way as easily as when the moonlight enabled me to see my love in the distance waiting for me at the cottage door."

"You are a daring, desperate, noble fellow, Francis! However, your motive is now gone; your mistress"—

"She is dead; say no more; but another has taken her place."

"Ay, ay, it's the soldier's way. Women will die, or even grow old; and what are we to do? Come, who is your mistress now?"

"My Country! What I have done for love, I can do again for honor; and what I can accomplish, you, noble Randolph, and many of our comrades, can do far better. Give me thirty picked men, and a twelve-foot ladder, and the fortress is our own!"

"The Earl of Moray, whatever his real thoughts of the enterprise might have been, was not the man to refuse such a challenge. A ladder was provided, and thirty men chosen from the troops; and in the middle of a dark night, the party, commanded by Randolph himself, and guided by William Francis, set forth on their desperate enterprise.

By catching at crag after crag, and digging their fingers into the interstices of the rocks, they succeeded in mounting a considerable way; but the weather was now so thick, they could receive but little assistance from their eyes; and thus they continued to climb, almost in utter darkness, like men struggling up a precipice in the nightmare. They at length reached a shelving table of the cliff, above which the ascent, for ten or twelve feet, was perpendicular; and having fixed their ladder, the whole party lay down to recover breath.

From this place they could hear the tread and voices of the 'check watches,' or patrol, above; and, surrounded by the perils of such a moment, it is not wonderful that some illusions may have mingled with their thoughts. They even imagined that they were seen from the battlements, although, being themselves unable to see the warders, this was highly improbable. It became evident, notwithstanding, from the words they caught here and there in the pauses of the night-wind, that the conversation of the English soldiers above related to a surprise of the Castle; and at length

these appalling words broke like thunder on their ears: 'Stand! I see you well!' A fragment of the rock was hurled down at the same instant; and, as rushing from crag to crag, it bounded over their heads, Randolph and his brave followers, in this wild, helpless, and extraordinary situation, felt the damp of mortal terror gathering upon their brow, as they clung, with a death-grip to the precipice.

The startled echoes of the rock were at length silent, and so were the voices above. The adventurers paused, listening breathless; no sound was heard but the sighing of the wind, and the measured tread of the sentinel who had resumed his walk. The men thought they were in a dream, and no wonder; for the incident just mentioned, which is related by Barbour, was one of the most singular coincidences that ever occurred. The shout of the sentinel and the missile he had thrown, were merely a boyish freak; and while listening to the echoes of the rock, he had not the smallest idea that the sounds which gave pleasure to him carried terror and almost despair into the hearts of the enemy.

The adventurers, half-uncertain whether they were not the victims of some illusion, determined that it was as safe to go on as to turn back; and pursuing their laborious and dangerous path, they at length reached the bottom of the wall. This last barrier they scaled by means of their ladder; and leaping down among the astonished check-watches, they cried their war-cry, and in the midst of answering shouts of 'Treason! treason!' notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the garrison, captured the Castle of Edinburgh."

Sit down here on the edge of this parapet. That huge cannon there is called Mons Meg, from being cast at *Mons*, in Flanders, and reminds us, somewhat significantly, of the terrible use to which all the arrangements of the castle are applied.* How singular, that men have to be governed and controlled like bull-dogs, that castles and dungeons, halters, and cannon, are necessary to keep them from stealing each other's property, or cutting each other's throats! Surely mankind have ills enough to bear without turning upon each other like tigers.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame;

* At present it is used as a barracks for soldiers and a magazine of arms.

And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

BURNS.

But all is quiet now. The tendency of the times is to peace; and Edinburgh Castle, Mons Meg, and the whole array of cannon bristling over the precipice, are but objects of natural curiosity or of poetical interest.

Do you see yonder turreted building, with high-pointed gables and castellated walls, in the Elizabethan style, just beyond the Grass Market? That is George Heriot's Hospital, one of the proudest monuments of the city, and one of the most beautiful symbols of its peaceful prosperity. It was founded by the rich and benevolent George Heriot, jeweler to King James the Sixth, "Jingling Geordie," as he is quaintly termed in the "Fortunes of Nigel." It is of vast extent, as you perceive, and presents a good specimen of the mixed style of architecture prevalent in the days of Queen Mary. The object of this noble institution is the maintenance and education of poor and fatherless boys, or of boys in indigent circumstances, "freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh." Of these, one hundred and eighty receive ample board and education within its walls. By this means they are thoroughly prepared for the active business of life, each receiving at his dismissal a Bible, and other useful books, with two suits of clothes chosen by himself. Those going out as apprentices are allowed $50 per annum for five years, and $25 at the termination of their apprenticeship. Boys of superior scholarship are permitted to stay longer in the institution, and are fitted for college. For this purpose they receive $150 per annum, for four years. Connected with this institution are seven free-schools, in the different parishes of the city, for the support of which its surplus funds are applied. In these upward of two thousand children receive a good common-school education. The girls, in addition to the ordinary branches, are taught knitting and sewing.

In addition to these provisions for the education of the poor, there are also ten "bursaries," or university scholarships, open to the competition of young men, not connected with the institution. The successful candidates receive $100 per annum for four years. No wonder that Sir Walter Scott felt authorized to put into the mouth of the princely founder of these charities the striking sentiment: "I think mine own estate and memory, as I shall order it, has a fair chance of outliving those of greater men."

Edinburgh abounds in charitable hospitals, and particularly in

free educational institutions, in the support of which the citizens evince a laudable enthusiasm.

Below us, on one side of High-street, you see the fine old Gothic Cathedral of St. Giles. It was founded in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and named after St. Giles, abbot and confessor, and tutelar saint of Edinburgh in the olden time. The Scottish poet, Gavin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, was some time provost of St. Giles. He translated Virgil into English, the first version of a classic ever made in Britain, and was the author of "The Palace of Honor," from which some have absurdly supposed that John Bunyan borrowed the idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." This edifice is interesting, chiefly as connecting the past with the present condition of Scotland, and indicating the mighty transitions through which it has passed. In the fifteenth century, incense ascended from forty different altars within its walls; now it contains three Protestant places of worship. Once it enshrined the relics of St. Giles; now its cemetery contains the body of John Knox! On the 13th of October, 1643, "the solemn League and Covenant" was sworn to and subscribed within its walls, by the Committee of the Estates of Parliament, the Commission of the Church, and the English Commission. The sacred vessels and relics which it contained, including the arm-bone of the patron saint, were seized by the magistrates of the city, and the proceeds of their sale applied to the repairing of the building. Puritanism has thus often showed itself a rough and tempestuous reformer; nevertheless, it possesses wonderful vitality, and has conferred upon Scotland the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Its outer form is often hard and defective, and its movements irregular and convulsive, but its inner spirit is ever generous and free. Its rudeness and excess none will approve; its life, energy, and activity all will admire. It came forth, like a thunder-cloud, from the mountains. Its quick lightning-flashes went crashing amid the old images of superstition. The atmosphere of spiritual pollution was agitated and purified. Upon the parched ground fell gentle and refreshing showers. The sun of freedom began to smile upon hill and valley, and the whole land rejoiced under its placid influence.

We will now re-enter High-street, and thence turn at right angles into South Bridge-street, and proceed to the University. It is a large and imposing structure, but fails to produce its proper impression, from the circumstance of being wedged in among such a mass of other buildings. We enter by a magnificent portico on the right, supported by Doric columns twenty-six feet in hight, each formed of a single block of stone, and find ourselves in a

spacious quadrangular court, surrounded by the various college edifices. The buildings are of freestone, beautifully polished, and of recent erection, the old buildings, which were unsightly and incommodious, having been taken down to make way for this elegant and spacious structure. The University itself was founded by King James the Sixth, in the year 1582, and has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity to the present time. The average number of students is from ten to twelve hundred. The Rev. Dr. Lee, one of the most amiable and learned men, is at present principal of the University, and the various chairs are filled by gentlemen of distinguished talent. The students are not resident within the college, but choose their boarding-houses at pleasure in any part of the city. They are not distinguished, as at Glasgow and Oxford, by any peculiar badge, are of all ages, and enjoy the liberty of selecting the classes which they attend. Those, however, who take degrees are required to attend a particular course, but this is not done by more than one-half, or at most two-thirds of the students. The government of the University is not particularly strict. The examinations are limited and imperfect; and hence it is very possible for a young man to slip through the University without contracting any great tincture of scholarship. It is mainly the talent of the professors, and the high literary enthusiasm they inspire, which sustain the institution. There are thirty-four foundations for bursaries or scholarships, the benefit of which is extended to eighty students. The aggregate amount is about fifty dollars a year for each. The annual session lasts from October to May, with an occasional holiday, and a week or two's vacation at Christmas. The rest of the year, which includes most of the summer and autumn, is vacation, which gives the professors an opportunity for rest and preparation, and the students facilities either for private study, or for teaching and other employments. This order prevails in all the other Scottish universities, and is attended with many advantages. But a truce to general remarks.

We have not time to visit the Museum, which is quite extensive and admirably arranged, nor the Library, which is distinguished by its ample dimensions and beautiful decorations. Neither can we dwell upon the celebrated men who have encircled this institution with a halo of literary and scientific glory. But we will step into that door in front of us, ascend the stairs, and enter the lecture-room of Professor Wilson, the far-famed "Christopher North," poet and novelist, orator, critic, and philosopher. The young gentlemen have assembled, but the Professor has not yet come in. Good-looking, but noisy fellows, these! Some of them, you perceive, are very young, others are considerably advanced

in years. Most of them are well dressed, some poorly so. A few look studious and care-worn, but the majority hearty and joyous. How their clear, loud laugh rings through the hall! They are from all ranks of society, some being the sons of noblemen, others of farmers and mechanics. Most of them, probably, have wherewithal to pay their college expenses, but not a few, you may rely on it, are sorely pinched. The Scots are an ambitious, study-loving race, and quite a number of these young men are struggling up from the depths of poverty, and, if they do not die in the effort, will be heard of one of these days, in the pulpit or at the bar.

But there comes the Professor, bowing graciously to the students, while he receives from them a hearty "ruff," as the Scots call their energetic stamping. What a magnificent-looking man! Over six feet high, broad and brawny, but of elegant proportions, with a clear, frank, joyous-looking face, a few wrinkles only around the eye, in other respects hale and smooth, his fine locks sprinkled with gray, flowing down to his shoulders, and his large lustrous eye beaming with a softened fire. His subject is "the Passions." He commences with freedom and ease, but without any particular energy, makes his distinctions well, but without much precision or force; for, to tell the honest truth, philosophical analysis is not his particular forte. Still it is good, so far as it goes, and probably appears inferior chiefly by contrast. But he begins to describe. The blood mantles to his forehead, thrown back with a majestic energy, and his fine eye glows, nay, absolutely burns. And now his impassioned intellect careers as on the wings of the wind, leaping, bounding, dashing, whirling over hill and dale, rises into the clear empyrean, and bathes itself in the beams of the sun. His audience is intent, hushed, absorbed, rapt! He begins, however, to descend, and O, how beautifully! like a falcon from "the lift," or an eagle from the storm-cloud. And now he skims along the surface with bird-like wing, glancing in the sunlight, swiftly and gracefully. How varied and delicate his language, how profuse his images, his allusions how affecting, and his voice ringing like a bell among the mountains! At such seasons his style, manner, and tone are unequaled. Chaste and exhilarating as the dew of the morning in the vale of Strathmore, yet rich and rare as a golden sunset on the brow of Benlomond. But listen: he returns to his philosophical distinctions—fair, very fair, to be sure, but nothing special, rather clumsy, perhaps, except in regard to his language. True, undoubtedly, but not profound, not deeply philosophical, and to some not particularly interesting. His auditors have time to breathe. You hear an occasional cough,

or blowing of the nose. A few of the students are diligently taking notes, but the rest are listless. This will last only a moment, and now that he is approaching the close of his lecture, he will give us something worth hearing. There, again he is out upon the open sea. How finely the sails are set, and with what a majestic sweep the noble vessel rounds the promontory, and anchors itself in the bay!

Taking the steam-cars from Edinburgh, we arrive at Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, in a couple of hours. As Edinburgh is the representative of Scottish literature and refinement, Glasgow is the representative of its commerce and manufactures. It is an immense city, and contains a prodigious number of inhabitants. At the period of the Union it had a population of only 12,000, since which time it has doubled this number twelve or thirteen times, and now contains nearly 300,000 inhabitants. It owes this unprecedented increase to its trade, domestic and foreign, which is almost unparalleled in its extent. There is probably not a single inland town in Great Britain, with the exception of London, which can show such a shipping list.

Glasgow has ever been distinguished for its mechanical ingenuity, its industry, and enterprise. Its situation, doubtless, is highly favorable, but without an intelligent, ingenious, and active population, it could never have reached such a hight of prosperity.

But it is not our intention to visit this commercial city as tourists. There are enough such to describe her agreeable situation and handsome public edifices, her long and elegant streets, her beautiful "green," and magnificent river. At present we shall not fatigue ourselves with visiting the Royal Exchange, the Royal Bank, the Tontine, and the Assembly Rooms. Neither shall we trouble our readers to go with us through Queen-street, St. Vincent-street, Greenhill Place, or Woodside Crescent.

It might be worth while, however, to look into some of those immense factories, from which rise innumerable huge chimneys, some of which overtop the steeples and towers of the churches, and reach far up into the heavens.* Thousands and thousands of spindles and power-looms, with thousands and thousands of human hands and heads, are moving there from morn to night, and from night to morn. What masses of complicated and beautiful machinery! what prodigious steam-engines, great hearts of power in the centers of little worlds, giving life, energy, and motion to the whole! Here is a single warehouse, as it is called, for the sale of manufactured goods, containing no less than two hund-

* One of these chimneys is said to be over 400 feet high.

red clerks. What piles of silks and shawls, cottons and calicoes! The productions of Glasgow reach every part of the world. You will find them in India, China, and the United States, in the wilds of Africa and the jungles of Burmah, amid the snows of Labrador and the savannas of Georgia.

But let us go down to the Broomielaw, and take a look at the river Clyde. That mile of masts, and those immense steamers plying up and down the river, connect Glasgow with every part of the British Empire and the world.

What grand agency has accomplished all this? Steam!—steam, under the guidance and control of genius and enterprise. The extended prosperity of Glasgow commenced with the inventions of Watt, the greatest mechanical genius of the age, and the first man that constructed a steam-engine of much practical use. Steam has raised all those huge factories which we have been admiring, and keeps their innumerable wheels and pistons, spindles and power-looms, in motion. Steam it is which brings untold masses of coal and iron from the bowels of the earth, and converts them into machinery and motive-power. Yonder it comes, rolling and dashing, in a long train of cars and carriages filled with the produce and population of the land. Here it gives life and energy to a cotton-mill with a thousand looms; there it casts off, from day to day, the myriads of printed sheets which spread intelligence through the country. All around us it moves the cranks and pulleys, ropes and wires, wheels and tools, which work such wonders in beating and grinding, cutting and carving, polishing and dyeing. Steam has added thousands, nay, millions to the annual income of Glasgow. It has augmented the resources of Great Britain to such an extent that it saves seventy millions of dollars annually in the matter of motive-power alone! No pen can describe the additions which it has made in other parts of the world to their manufactures and commerce. It has brought all nations into more intimate relations, and is yet destined, in many respects, to revolutionize the world.

Let us go, then, to George's Square, near the center of the city, and look at Chantrey's monument of the man who has done so much to bring about such a change. The Square contains also a fine monument of Sir Walter Scott, in the form of a fluted Doric column, about eighty feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of "the great Magician of the North." He is represented standing in an easy attitude, with a shepherd's plaid thrown half around his body. The likeness is said to be remarkably good. It has that expression of shrewdness, honesty, and good-nature for which he was distinguished, but none of that ideal elevation

which graces the countenances of Schiller, Goethe, and Shakspeare. Immediately in front of this monument is a beautiful pedestrian statue in bronze, by Flaxman, of Sir John Moore, the subject of Wolfe's exquisite lyric:—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

Sir John Moore was a citizen of Glasgow, and his townsmen have erected this statue as expressive of their veneration for his memory. To the right of this monument, in the southwest angle of the Square, you see in bronze, and of colossal magnitude, the noble figure of James Watt. He is represented in a sitting posture, on a circular pedestal of Aberdeen granite. It is considered one of the happiest productions of the distinguished Chantrey. The fine meditative features of the great inventor are strikingly developed. Watt was born in Greenock, on the 19th of January, 1736, but conducted his experiments chiefly in Glasgow. He came thither in 1757, first as a mathematical instrument-maker to the college, and subsequently as an engineer. In early life he gave indications of his peculiar genius by various little mechanical contrivances. At the age of six years, he was occasionally found stretched on the floor, delineating with chalk the lines of a geometrical problem. At other times he greatly obliged his young companions by making and repairing their toys; and before he had reached his seventeenth year, he had amused them with the wonders of an electrical machine of his own construction. He had also instructed himself by making experiments on the steam of a tea-kettle. He subsequently stored his mind with the wonders of physics, chemistry, and medicine.

In the University of Glasgow, Watt was employed to fit up the instruments of the Macfarlane Observatory, which gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Adam Smith, Joseph Black, and Robert Simson, names immortal in the scientific annals of Scotland. Here also he formed an intimacy with John Robinson, then a student at college, and subsequently the celebrated Dr. Robinson, who first called the attention of Watt to the subject of steam-engines, and threw out the idea of applying them to steam-carriages and other purposes.

The steam-engine had existed before this time, but it was extremely imperfect, and, moreover, of no great practical use. Hence Mr. Watt was not, properly speaking, the inventor, but the improver of the steam-engine. Still his improvement was equal

to an invention of the highest order. It made the instrument *available* for the highest practical purposes. "He found the crazy machines of Savery and Newcomen laboring and creaking at our mine-heads, and occupying the same rank as prime movers with the wind-mill and the water-wheel; and by a succession of *inventions* and *discoveries*, deduced from the most profound chemical knowledge, and applied by the most exquisite mechanical skill, he brought the steam-engine to such a degree of perfection as to stamp it the most precious gift which man ever bequeathed to his race."*

Watt had "a sore fight of existence," at least in the early part of his career, and he came near being deprived of the emolument which was his just due as a benefactor of his race. But he eventually triumphed over all opposition, retired from business, and continued to reside during the rest of his life on his estate at Heathfield Soho. He was exceedingly happy in his domestic relations, though called, in 1804, to suffer a painful bereavement in the loss of his youngest son Gregory, who had given high promise of literary and scientific eminence. In 1808 he was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France; and in 1814, he was nominated by the Academy of Sciences as one of its *eight* foreign correspondents. In 1819 his health suffered a rapid decline, and he himself felt that this was his last illness. "Resigned himself, he endeavored to make others resigned. He pointed out to his son the topics of consolation which should occupy his mind; and, expressing his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days he had enjoyed, for his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, and for the serenity and cheerfulness which marked the close of his life, he expired at Heathfield on the 25th of August, 1819." He was interred in the parish church of Handsworth; and over his tomb his son erected an elegant Gothic chapel, containing a beautiful marble bust by Chantrey. Another bust by the same artist has been placed in one of the halls of Glasgow College. A colossal statue of Carrara marble, procured at great expense by public subscription, graces the recesses of Westminster Abbey.

The most useful memorial of Watt, however, exists in Greenock, in the form of a large and handsome building for a public library, erected by his son, in which the citizens have caused to be placed a handsome marble statue, with an inscription from the pen of Lord Jeffrey. Lord Brougham concluded an eloquent speech on the merits of Mr Watt in the following striking terms:—"If

* Edinburgh Review.

in old times the temples of false gods were appropriately filled with the images of men who had carried devastation over the face of the earth, surely our temples cannot be more worthily adorned than with the likenesses of those whose triumphs have been splendid, indeed, but unattended by sorrow to any —who have achieved victories, not for one country only, but to enlarge the power and increase the happiness of the whole human race."

Passing up High-street, we come to an arched gateway, and find ourselves in a quadrangular court, with antique-looking buildings on each side. Beyond this we come to another quadrangle, also surrounded by buildings of perhaps more recent date. Passing straight on, we reach a handsome edifice of polished freestone, directly in front of us, and standing alone, which is nothing less than the Hunterian Museum. These, then, are the buildings of Glasgow University. Beyond us is the college-green, ornamented with trees, and divided into two parts by a sluggish stream which passes through the center. A number of the students, having laid aside their scarlet gowns, are playing at football, a violent, but delightful and invigorating exercise.

The University of Glasgow was founded in 1450, in the time of James the Second. Bishop Turnbull was then in possession of the see, and his successors were appointed chancellors. The history of the institution has been various; but, generally speaking, it has enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. Of late years the number of students has declined, from what cause we know not. The number, in all the departments, does not exceed a thousand, whereas, in 1824, when the writer was a student in Glasgow, there were from fourteen to fifteen hundred. Well does he remember the enthusiasm with which they welcomed their popular candidate for rector, Henry Brougham, Esq., M. P., as he was then termed, and the eager interest with which they listened to his inaugural discourse. Sir James McIntosh, a fine, hearty-looking man, with bland, expressive eyes, and two of the sons of Robert Burns, tall, good-looking young men, but with no particular resemblance to their illustrious father, were present, with others, to grace the occasion. Brougham was in the maturity of his strength, and the heyday of his fame. Tall, muscular, and wiry, with searching visage, dark complexion, keen piercing eyes, ample forehead, and long outstretched finger, he stood up the very personification of strength and eloquence. But Brougham has been frequently described, and we therefore pass him by. The next rector that was chosen was Thomas Campbell, the poet, once a member of the college, and one of its most distinguished ornaments. A

large portion, if not the whole of the "Pleasures of Hope," was written while he was a student at college.

Many distinguished men have been professors in this institution. Among these, Dr. Reid and Dr. Hutcheson, Dr. Simpson and Dr. Moore, Adam Smith, and Professor Sandford, stand pre-eminent. Well does the writer remember the accomplished, but unfortunate Sandford, and the profound enthusiasm for the Greek classics which he inspired in his students. He was a son of the venerable Bishop Sandford, a distinguished graduate of Oxford, and a man of the highest attainments in Greek and English literature. Of small stature, he yet possessed an elegant and commanding form. His pale face, finely chiseled mouth, dark eyes, and marble forehead are before me now. I hear his clear, musical voice, rolling out, *ore rotundo*, the resounding periods of Homer, or the energetic lines of Eschylus. No man ever recited Greek with such enthusiasm and energy. It was a perfect treat to hear him read the odes of Anacreon or the choral hymns of Eschylus; to say nothing of his elegant translations, or his fine critical remarks. He was created a baronet by the government, and bade fair to be one of the most distinguished and influential literary men in the country. But he was seduced into party politics, was sent as the representative of Glasgow to Parliament, and failed—failed utterly and forever; for his want of success in the House of Commons preyed upon his spirits, and caused his death.

Among the distinguished men now occupying places in this university we find Mr. Lushington, of Trinity College, Cambridge, professor of Greek, and Dr. Nichol, author of the popular Lectures on the Wonders of the Heavens, professor of practical astronomy. Mr. Mylne, professor of moral philosophy, and Mr. Buchanan, professor of logic, are acute and learned men.

Leaving the college, we ascend High-street, and after reaching the top of the hill, a little to the right, we see before us the "High Kirk," or rather the old cathedral of Glasgow, one of the finest remains of antiquity, surrounded by a vast church-yard, containing many rich and ancient monumental tombs, and the moldering bones of many by-gone generations. It has a superb crypt, "equaled by none in the kingdom"—once used as a place of worship, but now as a place for burying the dead. The author of Waverley has invested it with additional interest by making it the scene of a striking incident in Rob Roy. The whole edifice has a most commanding appearance.

At the northeast end of the cathedral the spot is yet to be seen where bigotry and superstition lighted the fires of religious persecution. There, in the year 1538, Jerome Russel, a member

of the convent of Franciscan friars, in Glasgow, a man of considerable talents, and John Kennedy, a young man from Ayr, of high family, only about eighteen years of age, were burned for having embraced the doctrines of the infant Reformation. They sustained the terrible ordeal through which they passed to glory with a becoming dignity and fortitude. "This is your hour and power of darkness," said Russel: "now you sit as judges, and we are wrongfully condemned, but the day cometh which will clear our innocency, and you shall see your own blindness to your everlasting confusion—go on, and fulfill the measure of your iniquity." Is it surprising that the reaction of reform which followed such proceedings should occasionally have gone to unjustifiable lengths, and that the people should have torn down "the rookeries" which sheltered those birds of prey, as the spiritual tyrants of that day might well be termed? Never were a nobler or more heroic set of men than the martyrs and confessors of that trying time! Knox, Melville, and Wishart might be stern, but they were men of godlike temper and heroic zeal, of whom the world was not worthy.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPAIN.

As roads are poor in Spain, a sure sign of a backward state of civilization, we shall be compelled, like the natives, to make our journey through the country on mules; and as robberies are frequent, even in the neighborhood of Madrid, we must take with us not only some hardy muleteers, but, if possible, an armed escort, or we may stand a fair chance of being shot among the mountains, or, at least, of being stripped of our possessions. Should an escort be too expensive, we must do, as many others, go armed ourselves, or run such risk as may befall us. Spain is, in most parts, a beautiful and fertile country, though not uniformly so; many tracts of land being arid and poor. It consists mainly of mountains and valleys, and especially high table-lands, where, even in the hot southern regions, the air is comparatively cool and delicious. Some parts of the country, Valencia and Mercia, for example, enjoy a perpetual spring. The sugar-cane, and other tropical productions, are found in Andalusia and Granada. In the extreme

south, the heats of summer would be intolerable, unless subdued by the cool sea-breeze, which begins to blow at nine in the morning, and continues till five in the evening. The interior of the country is so much elevated, as to be comparatively cool. The two Castiles form a raised plain, nearly two thousand feet in hight. The provinces along the coast of the Mediterranean have been termed the paradise of the kingdom. The sky is "azure and gold;" the inhabitants of Seville affirm that a day was never known when the sun did not shine upon their city. The olive, the orange, and especially the vine, which grows luxuriantly in all the warmer regions, adorn the landscape.

Spain has mines of copper, silver, quicksilver, lead, and gold, which yield handsome returns. Her principal productions are salt, wines, silk, olives, mules, and sheep, immense flocks of which feed on the high plains of the interior. But commerce, agriculture, and generally the arts of industry, are in a low condition. The Spaniards, proud and brave, are indolent and unenterprising. The finances of the country are in a wretched state, and the government is badly administered. The land is overrun with priests, beggars, and friars, the last being only a species of legalized or spiritual beggars. The ecclesiastics of all classes, including monks and nuns, number about 200,000! No less than 32,000 are confined in cloisters. The clergy are described by nearly all travelers as the most powerful body in Spain, and are said to be "rich, ignorant, and dissolute." They control education, and give tone and character to the great mass of the people. They retain a strong hold especially upon the poorer classes, to many of whom they distribute from the monasteries daily food and alms. But they take vastly more than they give; and the entire army of monks and friars, blue, black, and gray, lead a life of indolence and luxury.

> "I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain
> To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
> But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
> So happy a man as the barefooted friar.
>
> He's expected at noon, and no wight, ere he comes,
> May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
> For the best of the cheer, and the seat at the fire,
> Is the undenied right of the barefooted friar."

Every person in Spain, however poor, pays something to the Church, and what with bulls, indulgences, marriages, absolutions, and christenings, a vast amount of money goes into the capacious pockets of the Catholic clergy.

A Bull-Fight.

While Spain abounds with cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, some of them absolutely blazing with gems and gold, it has not over *one thousand schools* for the education of a population of twelve millions! A member of the *Cortes* in 1839 asserted that all Spain numbered not more than nine hundred schools in all, at which rate not less than 13,333 Spaniards must resort to a single school! Nominally there are still eight universities, once richly endowed, and numerously attended, but during the changes and revolutions of the country they have been stripped of their endowments, and reduced in their character. The army numbers not less than a hundred thousand, though the navy is nothing, and the public debt is increasing every year. Freedom and industry, religion (pure and undefiled) and enterprise, go hand in hand, but Spain is nearly destitute of all these, and thence, to use a homely but expressive phrase, is completely "run down at the heel." It is a poor, proud country, without life, energy, or progress.

It is well known that Spain has long been the favorite seat of the Roman Catholic faith. Out of Italy, with the single exception, perhaps, of Ireland, no country has been more devoted to the interests of the papal church. The Inquisition was maintained here for ages, in all the plenitude of its power, and rigor of administration. It was introduced, or rather it attained its highest vigor, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. According to Llorente, no fewer than 13,000 individuals, accused of heresy, were publicly burned by the different tribunals of Castile and Aragon; and 191,413, accused of the same offense, suffered other punishments in the brief space between the establishment of the modern Inquisition in 1481 and 1518, only two years after the death of Ferdinand; since which time the number of victims have been vastly greater. By rack, sword, and fagot, it extinguished the Protestant Reformation; and not only so, but checked the progress of philosophy and learning. Indeed, it was the deadly foe of every thing like free inquiry, and many a great, many a good man perished, on the simple ground of constructive heresy. The *autos da fé* of Spain have excited the horror of the civilized world.

"Then, in Religion's sacred name,
A holocaust of souls was reared;
Red like a furnace glowed the flame,
Black like the night the heavens appeared;
The furies triumphed, and the kingly crown
Shone o'er a bigot's glare, a tyrant's frown.

First on the heap in fury cast,
Perished the *Book* divinely fair—

Perished the lore of ages past:
Life's light went out with science there.
Whelmed in the fiery blast, the blast of hell,
Souls, Bibles, libraries, together fell.

Behold the pageants' vast array,
Pavilions, banners, floating free;
Cowls, miters, eager for their prey,
Princess, and prelate, and grandee:—
The ancient cities all their throngs emit,
And high on thrones presiding monarchs sit.

They come with music, trump and drum,
With solemn pomp, and thundering zeal;
With fagot, stake, and torch they come—
With strangling cord, and flashing steel,
To see how far o'er weakness, fear, and pain,
Faith's mighty power her votaries can sustain."

The intolerance and bigotry of Spain are somewhat abated. The Inquisition has been destroyed, though the spirit of the Inquisition yet lingers there, and some progress has been made toward the attainment of religious freedom. Still, Spain must be yet pronounced one of the most superstitious, priest-ridden, and intolerant countries in Europe.

Many of the *cities* and *public buildings* of Spain are quite splendid. Madrid, the capital, stands in the center of the kingdom, in the midst of a high barren plain, surrounded by mountains. It has something over two hundred thousand inhabitants, and presents a fine appearance. Its squares, churches, palaces, bridges, are elegant and imposing. The houses are generally of brick, built around inner courts, with frequent fountains and gardens.

Twenty-two miles to the northwest of the city is the Escurial, half-palace and half-monastery, perhaps the most sumptuous and magnificent in the world. "It is situated," says Abbot, "among the wild, somber scenery of the old Castilian mountains, about twenty-two miles from Madrid. This enormous palace, seven hundred and forty feet in length, by five hundred and eighty feet in breadth, was reared by Philip II., in the middle of the sixteenth century, at an expense of about fifty millions of dollars. Philip, austere, gloomy, fanatical, selected this wild and gloomy fastness as the site of his palace, and reared the regal mansion in the form of a gridiron, in commemoration of the instrument of martyrdom of St. Lawrence. The embellishments of more modern kings, and the luxuriant foliage of trees and shrubbery, have now invested even this uncouth order of architecture with a kind of venerable beauty. Four towers at the angles represent the legs of the gridiron.

The Spanish description of this structure forms a large quarto volume. It is stated that there are eleven thousand doors. This may be an exaggeration, and yet the enormous edifice, with its cupola, its domes, its towers, its chapel, library, painting gallery, and college, mausoleum, cloisters, regal saloons, apartments for domestics and artisans, its parks, gardens, walks, and fountains, constitute almost a city by itself. A statue of St. Lawrence is over the grand entrance, with a gilt gridiron in his hand.

Spacious reservoirs, constructed upon the neighboring mountains, collect the water conveyed by aqueducts, to supply ninety-two fountains. A very beautiful road, about a mile in length, fringed with lofty elms and lindens, is the avenue to this magnificent palace; and a subterranean corridor of equal length, arched with stone, connects the edifice with the neighboring village.

Underneath the building is the subterranean chamber called the Pantheon, the burying-place of the royal family. It is a very magnificent apartment, circular in its form, thirty-six feet in diameter, its walls incrusted with the most beautiful and highly polished marble. Here repose the moldering remains of the Spanish monarchs, whose bodies lie in marble tombs, one above the other. A long arched stairway, lined with polished marble, beautifully veined, conducts to the mausoleum, far below the surface of the earth. A magnificent chandelier, suspended from the ceiling, lighted upon extraordinary occasions, sheds brilliance upon this grand yet gloomy mansion of the dead. The labor of many years was devoted to the construction of this sepulcher.

For nearly three hundred years the domes and towers of this monument of Spanish grandeur and superstition have withstood the storms which have swept the summer and wrecked the winter's sky. Many generations of kings, with their accumulated throng of courtiers, have, like ocean tides, ebbed and flowed through these halls. But now the Escurial is but the memorial of the past, neglected and forgotten. Two hundred monks, like the spirits of the dead ages, creep noiselessly through its cloisters, and the pensive melody of their matins and vespers floats mournfully through their deserted halls. Here have been witnessed scenes of revelry and scenes of fanaticism—the spirit of sincere thought, misguided piety, and the spirit of reckless and heaven-defying crime, such as few earthly abodes have ever exhibited. The fountains still throw up their beautiful jets, but the haughty cavaliers, and the high-born maidens and dames who once thronged them, have disappeared, and the pensive friar, in sackcloth and hempen girdle, sits in solitude upon the moss-grown stone. The blaze of illuminations once gleamed from those windows and cor-

ridors, and night was turned to day as songs and dances resounded through hall, and bower, and grove. Now midnight comes with midnight silence, and solitude and gloom; and naught is to be seen but here and there the glimmer of some faint taper from the cell where some penitent monk keeps his painful vigils. The jewelry and the flaunting robes of fashion, and the merry peals which have ushered in the bridal party, have passed away, and now the convent bell but calls the world-renouncing, joyless hearts to the hour of prayer, or tolls the knell, as, in the shades of night, the remains of some departed brother are borne, with twinkling torches and funeral chants, to their burial. And yet how many are there, weary of the world, with crushed hearts and dead hopes, who would gladly find, in these dim cloisters, a refuge from the storms of life! Here soon, beneath this marble canopy, the body of the helpless Isabella will molder to the dust. May God grant that when the trumpet of the archangel shall awake her from the long sleep of the grave, she may arise to sit on a more exalted throne, and to wear a brighter crown than mortal mind hath ever conceived."

The principal manufacturing city of Spain is *Barcelona*, on the shores of the Mediterranean; but perhaps the most beautiful and attractive of all its cities, with the exception of Granada, is the capital of Andalusia, "the fair Seville," charmingly situated on the Guadalquivir, in the midst of a plain covered with olive and orange groves, hamlets, villages, and convents. Its principal charm, in addition to the deep verdure of the trees, and the balmy purity of the atmosphere, consists in the Moorish aspect of the place, with its narrow streets, airy mansions, cool fountains, innumerable windows, and grotesque, but beautiful ornaments. Like Madrid, Seville is a gay, giddy place. Balls, masques, and revels abound. Morals are at a low ebb. "In Seville," says Inglis, "it is almost a derision to a married woman to have no *cortejo* (gallant), and a jest against a *Señorita* not to have her *amante* (lover). Indeed, the gallantries of the latter are not unfrequently carried as far as the intrigues of the former."

> "The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
> Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
> Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds,
> Nor here war's clarion, but love's rebeck sounds;
> Here Folly still his votaries enthralls,
> And young-eyed lewdness walks her midnight rounds:
> Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
> Still to the last dark Vice clings to the tottering walls.'

Granada, the favorite city of the Moors, situated at the junc-

tion of the rivers Darro and Xenil, with its crenated walls, terraced gardens, stone bridges, domes, minarets, shining steeples, gushing fountains, and especially its ancient and magnificent Alhambra, has excited the high admiration of every traveler. It once contained half a million of Mohammedans, and is still a large and populous city. The Alhambra (the Red), though an irregular structure, is one of the most gorgeous in the world. Its vast colonnades, spacious courts and arcades, its splendid halls, golden saloons, alcoves, fountains, and mosaic pavements, are the wonder of every visitor. It seems more the work of giants and fairies than of human beings. No wonder the Moors loved it, as their chosen capital, or that they mourn its loss to the present day. They esteem it a terrestrial paradise, and every Friday, even now, offer prayers for its recovery.

Spanish Costume in the Sixteenth Century.

As to the *people of Spain*, there are four distinct races: first, the Spaniards proper, who form the bulk of the population; secondly, the Basques (about 500,000), descended from the ancient Cantabrians, and occupying the Navarre and Basque provinces; thirdly, the Morescos, descendants of the Moors, about 60,000 of whom still reside in Granada and the Alpujarras; and lastly, the

Gitanos, or gipsys, probably, like the rest of their brethren who wander over Europe, descendants of some Asiatic, perhaps Hindoo race, though in Spain not strolling from place to place as in England, but generally pursuing some fixed occupation in towns. The Spaniards are of middle size, of ordinary stature, rather thin, with olive complexions, dark hair, and black eyes. The women are generally of middle or low stature, gracefully formed, with expressive looks, aquiline noses, full, dark, piercing eyes, and complexions varying from the ruddy glow of Northern Europe to the deep olive of the Moors.

Stately, formal, and polite, indolent also, and, for the most part, deliberate, the Spaniards, when aroused, are passionate and revengeful. The peasantry are especially indolent. "I have heard a peasant," says Col. Napier, "refuse to run an errand, because he had that morning earned enough already to serve him for the day." Proud, arrogant, and vain, are terms which foreigners apply to the whole nation indiscriminately. Yet they have fine elements of character, after all, as their history and literature abundantly prove. Their language is sonorous and beautiful, and their literary works, especially in the department of poetry, romance, and particularly the drama, rich and various. Cervantes and Calderon have a world-wide reputation. Imaginative and aspiring, they suffer from the want of high stimulus. Science has never prospered in Spain. In the departments of political economy, jurisprudence, and mechanical invention, they are more than a hundred years behind the times. The aristocracy of the country make high pretensions. A Hidalgo, *the son* of *somebody*, though poor and ignorant, regards himself a person of high consequence. *Grandees* and *beggars* are about equally numerous.

Gambling, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting may be called the national amusements, though dancing may be said to be the universal favorite. The bolero and the fandango are the common dances, the bolero being a more graceful and decorous mode of dancing the fandango, which is a wild and even licentious exercise. Such is the passion for the bolero, that, it has been affirmed, if it should be struck up in courts and churches, the very judges and clergy could not refrain from joining in the general tarantula excitement. The bull-fights, which are derived from the Romans, are often dedicated to the Apostles St. John and St. James, or the Virgin, the favorite deity, or rather goddess, of the Spanish worship. Discouraged by government, this savage amusement is constantly indulged in. Monday, in Madrid, during the season of bull-fights, is a kind of holiday; every body looks forward to the enjoyment of the afternoon, and all the conversation is about *los*

toros. The intense interest which they feel in the spectacle is visible throughout the whole, and often loudly expressed; an astounding shout always accompanies a critical moment; whether it be a bull or a man that is in danger, their joy is excessive; but their greatest sympathy is given to the feats of the bull. If the picador receives the bull gallantly, and forces him to retreat; or if the matador courageously faces and wounds the bull, they applaud those acts of science and valor; but if the bull overthrow the horse and his rider, or if the matador miss his aim, and the bull seems ready to gore him, their delight knows no bounds. Blood, wounds, gore, the panting and exhausted animals, often treading on their own entrails, offer a strange attraction to these semi-barbarous multitudes, composed not of the dregs of society, but of the polished circles of Madrid. Even delicate females gloat their eyes upon the savage spectacle.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANCE.

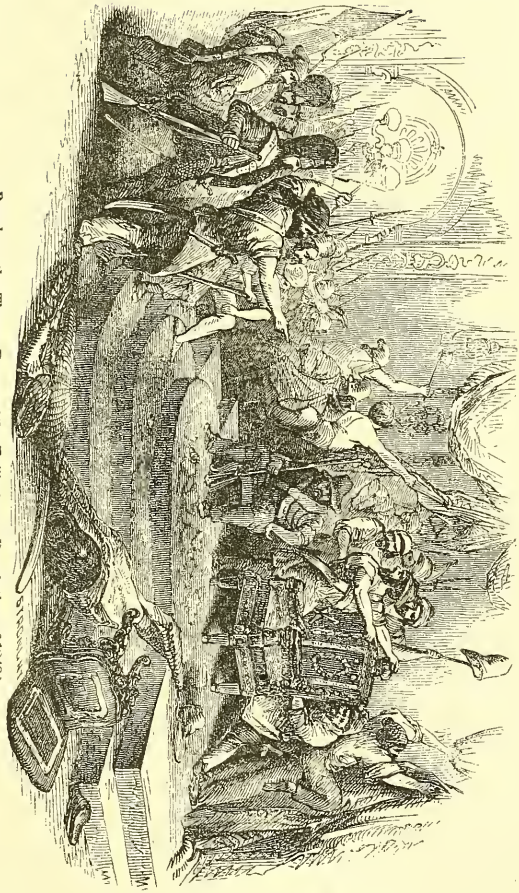
Crossing the Pyrenees, in whose deep valleys, and on the sides of whose lofty mountains, clothed with verdure and trees, are frequent scenes of beauty and grandeur, and whose inhabitants, chiefly shepherds, are a poor but industrious race, we reach the south of "sunny France," and find that in this part of the country, at least, the appellation is appropriate. The atmosphere is delicious, and all around us are vineyards and olive-groves, with their deep verdure and cheerful aspect. Portions of the country are not particularly fertile, especially toward the coast of the Mediterranean; though others are peculiarly rich and beautiful. Ascending the Rhone to Avignon, and thence to Lyons, we begin to have some conception of the great extent and productiveness of the French vine lands. Indeed, wine may be regarded as the staple article of French commerce. Every where, on hill-side and in valley, vineyards greet the eye, laden with their purple fruitage. Groves of mulberry are also abundant, as also fruit-trees of every description, particularly the rich and productive olive. At Lyons, filled with factories of various kinds, the click of the loom may be heard in almost every house, while the stores are filled with every variety of manufactured articles, especially in the line of jewelry.

As we pass along, and come to the center of the country, we see many tokens of thrift and industry, though the peasantry seem poor, and their villages (for they are generally gathered into villages, while the country around, though cultivated, appears almost without inhabitants) are far from having the quiet and picturesque aspect of the rural villages of England. The land is divided and subdivided into small farms, but the fine old homesteads and comfortable farm-houses of England, or of the United States, are entirely wanting. The chateaux, too, as a general thing, are marvelously plain, and often desolate-looking buildings. As a whole, the country is not distinguished for beautiful scenery; though patches here and there, with their orchards and clustering vines, have an attractive and cheerful look. The roads in France, and the accommodations for travelers, are good, and the people whom one meets upon the thoroughfares polite and obliging—especially if they expect money from you.

But we are approaching Paris, the environs of which are certainly attractive; and now the fair and far-famed city, the center and focus of life, gayety, politics, and revolutions to the whole country, admits us within its massive walls. As we glide along the banks of the Seine, a dull stream, but finely adorned with trees, superb buildings, and shady walks; pass through the Champs Elysées, the gardens and palace of the Tuilleries, with their rich adornments, the Place Vendome, where rises the imposing bronze monument of Napoleon; get a glimpse, at a distance, of the old cathedral of Notre Dame; gaze with wonder on the "pillared glory" of the Madeleine, and linger a few moments on the Boulevards, lined with gay crowds and carriages, we begin to gain some idea of the magnificence of the French capital.

What scenes of grandeur and folly, of gay triumph and bloody horror, have been enacted here! What chances and changes, what intrigues and revolutions, have formed the strange drama of her history! And even now what singular contrasts are visible in Paris, and what terrible portents of future, and, it may be, appalling revolutions! Gay as a festival, as if to-morrow would be as this day and much more abundant, and yet beneath her feet the smoldering fires of a social volcano. Smiling, dancing, singing, shouting, carousing, and yet but a few days ago baptized in blood, and to-morrow, perhaps, to be plunged in anarchy and crime!

"Beautiful Paris! morning star of nations!
The Lucifer of cities! Lifting high
The beacon-blaze of young Democracy!
Medina and Gomorrah both in one.
Luxurious, godless, groveling, soaring Paris;



People in the Throne-Room of the Tuileries. (Revolution of 1848.)

Laden with intellect, and yet not wise;
Metropolis of satire and lampoon,
Of wit, of elegance, of mirth, of song,
And fearful tragedies done, day by day,
Which put our hair on end, in the open streets;
The busy hive of awful memories;
The potent arbiter of popular will;
The great electric center, whence the shocks
Of pulsing freedom vibrate through the world.
Beautiful Paris!"

Undoubtedly France is *a great nation.* It has a population of about thirty-five millions; as a whole, active, energetic, and intelligent, though crushed and decimated every now and then by revolutions, yet surprisingly elastic and vivacious, capable, as we doubt not, of all high enterprise and generous attainment. Situated in the center of Europe, with a sufficiently fertile country, fine rivers, and an extensive sea-coast, studded with good harbors and large commercial cities, a language plastic and elegant, spoken by myriads of the human family, and a literature rich and various, extensive manufactures and a prosperous commerce, France may lay claim to high honor, as one of the leading powers of Europe. And yet France is in danger of becoming "a by-word and a proverb" in the civilized world. Despotic, and yet republican, crushing under the hoof of military power freedom of thought and freedom of the press, she shouts pæans for liberty, and yet takes the most effectual means of extinguishing it forever. Reeling to and fro like a drunken man, now assisting at the services of religion, and then plunging into the mad orgies of folly and crime, France seems destined to perpetual and wasting change. Reform with her is nothing, revolution every thing. The bayonet settles every question. Brute force determines the destiny of the State. The Socialists even, who cry out *liberty, fraternity,* and *equality,* long to imbrue their hands in their brothers' blood! One of these days they will surely see their folly.

France has *superstition* enough, but little or no *faith.* She has bishops and archbishops, legates and cardinals; she has nuns and monks, Franciscans and Jesuits, Dominicans and Trappists; she has amulets and charms, relics and crosses, processions and masses, indulgences and penances, but no lofty and vital faith, and, consequently, no permanent peace, no abiding love, order, and harmony.* Gay, giddy, fickle, and licentious, "lovers of pleasure

* We speak here of the nation generally. To all such statements there are, of course, exceptions. The dominant religion in France is Catholic, under the authority of fourteen archbishops and sixty-six bishops. There are

more than lovers of God," her people know not what they want, and thence restless as demons, haunted by fear and passion, they madly plunge into all sorts of schemes and revolutions. France, though externally Catholic, is infidel at heart, and thus without God, must be without high virtue and patriotism. There are exceptions, doubtless, among her citizens. Many are sighing for a purer faith. Some, both among Catholics and Protestants, are praying for a better order of things. Nay, some, with high and patriotic aspirations, are working night and day for its realization. But alas! the great mass of the nation, we fear, are godless and prayerless, and long for a liberty which is indulgence, a freedom which is vice.

Of course pure republicanism cannot live in such a state of things. The name, indeed, may remain, but the thing itself is gone. Louis XIV., in the palmy days of the empire, called himself *The State!* And what was Napoleon, in the end, but the State? And what was the Directory—what Danton, Mirabeau, or Robespierre, when they had the power? And what does the present Napoleon long to be, but the State? Yes, they have a Republic, but it may prove a despotism nevertheless, and excite the contempt of the surrounding nations. But we scarcely expect even the name to remain, so long as France continues infidel and heartless. We hope, indeed, for a better day. France, we trust, will get tired of her skepticism, as she will suffer for her vice; and the time may come when a rational and orderly freedom, based upon piety and virtue, will dawn upon her weary millions.

France has a standing army of between 400,000 and 500,000, and a public debt of more than five thousand million francs! She owns many fine universities, with learned professors, and a fair system of common-school education, but it does not work well, and, indeed, as has been shrewdly remarked, may be styled "much ado about nothing." Myriads of her people can neither read nor write. Her *literature* is rich and various, but sadly tainted by skepticism and licentiousness. The favorite authors are Montaigne, Voltaire, and Rousseau. Eugene Sue, Balzac, and George Sand (Madame Dudevant), licentious, not simply in detail, but in principle, are exceedingly popular with the people. But to France belong the eloquent Bossuet, the devout Fenelon, and the profound Pascal. Few countries are richer in historical works. Michaud, Barante, Thierry, Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Sismondi,

about four millions of Protestants (nominally such), about one million of whom are Lutherans; the others, mostly, are Reformists. These are supported by the State.

Chateaubriand, Michelet, Quinet, and others have labored, with success, in this interesting field. In poetry and the drama, and in polite literature generally, France is inferior only to Great Britain. Corneille, Racine, Molière, Voltaire, Dumas, Béranger, Lamartine, and many others, have covered her with unfading laurels. In science France is peculiarly distinguished. Des Cartes, Pascal, La Place, Cuvier, and Leverrier rank with the Boyles, the Newtons, and Herschels of other lands. In speculative philosophy, too, particularly in the history of metaphysical science, France has taken a high rank. Her Des Carteses, Arnaulds, Pascals, Degerandos, Jouffroys, Damirons, Ballanches, and Cousins have interwoven their names with the entire history of speculative science.

And yet, somehow, France, practically, has gained but little by all her efforts in science and speculation. The crudest and wildest theories are propounded to her people. Schools the absurdest and most impracticable are formed; and France, thus far, seems to be without any just system of mental or moral philosophy, and above all, without any just system of religion and morals. Rousseau and Voltaire are the demi-gods of the popular thought and the popular literature; whence the universal prevalence of skepticism, levity, and licentiousness.

The French are, perhaps, the vainest and the politest people on the face of the earth. Lively and graceful in all their movements and conversation, they abound in gallantry and wit. Brave, moreover, and sometimes generous, they exhibit occasionally noble traits. But their boundless vanity, levity, and love of pleasure produce disastrous consequences. Their pleasures seem perpetually bordering upon vice; their gayety and merriment are ever gliding into folly and crime. In this respect we find a striking similarity in their history. With some modifications, perhaps improvements, they are much the same people that they were in the days of Louis XIV. On this point, we make the following extracts from "Bulwer's France," a work which sheds a vivid light upon the virtues and the vices of the French people. "The letter of a Sicilian gentleman gives the following description of Paris in the time of Louis XIV.: 'It is no exaggeration,' says he, 'to remark that Paris is one vast hotel. You see every where *cafés, estaminets,* taverns, and the frequenters of taverns. The kitchens smoke at all times; and at all times eating is going on. The luxury of Paris is something extraordinary and enormous—its wealth would enrich three cities. On all sides you are surrounded by rich and splendid shops, where every thing is sold that you don't want, as well as every thing that you require. All would wish to live splendidly, and the poorest gentleman, jealous of his neigh-

bor, would live as well as he does. Ribbons, looking-glasses, are things without which the French could not live. Fashion is the veritable demon of the nation; one sex is as vain and desirous of pleasure as the other; and if the women never stir without a mirror, the men may be seen arranging and combing their wigs publicly in the streets. There is not a people so imperious and audacious as these Parisians; they are proud of their very fickleness, and say that they are the only persons in the world who can break their promises with honor. In vain you look for modesty, wisdom, persons who have nothing to do (a Sicilian is speaking), or men who have grown old. But if you do not find wisdom, modesty, or old age, you find obsequiousness, gallantry, and politeness. Go into a shop, and you are cajoled into buying a thousand things you never dreamt of, before you obtain the article you want. The manner of the higher classes is something charming—there are masters who teach civility, and a pretty girl the other day offered to sell me *compliments*. The women dote upon little dogs. They command their husbands, and obey nobody. They dress with grace. We see them at all hours, and they dote on conversation. As to love—they love, and listen to their lovers without much difficulty—but they never love long, and they never love enough. I have not seen a jealous husband, or a man who thinks himself unhappy or dishonored because his wife is unfaithful.

"'During the 'Careme,' the people go in the morning to a sermon, in the evening to a comedy, with equal zeal and devotion. The abbés are in great number, and the usual resource of ladies in affliction. The young men are perpetually in the racket-court; the old men pass their time at cards, at dice, and in talking over the news of the day. The Tuileries are the resort of the idle, and those who wish, without taking any trouble about it, to be amused. It is there that you laugh, joke, make love, talk of what is doing in the city, of what is doing in the army; decide, criticise, dispute, deceive. Chocolate, tea, and coffee are very much in vogue, but coffee is preferred to either tea or chocolate; it is thought a remedy for low spirits. A lady learnt, the other day, that her husband had been killed in battle: 'Ah, unhappy that I am!' said she; 'quick, bring me a cup of coffee!' The inhabitants of Paris are lodged upon the sides of the bridges, and even upon the tops and tiles of the houses. Although it does not rain often, you can't help walking in the mud, for all the filth of the town is thrown out into the streets, which it is impossible for the magistrates, however strict, to keep clean. The ladies never go out but on mules; the gentlemen walk in large high boots. The hackney-

coaches are old, battered, and covered with mud; the horses which draw them have no flesh on their bones. The coachmen are brutal; they have a voice so hoarse and so terrible, that no sooner is the rattling machine in movement, than you imagine all the furies at work in giving to Paris the sounds of the infernal regions.'

"Such was Paris above a century ago; let any one reflect upon the immense changes that have taken place since that time. Let any one reflect that we have had since then, Law, Voltaire, Rousseau, the orgies and bankruptcy of the Regent, the reign of Louis XV., the decapitation of Louis XVI., the wars and terrors of the Republic, the tyranny of the Empire, the long struggle of the Restoration; let any reflect that since then have been born the doctrines of equality and liberty, which will probably change the destinies of the world; let any one, I say, reflect upon all this, and tell me, as he reads the passage I have cited, whether the resemblance is not striking between the past and the present? whether, in looking at Paris under Louis Philippe (*we might add, under Louis Napoleon*), he cannot trace all the main features of its picture taken during the time of Louis XIV.?

"Paris is certainly altered; the ladies no longer ride on mules, nor do gentlemen arrange their head-dress in the public streets. The shop-keepers have lost their extraordinary civility, the 'noblesse' have lost the exquisite polish of their ancient manners; there are no longer masters to teach you civility, nor young ladies who will sell you compliments. The Parisians, under a serious government, are not so frivolous as of yore; the vanity then confined to the toilet and the drawing-room, has taken a prouder flight, and prances on the 'Champs de Mars,' or harangues in the Chambre des Députés. The passions are the same, but a new machine works them into a different shape, and produces another manufacture from the same materials. We see the change that other laws and other ideas produce, and the popular spirit which has elevated the character of the people has civilized the hackney-coaches, widened the streets, and saved two hundred per annum of his majesty's subjects. We see what new ideas and new laws have changed, but we see also how much new ideas and laws have left unaltered. The wish to outvie, the desire to please, the fondness for decoration, the easy transition from one passion and one pursuit to another, the *amour propre*, the fickleness of the Parisian, are still as visible as they were under the 'Grand Monarque,' while, alas! the morals of society (if I may venture to say so) even yet remind you of the saying of Montesquieu, 'that the Frenchman never speaks of his wife, for fear of speaking before those who know more about her than he does!'

"I have said that the Parisian is almost as fickle as he was— * * * *

"*Du reste*, Paris might still pass for a vast hotel. There are eight hundred 'cafés' and one thousand 'restaurants,' and here you are served on silver, amid gilding, and painting, and glass, while the 'garçon' who says, '*Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?*' presents a '*carte*' with upward of two hundred articles; and, lo! there are still 'cafés' and 'estamenets,' taverns, and the frequenters of taverns, and it is at night, as you see these places brilliant with light, filled with guests, surrounded with loungers, that you catch the character of Paris, such as it is, such as it was a century ago. * * In this city there are one hundred and ninety-two places of public amusement—of amusement for the people, without counting the innumerable 'ginguettes' at the barriers, where the populace usually hold their Sunday revels. To those who are fond of facts, the manners of Paris may be thus described:—

"There are twenty thousand persons every night at the theaters; five public libraries are constantly full, and one hundred cabinets de lecture (reading-rooms). You will find about an equal number of celebrated dancing-masters and of celebrated teachers of mathematics, and the municipality pays *one-third more for its fêtes than it does for its religion.*

"A passion for enjoyment, a contempt for life without pleasure, a want of religion and morality, fill the gambling-house, the Morgue, and the 'Enfans Trouvés' (places for foundlings).*

* * * * *

"Paris has in the year (on an average of twenty years) but one hundred and twenty-six days tolerably fine.

"But what may not be said of these one hundred and twenty-six days? They contain the history of France. The sun shines—and behold that important personage who has so frequently decided the destiny of Paris! See him in his black and besmeared 'blouse,' his paper cap, and his green apron; there he is on the quais, on the Boulevards, on the Palais Royal—wherever Paris is more essentially Paris, there he is, laughing, running, shouting, idling, eating. There he is, at the fête, at the funeral, at the

* Mr. Bulwer says, in another place (p. 52, Paris Ed.)—"The hospitals of the 'Enfans Trouvés,' which, under their present regulations, are nothing less than a human sacrifice to sensual indulgence, remove the only check that, in a country without religion, can exist to illicit intercourse. There is, then, far more libertinage in France than in any other civilized country in Europe."

bridal, at the burial, above all, at the revolution. Mark as he cries—'*Vive la France! Vive la liberté!*' and he rushes on the bayonet, he jumps upon the cannon, he laughs at death, he fears nothing but a shower of rain, and was ever found invincible until Marshal Lobau appeared against him with a water-engine. (He is not extinguished yet—the last revolution was his work.) Such is 'the gamin' of Paris, who, in common with the gods, enjoys the privilege of perpetual youth. Young at the 'League,' young at the 'Fronde,' young at 1789, young in 1830 (young at 1848), always young, and always first when there is a frolic or adventure, for the character of the Parisian is the character of youth, gay, careless, brave, at all ages; he is more than ever gay, and careless, and brave when he is young. Such is the 'gamin' of Paris; and in spite of his follies and his fickleness, there is something in the rags darkened by gunpowder, in the garment torn by the sword and pierced by the ball, that a foreigner respects. But who is that young man fantastically attired, a buffoon at the carnival, a jockey at the race-course—the beloved of prostitutes and parasites, gorged with the gluttony of pleasure, besmeared with the dirt of brothels and debauch? * * *

"But let us turn from these windows where you see the light and music, and champagne, and tumult, to yon dim and learned square, overshadowed by the Sorbonne. There, opposite the miserable building, there is a small, but clean and neat 'restaurant.' Enter between three and four o'clock, and take your seat at one of the small tables, the greater number of which are already occupied. To your right there is a pale young man; his long hair, falling loosely over his face, gives an additional wildness to the eye, which has caught a mysterious light from the midnight vigil; his clothes are clean and threadbare, his coat too short at the wrists, his trowsers too short at the legs; his cravat, of a rusty black, and vaguely confining two immense shirt-collars, leaves his thin and angular neck almost entirely exposed. To your left is the native of the South, pale and swarthy; his long black locks, parted from his forehead, descend upon his shoulders, his lip is fringed with a slight 'moustache,' and the semblance of a beard gives to his meditative countenance an antique and apostolic cast. Ranged round the room, with their meager portions of meat and bread, their pale decanter of water before them, sit *the students,* whom a youth of poverty and privation is preparing for a life of energy or science. With them is the future: but where is the past? Come with me, reader—it is our last pilgrimage—come with me to that spot (Père la Chaise) where, unhallowed as the flame that gleams above corruption, an unnatural gayety lives

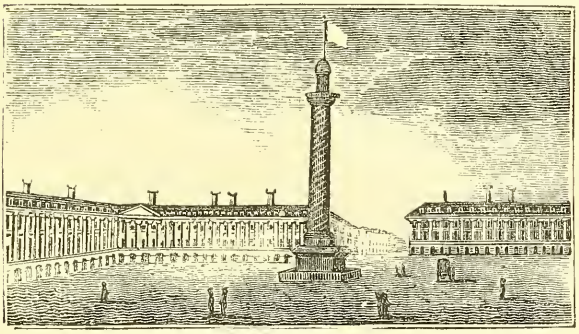
among the dead; come with me to those tombs fantastically arranged, where a frivolous affection miserably displays itself in hanging an artificial garland, bought at the gate for two 'sous,' upon the tomb of the lover who was adored! There lie Abelard and Heloise, the monk and his mistress; how many thoughts, customs, doctrines, chances, changes, revolutions, in that sepulcher! * * There is Massena, general of the Empire—Foy, statesman of the Restoration; for yonder cemetery, opened only twenty years ago, already contains two dynasties. But pass through the crowd of pyramids, obelisks, mounds, columns, that surround you on either side; turn from the tombs that are yet fresh, and look down from yonder elevation on the monuments that mingle ages! What a mass of history is there! Behold the ruins of that palace, built for the modern King of Rome! behold the statue of St. Louis, the statue of Bonaparte! Look for the site of the temple of Jupiter, for the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, for the apartment of Danton, the palace of Richelieu!

"Let your imagination darken that river (the Seine) by the overshadowing gloom of the wood, sacred to the weird mysteries of Druidical superstition; lead through the narrow streets of yonder isle the gay procession of Bacchus and of Ceres; people the city that I see with the flitting and intermingling figures of cowled monks and steel-armed warriors; paint the tumults of the League, the massacre of St. Bartholomew; paint Charles with the fatal arquebuse in his hand, at yonder window, and the Seine red and tumid with Protestant blood; behold the parliament, stiff and somber, marching on foot to the Palais Cardinal in deliverance of Broussel, and the town distracted with the fêtes, and the duels, and the ambition, and the quarrels of the gay and noble cavaliers of that courtly and gallant time! And now see the stalls of the Rue Quincampoix, miserable exhibition of the degraded chivalry of France; and, lo! Mirabeau in the tribune, Lafayette on his white horse in the Champ de Mars; Napoleon returning from Egypt, and walking to the Institute; the Grande Armée, drawn up on the Place du Carrousel; the Cossacks, encamped on the Champs-Elysées; the Garde Royale flying from the Louvre, and the Garde Nationale reviewing on the Boulevards!"

(We continue the strange drama, as it were comedy and tragedy mingled together.) For what see we once more? Louis Philippe, "the citizen King," driven from his palace by a handful of rioters, the throne burnt in the street, and the rabble shouting "*Vive la Liberté! Vive la République!*" France revolutionized—Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, controlling the popular will; the Provisional Government formed—the Provisional Government

contemned! Brother fighting with brother, patriot with patriot, in the streets of Paris! Cavaignac appointed Dictator—Cavaignac rejected! The Republic proclaimed, and Louis Napoleon, nephew of "Napoleon le Grand," charlatan and hero, elected President! And, lo! strangest sight of all, the "République" devouring itself, and preparing the way for—we know not what!

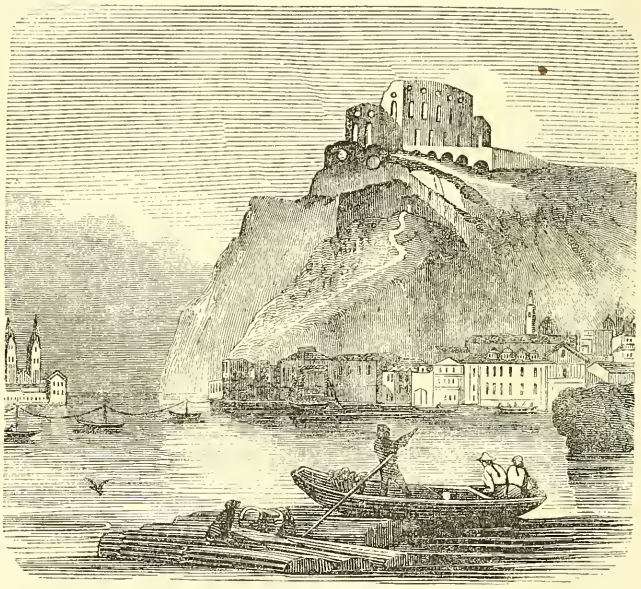
Still it must be confessed that France, while losing much, has gained something by her revolutions, and that is, *experience*. Reform, we trust, will follow. With her high endowments and ample facilities, she ought to advance in the career of social and moral improvement. The people, it is said, are tired of negations. They are beginning to be disgusted with their atheism; many long for order, purity, and repose. Whether, therefore, the Republic be continued or not, we trust a true and rational freedom will be the gainer in the end.



Place Vendome, Paris.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GERMANY.



Ehrenbreitstein.

Before entering Germany proper, we will take a rapid glimpse of *Holland* and *Belgium*. We can pass, by diligence or otherwise, from Paris to Cologne, on the Rhine, and thence descend to the low but highly cultivated country which the industrious Dutch have reclaimed from the sea. The whole region is flat and low, the greater portion of it lying beneath the level of the sea. Ascending one of the steeples of Amsterdam, or Rotterdam, famous old cities, rich in industry and commercial wealth, the eye ranges over a sea or lake like plain, intersected by dikes and canals, deep-green meadows with browsing cattle, cities, towns, villages, and detached houses, many of them "bosomed

low mid tufted trees." Innumerable boats and vessels are gliding along the canals, or lying among the wharves of the busy cities, giving to the scene a peculiar animation, which greatly relieves what would otherwise be a wearisome monotony. One of the most striking things in Holland is the enormous dikes erected along the coast, built chiefly of clay, with other materials to keep them together, about thirty feet high, and seventy feet wide at the bottom, and employing more men annually than all the corn of Holland can maintain.

The houses and other buildings in the principal cities, and indeed throughout the country, are built upon piles, many of them of wood, gayly painted with divers colors. Amsterdam, the capital, is one of the principal cities of Europe, and has no less than 280 bridges, and a population of 200,000 souls. Rotterdam, with its lofty houses and projecting stories, most of them built of very small bricks, has a population of 66,000, and is justly proud of the beautiful bronze statue erected to the memory of their learned townsman, the celebrated Erasmus. Leyden, upon the Rhine, is the seat of a famous university, whose scholars are among the first in the world.

Holland is essentially a *maritime* country, and at one time ruled the commerce of the seas. Its commerce is yet quite extensive, though diminished by competition with the English and others. The people, proverbially *solid* and slow, are distinguished for industry, talent, and enterprise. Their houses and furniture are neat and clean. Every article of domestic use, the bricks upon the floor, and the tiles around the stove, shine with burnished beauty. The whole country is well supplied with schools and churches. The religion is Protestant, and though originally Calvinistic, has been much modified by the teachings of the celebrated Arminius. Somewhat formal and intolerant, it yet contains the great elements of truth and duty. Skating and dancing are the popular amusements. Smoking and beer-drinking are nearly universal. The Hollanders, however, are staid and sober, fond of home and domestic quiet. Their dress is quaint and "massive," though the higher classes follow French fashions.

Proverbially cold and dull as we deem the inhabitants of Holland, they are not without refinement and enthusiasm. Their *literature* is ample, and, to some extent, elegant. Some of their poets have exhibited high genius and refinement. The Dutch tongue, jaw-breaking as it seems, has been molded into forms of ideal beauty and harmony. The "Summer Morning Song" of Tollens has a fine lyric glow. It commences in the following strain:

"Up, sleeper! dreamer, up! for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
The dew-drops shine on floweret bells—
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows."

"The Nightingale," by Loots, would do honor to Campbell or Moore.

"Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along!
Love-sick warbler! come and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song!
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long lingering tries—
Or, a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies!"

Holland is celebrated for the cultivation of flowers, especially of tulips, which are an article of commerce. A singular "tulip mania raged throughout this country in the middle of the seventeenth century, turning the brain of almost every man, woman, and child among the otherwise sober-minded and plodding Dutch. All industry gave way to speculation in tulips. The mania increased rapidly; prices went up higher every day; vast fortunes were invested, and Holland became a huge tulip-garden. One author wrote a folio volume of a thousand pages on the subject! A single bulb, of the species called *viceroy*, was sold for a silver drinking-cup, a suit of clothes, a complete bed, a thousand pounds of cheese, two tons of butter, four tuns of beer, two hogsheads of wine, twelve fat sheep, eight fat swine, four fat oxen, four lasts of rye, and two lasts of wheat, all valued at 2500 florins. Tulip marts were established in all the cities. Tulip stock was quoted on the exchange like bank stock, and tulip-jobbers every where speculated in the rise and fall. 'Every body,' says Mackay, 'imagined that the passion for tulips would last forever, and that the wealthy from every part of the world would send to Holland, and pay whatever prices were asked for them. Nobles, citizens, farmers, mechanics, seamen, footmen, maid-servants, even chimney-sweeps and old clothes women, dabbled in tulips. People of all grades converted their property into cash, and invested it in flowers. Houses and lands were offered for sale at ruinously low prices, or assigned in payment of bargains made at the tulip mart. Foreigners became smitten with the same frenzy, and money poured into Holland from all directions. The prices of the neces-

saries of life rose again by degrees; houses and lands, horses and carriages, and luxuries of every sort, rose in value with them, and for some months Holland seemed the very ante-chamber of Plutus.' The mania, however, came to an end. The folly ceased. Prices fell. Confidence fled. Defaults of payment grew common. The bulbs remained, but without value. The cry of distress was heard every where. A few had become rich, the many impoverished. Original obscurity settled down upon the temporarily fortunate, and beggary, with its train of demoralization, covered the land. Such was the tulip mania, and its consequences."

To the south of Holland, on the Scheldt and the Maese, lies the kingdom of *Belgium*, which, though Catholic, is becoming more and more liberal under its enlightened statesmen and sensible monarch. The Catholic clergy, indeed, have violently opposed all reform, and endeavored to keep the people in ignorance and subjection, but the liberal party have obtained the victory. Belgium is famous for its manufactures, especially of linen and woolen. Brussels, Antwerp, and Bruges, contain some fine old buildings, and many rich paintings, from the pencils of Rubens and Vandyke, of whom their countrymen are justly proud. The amusements are similar to those of Holland, modified by an infusion of the French spirit. The great Flemish *kermes*, or *fairs*, anciently subservient to commerce, still exist as festivals, at which there is a striking display of grotesque humor, such as we see depicted in the old Flemish paintings.

But we will ascend the *Rhine*, a commonplace river enough for some distance, though full of life and animation, from its extensive commerce, but becoming more and more attractive as you penetrate into the heart of the country. Indeed, the Rhine, "the glorious Rhine," as they fondly call it, is the great favorite of the Germans. It reminds one of the Connecticut, passing "in glory and in joy" amid its green hills and vales, with here and there high rocks, mountains, and forests. All that the Connecticut wants to make it an exact counterpart of the Rhine is a deeper channel, and on its rocky banks, or green acclivities, at short intervals, an abbey, a castle, or a castled wall, covered with the hoary memories of the Middle Ages. Owing to this, and things of a similar character, the Rhine possesses a peculiar charm. Its vine-covered banks and castled crags every where are invested with the glories of poetry and romance.

"A blending of all beauties: streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

We leave Cologne behind us, with its time-worn cathedral, and pass by the craggy Drachenfels, or Dragon Rock, whose precipices shoot up from the river, crowned with an antique ruin, so finely described by Byron:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply towers
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers,
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine."

Not far from this is the ancient city of Bonn, with its well-known university, where the venerable William Schlegel, one of the greatest scholars of Germany, and the translator of Shakspeare into the German tongue, enjoys a green old age.

Gliding along, with the sheen of a soft autumnal day shining down upon us, and covering rock, tower, vineyard, and cottage with radiant glory, we reach Coblentz, near the junction of the Moselle and the Rhine, surrounded by a landscape of rare and varied beauty, and guarded by the lofty Ehrenbreitstein,

> "With her shattered wall
> Black with the miner's blast, upon her hight
> Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
> Rebounding idly on her strength did light
> A tower of victory, from whence the flight
> Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain."

From Coblentz, the steamer conveys us and her load of lively passengers, mostly Germans, and a sprinkling of Swiss, French, and English, some fifty miles or more, to Mayence, noticing many points of interest on our way, and especially the spot where Blücher crossed the Rhine with his army, on New year's night, 1814. It was from the hights above that the view of the Rhine first burst upon the Prussians, and drew forth one simultaneous and exulting cry of triumph. "To the Germans of every age," says one, "this great river has been the object of an affection and reverence scarcely inferior to that with which an Egyptian contemplates the Nile, or the Indian the Ganges. When these brave bands, having achieved the rescue of their native soil, came in sight of this its ancient landscape, the burden of a hundred songs, they knelt and shouted 'the *Rhine!* the *Rhine!*' as with the heart and voice of one man. They that were behind rushed on, hearing the cry, in expectation of another battle."

Mayence is an old fortified city, lying on the left bank of the Rhine, nearly opposite the junction of the Maine, famous for its ancient cathedral of the tenth century, the first archbishop of which, it is said, was Boniface, an Englishman, who, with eleven other monks of his countrymen, left his native land to preach the Gospel to the barbarous nations of Germany, converting in his mission more than a hundred thousand heathen, and becoming the apostle of Germany; but this city is famous especially as the cradle of the art of printing. In one of the squares may be seen the superb bronze statue, by Thorswalden, of Guttemberg, or more properly, John Gensfleisch (*Gooseflesh*), the discoverer or inventor of movable types.

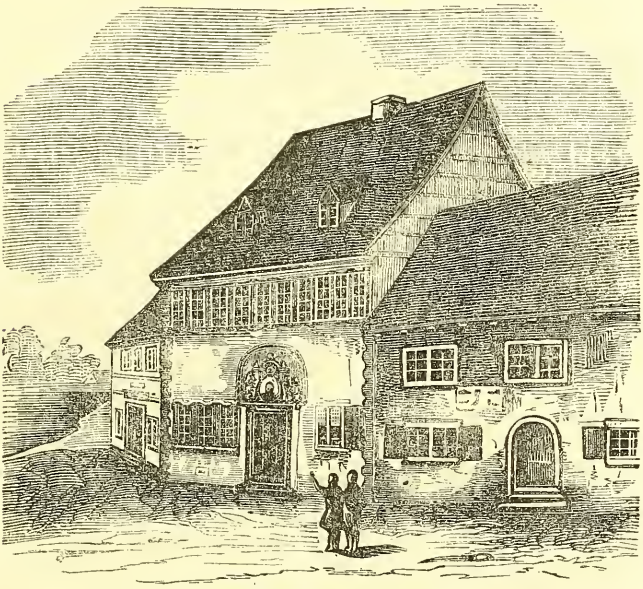
We will not at present ascend the Rhine further. We should like to visit Manheim, and, across the country to the right, the beautiful Heidelberg, on the banks of the Neckar, from which, coming back to the Rhine again, we might visit Strasburg and

Basle, and thence penetrate into the mountains of Switzerland. But this we may do by-and-by. In the mean while we will cross the river from Mayence (or Mentz, as it was anciently spelt), by a bridge of boats, and thence, by a short railroad, gain the free city of Frankfort, famous for its fairs and diets, and peculiarly renowned as the birth-place of the poet Goethe. The house where he was born still stands, and in one of the city halls, I think near the banks of the Maine, he may be seen in marble, a majestic old man, in a sitting posture. Here, also, they show Luther's shoes, hard and solid, "in which," they say, "the immortal Reformer walked to the Diet of Worms, bidding calm defiance to all the kings, priests, and devils of Christendom. In Frankfort, also, we may visit the "Ariadne" of the gentle and enthusiastic Dannecker, one of the best sculptors in Germany, whose Christ, combining in a remarkable degree the human and the divine, is world-renowned. The model, we believe, is in one of the churches of Stuttgard, on the Neckar, but the statue itself is in St. Petersburg. Dannecker was a true German, simple and etherial, with a soul all aglow with devotion. He believed himself inspired by a divine afflatus to form his statue of the Christ. When he presented a rude clay model to a child, though it had none of the usual accompaniments, the glory, or the crown of thorns, the child instantly exclaimed, "*The Redeemer!*" The inscription on the pedestal gives the idea which the artist wished to embody in this remarkable statue: *Through me to the Father.*

But we take the *Schnellpost* (the fast *mail-coach*, though rather slow than fast) to Leipsic, passing part of the way through the Thuringian forest; and not failing to visit Eisenach and Erfurt, connected as they are with the memory of Luther, and some of the most thrilling passages in German history. Near the village of Eisenach is a lofty conical hill, green to the top, and overlooking the verdant ranges of the Thuringian forest. This is the castle of Wartburg, in which Luther found refuge so long, and where he translated a part of the Holy Scriptures. In the castle are shown his room, his table, chair, and inkstand, and other interesting memorials of the glorious Reformer.

To understand German history and German character, one must understand Luther. The evidences of his genius and moral power meet you every where in her annals and literature. Indeed, Luther, to a great extent, is the genius of the Teutonic people, the real tutelar saint of the German *Vaterland*. His translation of the Bible, one of the best that was ever made, gave tone and character to the German tongue, and modified the whole character of the German people. In this same Eisenach, a few years ago,

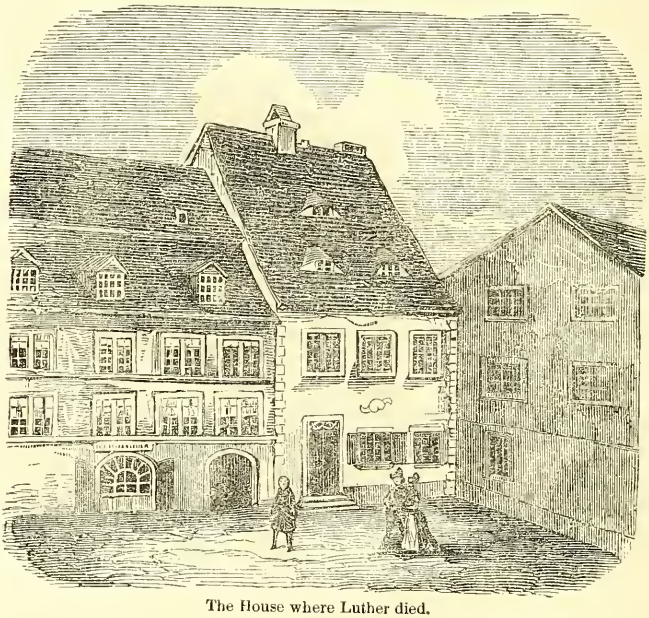
was celebrated the anniversary of Luther's birth. Thousands flocked from all parts of Germany, and some even from Switzerland, students, clergymen, and civilians. They marched through the streets of Eisenach, singing lofty hymns in honor of the great Reformer; they ascended the castle of Wartburg, joyfully inspecting the memorials of his sojourn there, pronounced eulogies on his memory, and exhorted one another to maintain the honor of their fatherland.



House where Luther was born.

At Erfurt may be seen, in the church of the Augustines, the altar at which Luther said mass when a German priest, and in the neighboring convent the cell where he wrote and prayed, and found peace in believing; and the long corridor through which he used to walk, meditating on things divine, after he had found an unexpected copy of the Scriptures. A brave, energetic man was Luther, full of faith and divine energy, occasionally violent and impulsive, and, like other great men, not without errors and failings, but honest, earnest, hearty, jovial even at times, and mas-

ter of a homely but soul-thrilling eloquence. At Wittemberg they show his singing-book (Gesang-Buch), for he was fond of music, and not only made it, but sung it with all his heart; and besides this, his capacious beer-cup, in which he drowned his honest thirst, and pledged his friends, Jonas, Cruciger, and Melancthon, the Elector of Saxony, and others whom he dearly loved. A true *German*, that is, as the word originally denotes, a *heroic*, or *fighting man*, with his great burly figure, bright eye and generous heart, which never quailed in the cause of truth and duty.



The House where Luther died.

As we pass along, Weimar, capital of the grand duchy of Saxe Weimar, detains us, at least for a few hours, for here lived Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, and hither came all the wits and great men of Germany, to salute these famous poets and scholars. Here also are the graves of Goethe and Schiller, and, we believe, of Wieland, poets of the highest order, who have stamped their genius upon their native land. Goethe was cold, indeed, perhaps skeptical and selfish, yet a wonderful man, an artist and a thinker of commanding power and exquisite polish. Our favorite, however,

is Schiller, the noble-hearted, the generous, the heroic "poet-man."

But time presses, and we are wandering through the streets of Leipsic, a large, busy city, surrounded by a magnificent promenade, adorned with trees, fountains, and statuary, and famous for its printing-presses, books, and fairs. Never was such a book-making, book-reading people as the Germans. Their fecundity in this line is enormous. But books are types of civilization, and in this respect the Germans may be regarded as the most enlightened people in the world. Inferior to the Americans in enterprise, and to the English in practical affairs, they are superior to them both in learning. England, indeed, has gone before Germany in science, and in certain departments of literature; for Germany has no Newton, no Shakspeare or Milton; but in solid learning, in the knowledge of languages, in profound and elaborate philosophical, historical, and philological research, Germany has no superior. It is true, the German thinkers, Kant, Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, have fallen into the grossest extravagances. Their very subtilty runs into wild and dangerous speculations; as if, somehow, the German mind was constitutionally misty and transcendental, as if "it were too much even for itself!" After all, the Germans are wonderful thinkers, wonderful writers, and wonderful readers, as their books, on Leipsic book-shelves, or at Leipsic fairs, "thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa," abundantly testify. Their grand difficulty, however, lies in the want of practical good sense. The notions and theories of some of their greatest and best men are visionary and absurd, and alas! have nearly blotted out the very idea of God, of Christ, and of heaven from the hearts of thousands. Hence it has become a sort of proverb, that "the English have the empire of the sea, the French of the earth, and the Germans of the air!" Upon this point one of their own number has testified as follows:

"Many of the learned men in Germany are, indeed, distinguished for their attainments in literature and science, but in general only in *philology*, *history*, *pathology*, and other branches of *medical science*, *jurisprudence*, *mineralogy*, and *metallurgy*; while in nearly all other scientific branches, the learned men of other European countries rival, and, in some points, far excel them. This deficiency is chiefly owing to the unlucky tendency to bibliolatry (book-idolatry) which much prevails among the German scholars. They are more or less filled with the wrong idea, that all and every knowledge may be acquired from books. There are, indeed, many sciences which must be learned chiefly from printed books; but, in addition to study, the open book of practical life is

indispensable to the attainment of a *sound judgment*. About eighty years ago it became fashionable to babble after the manner of atheistical philosophers of the Voltaire school, and since that time not only rationalism sprung up in the province of theology, but also other theories and hypotheses of the most nonsensical kind were brought forward in Germany. Thus, for instance, one scholar, named Ballenstädt, pretended that the human race had sprung from a primitive slime or mud, that had been quickened by electric flashes and thunder-claps; another, of the name of Wagner, has, by a profound study in his closet, discovered that our globe is an animal, whose sweat presents itself in the evaporation of the waters, whilst its circulation of the blood makes itself known by the tide! Even in recent times, several German rationalists harbor the opinion, that man is properly nothing else but a *monkey fully developed*, and has descended either from the orang-outang in Borneo, or from the Boggo (Pan Africanus) in Guinea! * * * How far the construction of philosophical systems in Germany has gone may be inferred from the fact, that M. Michelet, professor of philosophy in the University of Berlin, boldly maintains in his works and lectures the following proposition:—'what we call God, is nothing else but human culture in its highest potency!'"

It is said that the sublime just borders on the ridiculous; in the same way, one might conclude, from the aberrations of the German philosophy, that the profound lies on the very brink of the absurd.

But we must not leave Leipsic without visiting Schiller's cottage, for he long lived in the immediate vicinity, just beyond the city walls, in a charming retreat, of which we borrow the following description:

"Those who have resided for any time in Leipsic, will know how pleasant a walk it is to turn off from the public promenade, and, passing over the bridge at the head of Frankfurter Strasse, to go through the Rosenthals, to the little village of Gohlis. The Rosenthals is an extensive park, partly natural and partly artificial, covering the southwestern suburbs of the city. It consists simply of well-grown thrifty trees and level green-swards, with here and there openings in the wood to reveal a pleasant landscape, and now and then a rustic seat, to invite a moment's quiet repose. Thus, almost by a step, you are out of the bustling and dusty city, and breathing the pure and healthful atmosphere of nature. From the extent of the woods, the crowd which may enter it with you is soon scattered thinly over its face, and your thoughts need suffer no disturbance if, now and then, you should meet a company

of light-hearted students, pass by a bevy of whispering school-girls, or overtake a feeble white-haired valetudinarian, or even encounter the brown-cheeked forest-keeper himself, who, with his green frock and short carabine, strides with a swift and free pace through his leafy domain. Here the birds, unterrified by the shot of the hunter, hold their continual revelry; and here, for the first time, I heard the nightingale sing. Its tone is full and sound, and as clear as the undulating echo of a silver bell. It has considerable variety, but its chief chord is a sort of protracted melancholy peep, which, heard in the haze of the twilight when the bird commences to sing, hightens and falls in with that tender and meditative vein, usually induced upon us at this peaceful hour. After having traversed this pleasant wood, you reach a little bridge, by whose side stands an old mill through whose wheels the water rushes swiftly. A step beyond this is the village of Gohlis, and in a narrow lane of this village, a little removed from the road, stands a dwelling which goes by the name of 'Schiller's cottage.' It is so modest, so humble, that it hardly seems to dare to look over the tall stone fence and lordly gate which modern respect and enthusiasm have erected before it. Its narrow face of rude mortar is covered with a creeping vine, and over two little windows which peep out from under the sharply slanting roof, catching the rays of the evening sun, are written the words 'Schiller's studs.' The gate itself bears this inscription:

'Here dwelt
Schiller,
and wrote his "Songs of Joy,"
in the year
1785.'

How simple and touching a moral is here! In poverty, in distress, in want of friends and bread, as yet unrenowned, as yet unpatronized by dukes, and solicited by kings, an exile, a stranger, 'here dwelt Schiller, and wrote his Songs of Joy.' Blessed be the spirit of poetry, which can thus change sorrow into rejoicing. Next to the glorious Hope, whose deep consolation 'passeth all understanding,' this spirit of ideal beauty and happiness, this inward power of investing the outward life and its changing circumstances with hues of light and joy, this is the best gift of God to man. O, let us not despise the poet. His mission is holy. He teaches us to see fresh beauty in the works and ways of God, to wear the fetters of care more lightly about us, and to find roses in the rockiest path that duty and affliction ever trod."

Leipsic has a celebrated university, the oldest in Germany, after

that of Prague, with some sixty professors, and from 1200 to 1400 students; but we have not time to examine it.

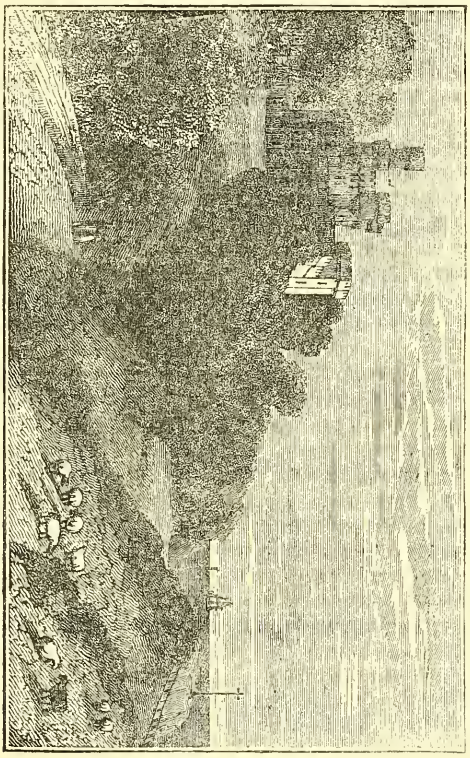
From Leipsic we journey, through a well-cultivated country, to Dresden, the capital of *Saxony*, well known for the beauty of its situation, the elegance of its buildings, and the richness of its picture-galleries, all open to the inspection of the public.. Dresden was named by Herder "the German Florence," and it well deserves the title. It is the residence of many men of learning and talent, among whom are the poets Tieck and Tiedge, the physiologist Carus, the artist Retzch, who has illustrated Goethe's Faust, Vogel, and other artists. The King of Saxony is a Catholic, but the people are Protestants, and, upon the whole, enjoy much substantial happiness. In the public gardens and rural retreats in and around the city, thousands of the people, on a summer evening, may be seen, some sitting, others standing, others strolling, others again dancing, and others amusing themselves in various ways under the branches of the green trees.

Leaving Saxony, famous for its beautiful sheep, elegant manufactures, and general intelligence, we pursue our way, through the heart of Germany, in the direction of Berlin, the capital of *Prussia.*

Upon the whole, Germany may be described as a charming country, though somewhat level and monotonous in the central and northern parts. The south is the most picturesque and beautiful, especially along the banks of the Rhine, the Neckar, and the Moselle. Saxon Switzerland is spoken of as peculiarly delightful, from the bold and picturesque variety of the scenery. Forests, though gradually diminishing in extent by the demand for wood, here and there darken, while they beautify, the landscape. The Hartz Mountains are famous in song and story. But the country generally is not as attractive as England; much of it is rather arid and level. Agriculture is in a fair condition. But one misses the pretty cottages and farm-houses of England or of the United States. The peasantry, and even the landlords, live huddled together, in villages or cities. The fields are divided off by trees or other fences into regular squares, or at least with a great appearance of uniformity. The roads, however, are pleasantly lined with fruit and forest trees, and many of the villages have a quiet beauty.

The most peculiar and attractive feature in the external aspect of Germany is the presence, here and there, in town and country, of mediæval and other ancient architecture. The hoary past is blended with the youthful present. Old castles cover the slopes of vine-clad hills. Venerable abbeys and magnificent cathedrals,

high-roofed houses and castellated walls, mingle with green trees and smiling meadows. Many of the cities have a peculiarly antique and romantic air. Their high walls, Gothic churches, rook-haunted belfries, carved fountains, and decorated town-halls, are "redolent" of ancient memories. Thus, Strasburg, though belonging to France, yet a German city, boasts her lofty and ex-



Mediæval Castle.

quisitely graceful cathedral, with its wonderful clock, visited by thousands every day of the year, particularly at 12 A. M., when the brazen cock on the top crows three times, loud and clear, in memory of St. Peter's denial of his Master. Enter Heidelberg, and while you are struck with the extreme beauty of its situation, lying as it does in the fair valley of the Neckar, and guarded by

wood-crowned hills on which the sunshine sleeps lovingly, you are attracted chiefly by the old Ducal Castle, whose frowning battlements overlook the city from their leafy retreat on the sides of the mountain. Erfurt and Eisenach, Eisleben and Wittemberg, Worms and Wurtzburg, all contain monuments, not only of the Middle Ages, but of the times of the Reformation. Every where, graves, monuments, and churches remind us of the stormy times of "long, long ago." The city of Nuremberg is, for this reason, one of the most interesting in Germany. Its whole aspect belongs to the Middle Ages. Nothing can be conceived more quaint, curious, and poetical. It brings back the days of the ancient burghers, of the guilds and corporations, the Meistersingers and Minnesingers of a bygone era. Hence the beauty and force of Longfellow's admirable description:

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, across broad meadow-lands,
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round thee throng;
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy Castle, time-defying, centuries old.
And thy grave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.
In the court-yard of the Castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Lunigunde's hand.
On the square the oriel window, where, in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
Every where I see around me rise the wondrous works of art,
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture, standing in the common mart;
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops, carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles of our own.

* * * *

Here, where art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art.
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiled he still with busy hand;
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.
'Emigrant' is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:
Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies.

* * * *

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of old the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic rhymes.

* * * * *

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the twelve wise masters, in huge folios sung and laughed:
But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschmann's song,
As the old man, gray and dovelike, with his great beard white and long."

Wittemberg is full of the reminiscences of Luther, Melancthon, and their friends the Elector of Saxony, and Lucas Cranach the painter; but Nuremberg every where calls to mind Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs, the greatest of the Master-singers. Though the son of a tailor, and by trade a cobbler, Hans Sachs created an era in German poetry, so that even Goethe acknowledges his obligations to the poet craftsman. Adam Puschmann, his friend and contemporary, in a song upon his death, describes him as seen in a vision on Christmas eve. "In the midst of the garden stood a fair summer-house, wherein there was a hall paved with marble, with beautiful escutcheons, and figures bold and daring; and round about the hall were windows, through which were seen the fruits of the garden without, and in the middle a round table, covered with green silk, whereat sat an old man, gray and white, and like a dove, and he had a great beard, and read in a great book, with golden clasps."

But we are forgetting ourselves, for we are wandering, not in Southern, but in Northern Germany; and yonder, in a wide plain, stands *Berlin*, the capital of Prussia, a large and handsome city, differing in no essential particulars from other large Continental cities, and forming a great center for learning, politics, and pleasure. It has a population of about 300,000, a considerable portion of whom are military; a large and well-endowed university, with many learned professors, among whom are Schelling, Neander (just deceased), Hengstenberg, and others, with some eighteen hundred students; six royal gymnasiums or high schools, with innumerable inferior academies and common schools; a military seminary with 350 pupils; an orphan asylum with 1200 children, 700 of whom are boarded out of doors; forty bridges over the Spree, thirty-five churches, innumerable "gin palaces," and a registered company (of several thousand) licensed prostitutes!

Pass around among the streets and squares, visit the public buildings, and particularly the royal palace, the museum, the opera-house, the royal library, the theaters, the royal academy, the gates and gardens, and you will be struck with the fact that the city is under the domination of military government. Every where, almost, soldiers are stationed with gun and bayonet, to preserve order and keep the peace. Yet the government cannot be called a despotism, and the King of Prussia, though guilty of great indiscretions, cannot be styled a tyrant. The taxes in Prussia, and in Germany generally, are low—lower even than in the United States. The people are well educated, ample provision being made for the instruction of the whole community, and all the citizens being compelled to send their children to the common

schools. The royal family lives upon its private patrimony, descended through a long line of ancestors, and does not cost the nation a single penny. His majesty of Prussia is considered, by those who know him, to be a kind, prudent, well-informed man,

Charge of Troops at Berlin.

and, in his way, sincerely desiring the welfare of his people. Why, then, the prevailing discontent and restlessness of the nation, especially of the common people? Why the recent revolu-

tion, crushed by the hoof of military power? Why the banishment of some, the imprisonment of others, and the execution of others? And why, finally, this universal display of cannon and soldiery? Simply this—that the government is narrow, timid, and jealous, and the people poor and crowded. They imagine, somehow, that a republic would cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and fill at once their stomachs and their pockets. The population of Germany has wonderfully increased within the last twenty-five years. Competition in agriculture and trade has also increased; money is scarce, and consequently thousands of the common people are all but starving. Kings and rulers there, as elsewhere, are not over-wise, and perhaps think more of their own comfort and security than of the welfare of the people. Hence exactions and executions on the one side, discontent and revolutions on the other.

But the cause of freedom has gained by the late revolutions, though the occasion of much public mischief and many mournful tragedies. A pretty liberal constitution has been conceded by the Prussian government, under which, if generously administered, the people may enjoy a high degree of rational freedom. Berlin, the scene of strife and blood, is now one of apparent peace and gayety; and if the citizens can only have enough to do and enough to eat, we presume they will be pretty quiet for years to come.

CHAPTER XIX.

GERMANY CONTINUED.

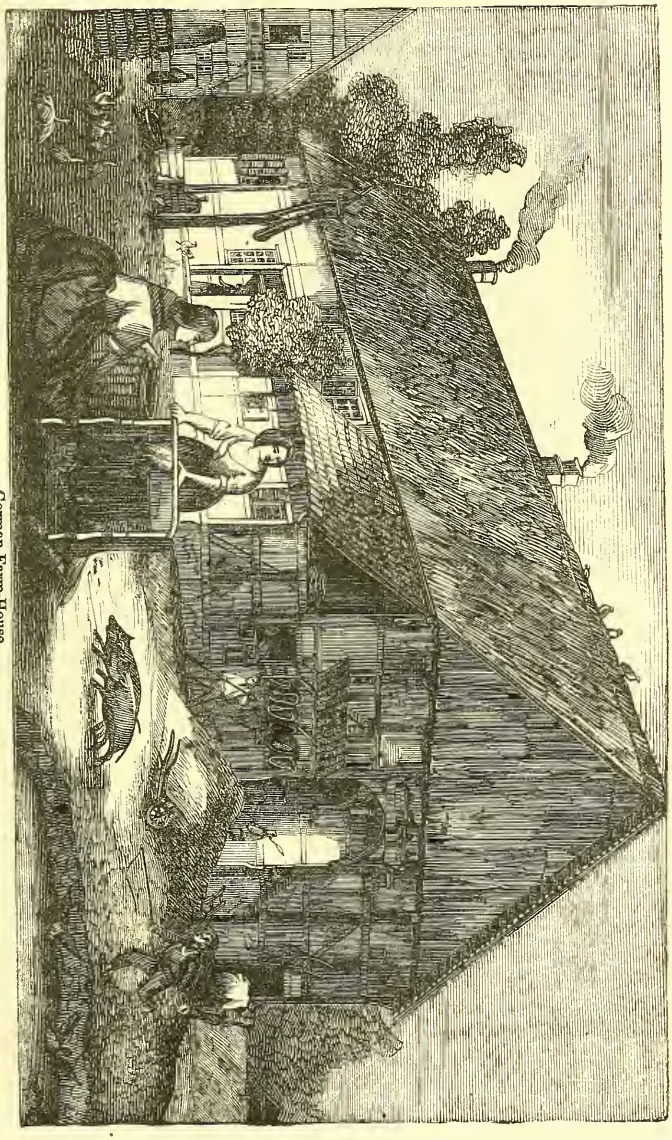
We have arrived at a point where we can say something of the general condition and characteristics of the German people. They number, in all, some forty-two millions, most of these being Germans proper, and about six or seven millions Slavonians, though these generally speak the German tongue. Belonging to different empires, duchies, and so forth, the principal of which are *Prussia, Austria, Saxony, Bavaria,* and *Wirtemberg,* and professing different religions—those in the South being mostly *Catholics,* those in the North *Protestants*—they differ somewhat from each other, yet have many traits in common. The following, from the

poet Tieck, though somewhat enthusiastic, and giving only the favorable aspects of the German character, marks some of the differences referred to, and is withal a pleasant piece of writing:

"I would defend against vulgar jeers and jibes the noble race of Austrians, who, in their fruitful land and enchanting hills, preserve unchanged their antique joyousness of heart; I would praise the warlike and pious Bavarians; paint the friendly, sensible, inventive Suabians, in the garden of their beautiful country; the animated, gay Franconians, in the romantic, varied scenery of their province, of which Bamberg was formerly the German Rome; the intelligent dwellers along the banks of the lordly Rhine; the brave, honest Hessians; the handsome Thuringians, whose forest-clad mountains still wear the character and aspect of knightly times; the low Germans, who resemble the true-hearted Hollander and the energetic Englishman: at every remarkable spot of the land of our fathers would I recall ancient histories. And thus did I think to wander amid all the hills and valleys of our noble country, once so flourishing and so great, watered by the Rhine and the Danube, and the stream of old traditions; guarded by lofty mountains, frowning castles, and by the brave German heart; garlanded with green meadows, the abode of love, and confidence, and single-mindedness."

The North of Germany differs much from the South—the former is more serious, more thoughtful, and, we think, more virtuous; the other more gay, vivacious, and pleasure-loving. The dwellers on "the lordly Rhine," the inhabitants of the free cities, such as Frankfort-on-the-Maine and Hamburg-on-the-Elbe, the citizens of Berlin, Bonn, Gottingen, Halle, Heidelberg, Leipsic, seats of great universities or centers of business, are the most energetic and enterprising. The peasantry generally are quiet and laborious, home-loving and peace-loving. Less intelligent than the dwellers in cities, they know little and care less for the great world around them.

The learned men of Germany, the great leaders of thought, as well as the most active politicians, are to be found in the North. Prussia stands highest in education, and in all the means and appliances both of common-school and university instruction. Berlin abounds with men of learning and genius, though Vienna is by no means destitute of these. Most of the distinguished universities are in the North. Books, printing-presses, and newspapers are found there in the greatest abundance. There also trade and commerce chiefly flourish. Poetry and the arts are cultivated every where—perhaps flourish most in the South, or rather in the middle region, though this might be disputed. The leading



German Farm-House.

political powers are Austria and Prussia, the one representing the Catholic, the other the Protestant interest. Prussia is compact, enlightened, and enterprising. Austria, composed of different states and peoples, held together only by the strong hand of military power, though larger in territory and population, is inferior in power and resources. What may be the effect of her recent connection with Russia, time only will reveal.

We have already spoken of the Germans as an honest, earnest, brave, and, generally speaking, *enlightened* people. They excel in the arts, in music, sculpture, and painting. Their literature is rich and various. Their commerce also is considerable, though decidedly inferior to that of England and the United States. They are distinguished for mechanical ingenuity, and their manufactures are extensive and various. Sociable and affectionate, they love pleasant gatherings, festivals, and merry-makings of every kind. They live as much as possible in the open air, and enjoy their pipe, beer, and friendly chat of an evening. Speculative rather than practical, they fall into all sorts of extravagant notions and errors. Religious in their way, many of them profoundly so, they cherish, too generally, a spirit of skepticism. The theories of their philosophers have descended among the common people, and the result is the prevalence of atheistic and "radical" notions. It seems to us, however, that they only need the right kind of moral and religious instruction to become an eminently pious, virtuous, and happy people—they are so genial, so earnest and cheerful. Truth is dear to them, often dearer than comfort and life. One thing, however, we observed with a painful interest when traveling in Germany, and that was the exceedingly slender attendance at church, whether Catholic or Protestant. A mere sprinkling of people would be seen at divine service in the morning, while hundreds were setting off for the fields and places of amusement; and in the afternoon towns and villages would almost empty themselves, and go forth, often to the sound of merry music, to amuse themselves in the country. Such a custom in England or the United States would indicate a total indifference to religious obligations, and would be followed by the most disastrous results. Doubtless this is the case in Germany also, yet, perhaps, owing to the difference of opinion and association of ideas, not to the extent which one might suppose.

Germany abounds in sports, feasts, and festivals. The following, from Mr. Howitt, who spent several years in the country, will give some idea of these:

"The working classes of Germany have not only their out-of-door life of labor, but of pleasure too. In town and country they

have their dances, balls, and concerts, which will come under the head of their social life; but in the country they have places of resort, often in common with the more educated classes, but where they alone dance in the open air, and their Kirchweghs or wakes are eagerly attended; and in the summer, are falling out pretty frequently within the circuit of a few miles, whither they resort in crowds.

"The Wolfsbrunnen, about a mile out of Heidelberg, is a place of great popular resort, and may be taken as a specimen of such places, which are to be found all over Germany. It is a little woody glen, running up into the hills from the valleys of the Neckar. The valley of the Neckar is surrounded with fine woody hills, the lower slopes of which are occupied in the national manner, with vineyards and corn-slopes, while along the banks of the river lie cottages and villages, with their gardens and orchards about them. A higher road from Heidelberg leads you along the mountain-side, a road said formerly to have been a favorite walk of Schiller's. It takes you past many cottages nestled in their orchards, in little sequestered hollows and green slopes, while above you are hights covered with woods, full of rocks, heath, and bilberry plants.

"The Wolfsbrunnen is a brunnen or spring, which is poured out into a fountain, and also with little streams from the hills, supplying a pond, clear as crystal, and various reservoirs for fish, where perhaps one of the most plentiful stocks of fine trout is to be seen in the world. Here tradition says that Jetta, a sorceress, was wont to live, and was torn to pieces by a wolf. You may imagine it, in old times, a dark and shaggy hollow enough for such inhabitants, and such a tragedy, but now it is all that is delightful. There is an inn built by the fountain. It is of wood, with outside galleries, so that spectators, on days of particular festivity, can stand in great numbers in them and witness what is going on below, as well as get a very sweet view across the valley of the Neckar. Trees overhang the house and fountain. The pond below is overhung with alders. Fine acacias, chestnuts, and other trees, render the whole scene bowery and silvan; and under them, and under sheds, stand tables and seats for parties, as in and about all such places, and all the country inns of Germany, and pretty much as in similar places and tea-gardens about London. Around rise lofty hills and solitary woods. On most days in summer, but especially on Sundays and holidays, people flock hither both from the town and the country. Groups are found sitting at the tables, under the trees and sheds, with wine, beer, and pipes, curds, coffee, and other refreshments. Some are stroll-

German Sports.

ing about the private walks in the woodlands; some are lying on the dry turf of the hill slopes; and others are looking in admiration at the fish and the fountain, the pools, or the little brook beyond.

"And surely to a fisher's eye never did a more transporting sight present itself. In the fountain itself you will sometimes see more trout, and such trouts! than you have seen in your life besides. In the depots, in the pool and brook, you see again hundreds of noble and beautiful fish floating about in the water, which is so clear that you see the whole pool, in a good light, at a glance, though some parts of it are deep. The first day that I walked there with my two elder boys, they were almost beside themselves with delight. The men were weighing out fish for some distant market. The fountain was filled with trout of six or eight pounds each, such as we had never seen in our lives, for there they are fed to this size. They were shoveled up in a hand-net from the fountain, as a man would shovel stones, weighed in a net hung on a post by the piazza, and were then conveyed in tubs to a cellar near, to be kept fresh for sending off. For half an hour or more, they kept weighing out these beautiful trout, which flounced about in the net in a manner which a fisherman would no doubt think very attractive, though to themselves not very agreeable. I saw them reckon up one lot in chalk on the post to more than a hundred weight, and the whole must have been several hundred weight.

"On Tuesday, the 12th of July, was one of their wakes or kirch-weghs, at the village adjoining, and it was of course a great day at the Brunnen. As we dressed in the morning, we saw crowds of people going out that way; young people in their best, and musicians with their books and instruments. In the evening we walked thither, and a gay scene it was. All along the way parties were going and coming. They were of all classes, but chiefly of those from the tradesmen and their families down to the working classes. All were well dressed; the young shopmen and mechanics, of course, imitating the students in dress and manner as much as possible; the young women very well dressed, but all without caps or bonnets, as is the universal custom of those of the ordinary class. They have generally very well-shaped heads of dark glossy hair, which is dressed in a very nice and graceful manner, and nothing can be more pleasing than their appearance, as they thus walk out into the country, having on nothing more than they wear in the house, except a shawl. Many of them are pretty, and all, from their simple and out-of-door habits, have a clear hue, and tone of health and glad-heartedness about them, which is a beauty itself.

"As we approached the Brunnen, we saw a dense crowd there. The sheds and tables were all occupied. There were groups of fierce-looking, whiskered, and smoking students; other groups of families, with their choppin or glass-measure of wine, and bread and butter, or cheese, and sundry cakes, enjoying themselves in quiet as they looked on the gayety around them. The upper outside galleries of the house were filled with gay spectators. Donkies were standing ready saddled for such as chose to hire them for the young women returning to the town, and music announced that dancing was going on near. This, we found, was in a large shed close to the inn. Several of the trout reservoirs were planked over to prevent people walking into them, and a throng of gazers surrounded the dancing scene. There was a sort of orchestra at one end, at which twenty couples were waltzing. It would have looked strange in England to see shop-boys and girls, nay, shoemakers' and tailors' apprentices, joiners, smiths, boots, or any body, waltzing with their smart-dressed girls in the shed at a country wake. It would want but this to put waltzing out of fashion with all the other classes of our countrymen. But Germany is the country of waltzing; the waltz is the universal and almost only dance of the people, and they could just as well live without tobacco as it. From the highest saloon in Vienna or Berlin, to the lowest shed in the village, or to the village green, round spin the Germans, and are as happy as if they were in Paradise; nay, what would Paradise be to them without a long pipe, a tall glass of beer, a smart girl, and a brisk waltz? The dancing, indeed, here, would not have disgraced a splendid saloon. The dancers were, for the most part, people under the middle size, and had nothing remarkable in their appearance; but some of the girls were very pretty, and this exercise gave an attractive glow to their naturally fresh cheeks. Here and there was a student in the circle, dancing with some pretty girl of Heidelberg; and we could not avoid being reminded of Goethe, as he describes himself in his life, mixing in such scenes at Frankfort, with the fair girl destined afterward to figure as Margaret in Faust. Indeed, what writer of Germany has so completely transferred to his works the popular life of his country as Goethe has? His descriptions, both of the country and its people, come before one continually with a delightful surprise.

"The dancing here was not carried to that pitch of mad velocity which you see in the popular cassinos of Vienna, especially at Sperls in the Leopoldstadt, or the Goldene Birne in the Londstrasse, where the same couples will often dance in an enormous saloon every tour from seven o'clock in the evening to two or

three in the morning, at the most amazing rate; in fact, whirling away like the figures in the hall of Eblis. Different parties here went in, danced moderately for a while, and then went out to the tables near, to rest and refresh. Among these dancers there were occasionally some who could not be seen without a smile. One little fellow especially, in a grayish coat, and with a mass of hair which completely hid his face, who waltzed in a way that would have made even Job in the midst of his potsherds laugh. He stuck out his left elbow, and held out his partner's right hand in the oddest manner, while he spun about like a penny-piece turned on a table, more than a man dancing with a young woman.

"We were told that the gayety would be kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning; and, in fact, we had evidence of it in numbers returning as late as that past our house in full chorus; but great numbers were retiring at the early hour of eight o'clock; and it was a beautiful sight to see them in their gay colors streaming along the road, which ran between the walnut and other fruit-trees, and between the standing corn, now brightening for the sickle. The students who had been dancing were now sauntering back in groups, and a number of handsome girls had also mounted the asses, and came galloping them past us, all laughter and fun. The whole scene was one that might have given a good lesson to the same class in our country on similar occasions. There was no drunkenness, no quarreling; but the Germans, famous in all ages for drinking, were gay with wine and youth, and yet steering off home in full, though cheerful decorum, to an early bed.

"These kirchweghs, or, as they are in many places corrupted to, kervies, or kermes, arrest your attention in every part of the country. As you approach a village, you see a tall pole, like our May-pole, erected in the center of the village, hung with garlands, and hear a hum of music, and the bustle of waltzing feet. The general features of a village during this merry-making I can give, from what we soon afterward witnessed on the other side of the Neckar, at the dorf of Ziegelhausen. A boat went up the river, with a band of musicians gayly playing, and all hung with banners and garlands. Wagon-loads of people, all singing together, were seen advancing on the opposite bank. The ferry-boats were all congregated opposite to the village, with garlands hung on poles at their prows, busy carrying over people. When we got across, we found the whole place alive. Parties were sitting in the orchards under the trees, drinking wine with their friends, and, of course, smoking. All the public houses had banners and garlands hanging out from their windows; their rooms, or temporary

booths, erected for the occasion, were decorated with festoons and garlands, and were filled with parties whirling away in their everlasting waltz. The street was filled with streams of promenaders, with here and there stalls of toys, gingerbread, &c., as in England at a wake—but how different in themselves!

"Though the same sort of attractions were provided for the children and feast-goers, yet every article was so totally foreign and queer. There were trumpets, and wooden horses, and rattles, and swords, and such like, but they would have made the children of England stare at their oddity. Some stalls were covered with drinking-glasses, stained of various bright colors, and with mottoes on them in gilt letters, as, Zum Andenken Freundschaft—a token of friendship; cups, and such things. The toys were very odd and very cheap; hussars on horseback, birds, dolls, &c.; not Dutch, as ours are, but German, and of a most primitive German air too. You had a gay toy for nine kreutzers, or threepence, which would have cost a shilling in England. But the gingerbread stalls would have amused our young folks the most. The gingerbread was all made up into heart-shapes, except a few pieces in the form of little pairs of shoes. These hearts of different sizes were painted of different colors, and ornamented with a sort of garland-work of some material, to imitate flowers, leaves, and gold. On every heart was printed a verse in German, more remarkable for the variety of the sentiments than for elegance or grammatical correctness. Most of these verses, of course, are expressive of love and friendship, and may be presented to young damsels very significantly.

"Every public house, at its kirchwegh, has its cheese-cakes, where people go to eat them to their wine; and in-doors and out, people are eating, drinking, dancing, playing, and all is music and merriment. Every private house, too, has its feast, its visitors, its merriment. The poorest then make a cake, if they do not make one through the year besides, and the people from the city walk out and fill the houses of their acquaintance, eat and drink with them, and then walk back to supper. Monday and Tuesday are feast days, but the great holiday is the Sunday. On Tuesday they bury the *wegh;* that is, all the garlands which had been hung up, with much shouting, and drinking, and singing, and then close the feast.

"But we must come to the great and prominent out-of-door life of Germany. It is not in riding, fishing, hunting, or in such public games as racing, cricketing, rowing, &c.; but in the enjoyment of walking, of public gardens, of coffee and wine-drinking in such places, and, above all, in open-air concerts. The enjoyment

of music and social pleasures in the open air, is the grand summer enjoyment of Germany. It is the universal passion from one end of the country to the other. It is the same in every village, in every town, in every capital. Public walks, public music, cafés and cassinos, coffee and wine-drinking, and smoking and knitting under trees, call out the whole population, high and low, great and small, old and young; and there does not seem a care from Berlin to Strasburg, from Cologne to Pesth. Nay, much as the French live out of doors, the Germans far excel them in this species of life. All their musical art is called forth, and their greatest masters are employed, to give a charm to this mode of social existence. Every means is adopted to give facility to the enjoyment of this taste. The heart of the Germans, too, is bound to the heart of nature with a deeper and holier feeling than that of the French. It is true that they have not that full, and perfect, and permanent country life that we have. The habits and institutions of their country do not allow it; but they have not the less love of nature than we have, nor do they enjoy it less in their way than we do. Nay, in some respects they enjoy it far more, for they have taken measures to bring the beauty of nature to their very doors, to introduce it into the suburbs and the very heart of their towns, and to unite it to all the charms of art and of social life.

"There is one advantage that their towns universally possess over ours; and that is, in the abundance of public walks, and public gardens and promenades, where every citizen can wander, or can sit and rejoice with his family and his friends. All round their towns, in general, you find these ample public walks and promenades planted with trees and furnished with seats. The old walls and ramparts, which formerly gave security to the inhabitants, are now converted into sources of their highest pleasures, being thus planted and seated, and made scenes of the gayest resort, and whence the finest views are obtained over the surrounding country. The suburbs and neighborhood of all large cities, again, are full of public gardens; with alleys and extensive woodland walks, where the people all summer flock out, and find refreshments at coffee-houses, and bands of music, presided over by the first masters in Germany. The cities being seldom very large, the people thus enjoy a sort of half city, half rural life, but refined and beautified with social and artistical influences, of which ours is too much stripped. The people have in the outskirts of their cities, their vineyards and their summer-houses in them, where they can go with their families and friends. But they have, again, their great public gardens and woodlands all round their

large towns, to ten or a dozen miles' distance. They have similar places of more rustic resort, often on the most beautiful mountain hights, and in mountain valleys, to which they pour out on all Sundays and leisure days, in carriages and by railroads, by thousands. Here they have wine, and curds, and often dinners. Here they even come with their families, taking whole troops of children with them; and there you find them in old orchards, amid castle ruins, under the trees, and, in short, through all the surrounding hills and valleys. They dine in great family groups —the men sitting often in their shirt-sleeves; the children rolling in the grass; and the landlords hurrying about, dealing out plates and viands to hungry people, in a broil of what seems hopeless hurry. They afterward smoke their pipes, drink their coffee, and go home at an early hour as happy as this earth can make them.

"In every country town and village it is the same. You can go into few, or none of the former, where you will not find public walks and gardens; and will not hear of charming places, some four, six, or ten miles distant, where all the world goes in the summer, in parties, to walk about, to drink coffee, or pic-nic in the woods, and so on. There is not a country inn in a pleasant place, but it has its orchard and its garden fitted up with seats and tables for this simple, rural festivity. There is not a ruin of a castle, or old jäger-house, where you do not find walks and seats, and every provision for popular enjoyment. Every where the Germans have seized on all those picturesque points and scenes of rural beauty which afford means of carrying out and cultivating this mingled love of nature and of social pleasure. You come upon seats in wild spots, where you would otherwise never have dreamed of many besides yourself coming, and there you are sure to find that before you lies a beautiful view.

"All royal gardens, too, are open, and the people walk in them, and stream around the palaces, passing, in many instances, through their very courts and gateways, just as if they were their own. Nay, the royal and ducal owners walk about among the people with as little ceremony as any of the rest. The Emperor of Austria, or the King of Prussia, does the very same. You may meet them any where; and little more ceremony is used toward them than is used toward any other individual, simply that of lifting your hat in passing, which is done to all your acquaintance, and is returned as a mark of ordinary salutation. You will see princes sitting in public places with their friends, with a cup of coffee, as unassumingly and as little stared at as any respectable citizen. You may sometimes see a grand-duke come into a country inn,

call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself.

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"The same open and general enjoyment of scenery extends to all other estates and gardens. The country houses of the nobility and gentry are surrounded on all sides with public and private walks. They have seldom any fences about any thing but their private gardens. The people go and walk every where, and never dream of trespassing, nor are ever told of such a thing. This is one of the great charms of this country. All woods, with the rare exception of a deer park, are thus entirely open and unfenced. You wander where you will, with the most perfect feeling of giving no offense. Here are no warning-boards, no threats of steel-traps or spring-guns. A wisp of straw stuck on a pole, the usual sign in Germany of warning, in vintage-time gives you notice that a private walk, which all the rest of the year is open, is then closed; or a wisp hung on the bough of a tree in the forest, tells you that the common people are not to cut boughs there, or that young trees are planted, and you are not to tread them down. Every where else, you go where you please, through woods, valleys, meadows, gardens, or fields; and while property is sacred to the possessor, nature is, as it should be, unrestrictedly yours, and every man's.

"In this blessed freedom, and with this simple and thorough life of nature and society, there is no country in the world where social and summer life are more enjoyed than in Germany. You are perpetually invited to join a party to a wood-stroll, to go to some lovely village in the hills or the forest, or to some old farm-house, where you get milk and coffee, and take bread with you, perhaps; where you find a *Tanz-boden*, or shed, where the young people can have a dance; where the old sit, and look on, and smoke, and talk, and knit. Or to some old mill, where you have the same accommodations; or to some inn, on an eminence overlooking a splendid country, as that of the Rhine or Danube, and where, on the terrace, the whole company will play at those simple games so much liked in Germany, as the black man, the blind cow, and others; where all, high and low, old and young, run and laugh, and are as merry as so many boys and girls.

"But it is in the capitals that this social out-of-door life is carried to the greatest extent, as well as to the highest pitch of perfection. The most celebrated bands, band-masters, and musical composers of Germany, are in daily requisition to give the highest impetus and enchantment to the popular enjoyment. Extensive gardens stretch on all hands, where cassinos rear their heads,

crescents and colonnades extend themselves, groves and bowery walks with numberless seats offer their friendly shade, fountains splash and sparkle with a graceful and soothing witchcraft, orchestras, in the shape of open pillared temples, stand aloft for the accommodation of musical bands, and throngs of the gayest people of the place make all lively, varied, and unceasingly attractive. At Münich, the English Garden, Tivoli, &c.; at Dresden, the Grosse Garten, the Linkische Bad; at Berlin, the Thier Garten, the Winter Garten, and all the neighboring resorts of Charlottehburg, of San Souci, of the Pfauen Insel, &c.; at Prague, the Baumgarten, the Feen and Färber Insel; at Vienna, the Volks-Garten, in the very heart of the Vorstadt, and in front of the imperial palace itself; the Prater, the Augarten, &c., with all the beautiful resorts of Schönbrunn, Hitzing, the mountain paradises of Baden, the Brühl, &c., &c.—where Strauss and Lanner, and other leaders, are perpetually performing with their bands during the summer evenings to eager thousands—bear testimony to the universality of this joyous and social out-of-door existence.

"There are no people on the face of the earth that all summer long enjoy themselves like the Germans in their gay capitals; but autumn approaches, and the great climacteric of the year is reached. The whole nation is astir. Not a man or woman can rest long. Every one must fly in quest of change, and pleasure, and health. The whole population is like one huge hive of bees at the point of swarming—there is one vast motion, buzz, and hum. Every soul must have his *Herbst-reise*, his autumn tour. He must visit the watering-places, and drink, and bathe. He must traverse the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube. He must climb the mountains of Switzerland, or the Tyrol. Steamers are every where loaded to sinking; inns are full to suffocation; and landlords stand shaking their heads, gabbling German, French, English, Italian, and Russian, and bowing away disconsolate travelers and dusty carriages from their doors. Railway trains are enormous in length; and a smoking and a talking are going on in them, that are astounding to the stranger. Baden, Baden-Baden, Wisbaden, all the Badens; Schlangen-Bad, Carlsbad, Wildbad, Alexisbad, all the Bads; Ems, Ischl, Bad-Gastein—every watering-place is full. Meeting in the early morning, and drinking of the sulphurous or effervescing water in the Kursaal, or holding a five-o'clock gossip in the warm general baths, men and women together; plunging into hot or cold baths in private, making drives to the neighboring castles and scenery; sitting for two hours at tables d'hôte; purchasing of nosegays and paying musicians; the parade, the splendid conversation-house, the ball, the reunion,

the gambling in an evening—and thus it goes at the watering-places.

"But every spot of the country which is attractive; every mountain district, every gay town, every fine stream, is alive with the ever-moving throng of pleasure-tourists. The hights and castles of the Rhine and Danube; the vales and defiles of the Saxon Switzerland; the romantic regions of the Saltzburg, the Noric and the Swabian Alps, the Franconian and Thuringian forests, in short, every spot of gayety or beauty receives the temporary hosts of these wanderers.

"The Germans travel comparatively little abroad. Some go to Rome, some to Paris, a very few to England; but through their own Fatherland they circulate like the life-blood in the living system, and as their enormous stretches of railway are completed, will do so more and more. And in truth, I can say from experience, that a more delightful mode of spending an autumn is to be found in no country.

"The Germans retain more of the picturesque and poetical in their festivals, both public and domestic, than we do. They are particularly fond of garlands on all such occasions. Their festive or triumphal arches are beautiful. Their dining-rooms are hung with festoons, and adorned with wreaths of flowers and green boughs, with great poetical feeling and elegance. The birth-days of their princes, or anniversaries of great days in their own lives, are celebrated often in picturesque situations. Sometimes within the court of a fine old ruin of a castle on one of their mountain hights, such as those above the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe, or the Neckar; and the walls and approaches are richly decorated with garlands and wreaths. Traces of such a festival we found in the court of Auerbach Castle, on the Bergstrasse, where the anniversary of the birth-day of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt had been kept. The rural rostrum of moss and stones yet remained, from which the army-chaplain had delivered an oration. The wreaths of oak-leaves on the walls, each of which inclosed the name and date of a battle in which the duke had been engaged—some of which, by-the-by, must have been fought against the Fatherland, under the banners of Napoleon—still hung there too.

"On private birth-days, such garlands are as much in use. Birth-days are kept more ceremoniously than with us. Your friends come in to congratulate you; and at dinner your health is drunk with a great touching of glasses. On the wall hangs a lyre, formed of wood or other material, covered with moss, and adorned with leaves and flowers. This is kept from year to year, many of

the flowers being everlastings. On the table, round its central ornament of sugar-work, a temple generally, with a figure or device bearing an appropriate sentiment, burn as many little wax-lights as the years at which the person has arrived. You see this love of the poetical carried into all occasions of social pleasure. In England, we read of wreaths and garlands, but seldom see them. In Germany, the bridal and the funeral garlands are still no fictions. The bride wears, and goes to church in the *Braut-kranz*, or bridal garland, even the poorest; and the funeral car is richly adorned with wreaths of leaves and flowers. On their graves are, again, hung wreaths, as in the old times of England; and there grow roses and carnations, and other flowers and shrubs, making the region of decay lovely. There is also, at balls and dancing parties, a great presentation of little bouquets; and at the tables d'hôte, boys or girls come round and offer you bouquets; and will, if required, bring them to your house through the whole year.

"But on no occasion does the sentiment and domestic character of the Germans show itself so strongly in this respect, as at Christmas. This is expressly a family festival. In England it used to be so in the olden times, but now it is more a festival of friends. We have in many places still our waits and carol-parties. Parties meet at great houses in the country; friends exchange visits; dinner and dancing parties are made; and there is great jollity, eating of mince-pies and roast-beef, drinking of wine, and still, in some old houses and rural districts, the burning of the yule-block. But in most of these pleasures the more adult personages are chiefly considered. The children are, in a great measure, excluded from them. The parents and elder brothers and sisters are going out to dine, or to evening parties, or are busy receiving their friends to such at home. The children get mince-pies, but make little or no part of the festivities. This is quite the reverse of the German custom. There, Christmas-eve is the great family festival, to which all, old and young alike, look forward with intense delight. It is strictly a domestic and home festival. It is not so much a time of being visited and visiting as a time in which every family draws round its stove, and celebrates a festival of family affection. Here the children are not so much secondaries as principals. Their happiness is considered most of all; and in their happiness the gladness of all centers and grows. Accordingly, there is no time in the whole year toward which all, but especially the young and the children, look forward with such eager anticipation. It is a feast of the heart, and is emphatically called, *Der Glückliche Abend*, the Happy Evening.

"So completely are the pleasures of this evening woven into the German mind from childhood up, that poets in their most beautiful verses illustrate the delights of their mature years by reference to them, as Claudius in some admirable lines entitled *Täglich zu Singen.*

'I thank thee, God, and rejoice myself, like the child over its Christmas-eve gifts, that I live, live! and that I possess thee, beautiful human countenance! That I can behold the sun, the mountains, the sea, the foliage, and the grass, and at evening can walk beneath the host of stars, and the dear moon; and that I am then in heart as full of joy and admiration as when we children came and saw what the holy Christ-child had sent us. Amen.'

"The very poorest and the very youngest partake as largely in the joy of this evening as any. Servants and all participate in it. For several months, therefore, there are great preparations making among the ladies for it. Each member of the family then makes a present to all the other members; parents to children and servants, children to their parents, servants to their master and mistress, and often to the children, children to them and one another. All those elegant and useful little things which ladies employ themselves in making—in needle-work, in drawing and painting, as ornamented purses, slippers, bracelets, watch-pockets, gloves, dressing up of dolls, articles of warm and ornamental wear, as gay-colored worsted little coats, called Kassaveikas, and cloaks of knotted work, are busily preparing. Bead-work presents itself in a variety of articles, as necklaces, purses, card-cases, cigar-cases, watch-pockets in the form of ladies' slippers, and innumerable other articles of fancy-work.

"As all these have to be kept from the knowledge of the party for whom they are intended, till they are laid out on Christmas-eve itself, it is evident that a good deal of management is required. During the two or three months before Christmas, therefore, ladies are full of secrets, which, spite of the proverb, are faithfully kept. They work when they are alone, or when that person of the family for whom the thing then in hand is intended is not present. They sometimes sit up after the rest are retired, or get up an hour earlier, or take out their work and go and sit with a friend at another house now and then. But, spite of all these contrivances and precautions, there are dangers of continual surprises; and when you enter rather unexpectedly into a room, you see a great bustle and a hiding away of things under sofa-cushions, at the bottom of work-bags and baskets. These little schemes and alarms occasion, as may be supposed, a good deal of merriment among those who are in the particular secrets; and all round have secrets that one or another is not in.

"All this time, too, there is much considering going on in different heads as to what presents that are to be purchased, shall be purchased. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, are picking up by reflection, and by what occurs in conversation, ideas of what would be most acceptable or beneficial to the different members of their domestic circle. And then comes a looking-out for it. At the autumn fairs a great number of things are bought with an express reference to Christmas, and till then are stowed away in secret. But for about a month before Christmas the shops are all filled with things for presents. Not merely the toy-shops and shops of fancy wares, but every man who by a possibility can turn his shop into a bazar for *Weighnachtsgeschenke*, or Christmas presents, does. A man that all the rest of the year is a sieve-maker and seller of turnery ware, suddenly, we observed, had his shop filled with every conceivable article of wood that can form presents. It was as if a magical spell had been exerted, and all his tubs and barrels, and sieves and spigots, were converted into dolls, wooden boxes full of toys, chess-boards, and boards of other games. His tables were covered with boxes full of little toy household things, sets of tea things, sets of kitchen utensils, little dinner-services, whips and hobby-horses, carts, wagons, dolls without end, churches and other buildings in sections for children to put together, and innumerable things of the like kind. The pipe shops are now, especially, crowded with these articles, as they, in a smoking country like Germany, are, of course, favorite presents. Every bit of their windows is filled, till they seem literally built up with them, offering vast variety of meerschaum and porcelain pipe-heads; the latter with paintings of countless female faces, scenes from recent history and favorite authors, and of favorite spots in the Fatherland.

"For about a fortnight before Christmas the stores and markets are filled with preparations. Baskets and stalls full of dressed dolls, from the price of a penny to a florin or more; various grotesque animals of wool, or fur, or wood, intended for lambs, dogs, horses, and various other creatures, to which it would be difficult to attach name or imaginable resemblance. These are made by the peasants or lower class of townspeople, and are sold for the children of such. The children of the common schools and infant schools have all a present given them, be it only a penny doll, or a little handkerchief of a few pence value. Numbers of Christmas-trees show themselves for sale. These are principally tops of fir-trees, or boughs straight enough to resemble tops. Much damage is said to be done in the woods at this season by the cutting of these tops; the wood-watchers are particularly on the

alert, and a heavy fine is inflicted on any offenders that are taken in the act. These trees are from six inches high up to ten or twelve feet or more, according to the size of the house, or the finances of the purchaser. They are generally set in a thick board or block of wood, weighted with lead, and on this board is made a garden, paled in with ornamental paling, having at the back generally a house of wood or cardboard. The garden is filled with moss and green sprigs of the fir, and in it stand shepherds, sheep, a dog, a stork, and one or more stags with gilded horns.

"This is intended to represent the annunciation of the birth of Christ to the shepherds; and, accordingly, an angel is seen, suspended by a wire from the stem of the tree, as in the act of hovering in the air and proclaiming the glad tidings. The shepherds and animals are made of clay, most grotesque creatures, painted in barbarous style; the storks adorned with feathers, for tails, stuck into the clay; and all are propped on little pegs of wood.

"The whole is, no doubt, derived from the legends of the Catholic Church, and displays pretty much the same degree of art and general appearance as it did ages before the Reformation.

"As Christmas-eve approaches, and especially for the few days before it, the shops and markets are crowded with purchasers. Christmas-trees are seen moving off in various directions, with their gardens appended, or others without gardens, the families which have purchased these having retained their garden of former years on its block of wood. The day of Christmas-eve itself, the floors of the shops are literally piled with the baskets of country people, which they have set down while they make their little purchases for their children.

"The important eve itself arrives. Throughout Germany, in every house, from the palace to the cottage, where there are children, there stands a Christmas-tree. In the houses of the rich and the well-to-do, there has been much preparation. According to ancient custom, about a fortnight before Christmas, Pelznichel, or Knecht Rupert, has made his visit to the children. This person represents no other than St. Nicholas, as we learn from an old poem.

ST. NIKLAS.

'Vater. Es wird aus den zeitungen vernommen
Dass der heilige Niklas werde kommen,' &c.

Which in simple prose may be rendered thus:

Father.—The newspapers say that the holy St. Nicholas will soon be here from Moscow, where he is held in great esteem, and is honored as a

saint. He is already on the way to visit the tender school-children. To see what the little boys and girls have this year learned in praying, writing, singing, and reading; and to see whether they have been pretty good. He has put into his sack beautiful dolls of sugar-work, with which to honor those children who have been good.

CHILD.—Holy St. Nicholas, I pray thee very much to turn into my house too. Bring books, and clothes, and shoes, and many another nice thing. So will I learn well, and be good, as I should be. Amen.

ST. NICHOLAS.—God greet you, dear little children. You must be obedient to your father and mother, and then shall I give you some beautiful Christmas gifts. But if you are not so, I shall bring the stick and the rod. Amen.

"Pelznichel is a man disguised in a fur cap, and otherwise made awful to children by his singular habiliments, being armed with a rod, having a capacious bag or pouch hanging before him, and a large chain thrown round him, whose end being dropped on the ground as he walks, makes to their imaginations a mysterious noise. Sometimes he has a number of little bells hung about him, and thence is called by Richter, in his Fixlein, 'Knecht Ruprecht, with his jingling bells.' His name of Knecht Ruprecht is most likely derived from the idea that he is the servant of the Christ-child, who sends him to prepare for his own arrival on Christmas-eve. He is, in fact, some servant or dependent of the family, who engage him to undertake this office, and furnish him with requisite information. The children above eight or nine years old are let into the secret, which they faithfully keep. The younger children, as the time draws on, are often reminded that Christmas is coming, and that Pelznichel will be here, and, according as they are good or bad, will correct or reward them. If they have been bad children, he will use his rod; if good, he will bring them nuts, and apples, and cakes, from the good Christ-child. All this they receive as gospel, and with the greatest awe, and it has a strong effect upon them. They have a notion that Pelznichel, or the Christ-child, has his eyes upon them when they are not aware. That Pelznichel is going round the house at night and listening, and if they are naughty is sure to hear them; or that the Christ-child, with an ubiquitous knowledge, sees all, and tells Pelznichel all about them. They look forward, therefore, with great awe and some anxiety to the appearance of Pelznichel. At length, some days before St. Nicholas's day, the father or mother says, 'Well, children, now be very good, for Pelznichel is coming. He has sent word that he will be here on such an evening at six o'clock.'

"On that evening all is expectation, and scarcely is tea away when there comes a ring at the door. All exclaim, 'That must

be Pelznichel!' The faces of the children are filled with awful expectation. All stand silent. Presently is heard a distant and mysterious ringing of bells; a jingling of chains on the stone stairs. It becomes more distinct—it approaches; there is a heavy accompanying tread. There is a bustle in the passage, as if some matter of great moment was occurring. Voices are heard speaking, and, among them, one deep and strange one. That is Pelznichel. The heavy tread, the ringing bells, the clanking chains, the bustle, and the voices are at the door; every eye is fixed on it. All are rooted in silent awe. The door opens, and in stalks the strange figure of Pelznichel—the Mumbo Jumbo of Germany, while behind him are the assembled servants of the household, full of curiosity, to witness what he will say and do. He announces that he is sent by the good Christ-child to reward good children, and correct the bad. Every little heart beats with hope or fear. He addresses them by turns, beginning with the eldest. He asks them how they have pursued their studies; perhaps calls for their books; pronounces an opinion on their progress, and by what he says gives them intimations that he is aware of their general conduct, and of particular acts, good or evil, which fills them with surprise. If they have quarreled on their way to school; if they have been ungenerous or revengeful, they are sure to be told of it. He turns to each child in rotation, and adapts his rewards to the age and character of each. The very little ones often propitiate him by addressing him in a little rhyme the moment his eyes are turned upon them, and which the nurse has taught them for the purpose.

'Christ-kindschen komm;
Mach mich fromm;
Das ich zu dir in Himmel komm.'

Which is, literally, 'Christ-child, come; make me good, that I may come to thee in heaven.' The aspect of a little child standing in awe and in faith before Pelznichel, and in the soft, innocent tones of its voice making this simple petition in the truth of its heart, as I have seen it, is one of the most beautiful and affecting things in the world.

"Pelznichel talks sternly, and with menacing agitations of his rod, to those who have been stubborn, lazy, or disobedient, and commends those who have been otherwise. He hands the rod to the father, and commands him to use it when necessary, or he vows to come and use it himself. He seldom, however, proceeds on this occasion to any actual chastisement, as it is intended rather as a means of reformation, by instilling a salutary fear; and he

adds that, on Christmas-eve, Christ-kindschen will come, and according as they behave, in the mean time, will reward them for good or ill. If for good, they will find many nice things on and under the Christmas-tree; if on the contrary, he will himself, probably, be ordered to fetch them, and carry them into the woods in the mountains, and there to shut them up in a cave in the rocks, in the cold and darkness, where snakes hiss, owls hoot, toads and salamanders crawl, and fire runs about the ground. He generally ends by dealing out, from his bag, nuts, apples, and little cakes, to each of them, and throwing others on the floor; while they are busy in scrambling for them he disappears.

"In the country Pelznichel goes about on a donkey, and actually often chastises the children of the peasantry. His visit in town or country has mostly a decisive effect. The parents remind the children of what he has said. They congratulate them on the commendations they have received; they remark on the faults he has related of them, and the fact that they are seen and observed often when they little think of it. They encourage them to begin seriously to correct and improve themselves, and to secure from Christ-kindschen a certain token of approbation of their conduct. The ensuing fortnight is a season of self-watchfulness and probation.

"The day arrives. The drawing-room, or, in Germany, the saloon, is closed. Only the person who is intrusted with each one's secret is admitted to it, and has the key. All the young people of the family, in fact, have been previously busy in preparing the tree, gilding walnuts and apples, and hanging them upon it; hanging on it also sundry little cakes, and figures of sugar-work of various colors. This has been the source of great delight to them. The tree has been set in its place, and then the room consigned to the one confidential person, who has laid out, in tasteful array, the presents intended for every person, each in a group by themselves.

"As soon as it is dark, and tea is over, the doors of the room are thrown open at the ringing of a bell, and a scene of splendor and beauty is revealed which produces one general exclamation of delight, and strikes, with a charming surprise, a person who has never witnessed such a one before. The whole room is filled with light. Opposite to you soars aloft the Christmas-tree in its fairy-land beauty; and around extend tables covered with, and hung in front with drapery, often displaying great taste and elegance in its disposal and ornaments; and on these tables lie the various presents which have so long been secretly making and procuring. It would be difficult to describe either the wonder and admiration

of the children, as they gaze on the whole brilliant scene; on the lovely tree, glittering with golden and silver fruit, seeming at the same time rich with innumerable flowers of various shapes and colors, and irradiated with lights. The mutual surprise and pleasure of the different members of the family, as they are shown what presents are there laid for them, and hear from whom each comes; the course of explanations that goes on; the sudden recognitions of the cause which has prompted such and such presents from such and such persons; the pleasant amazement; the thanks; the laughter; the tears of affection that come into the eyes of the different members of the happy family, are more readily imagined than described.

"But not only the poor in their cottages have their Christmas-tree; in schools and other institutions it is set up. A prettier or more affecting sight we have seldom seen than the celebration of Christmas-day in the infant school at Heidelberg. Here, at three o'clock in the afternoon, were the parents and children, the patrons and friends of the school, assembled. Upward of eighty little boys and girls, all under six years of age, were seated on low forms in the middle of the school, opposite to the master's desk, in front of which, on a raised platform, stood four tall Christmas-trees, or, as they called them, sugar-trees, decorated with the usual appendages of cakes, apples, &c., and at their feet stood a row of tapers ready to be kindled.

"Besides these, were various colored engravings; an excellent one of Christ Blessing the Little Children; a kind of erection of straw-work, containing stages, on one of which was a dancing bear, on another a tournament, with knights riding, with candles burning all over it. These figures revolved by means of a perpendicular spindle, having attached to its top a sort of fan, like the ventilator of a window, which was moved by the warm air ascending from the candles. There were many funny little three-legged pots, of true German fashion, set on the platform among the lights, a gift to the children from some one, to amuse them in their school play-hours.

"To the right sat the spectators, many ladies and gentlemen of the place; to the left the parents of the children. The master lit up the tapers on the trees, and the row of them at their feet, and a murmur of delight rose from the little troop of children. The blinds had all been drawn down, to exclude as much of the exterior light as possible, and the scene was very bright. The master read from his desk an address prepared for the occasion; and after the little scholars had sung a Christmas hymn or two very prettily, they were dismissed, one by one, with their pinafores full

of toys, good warm articles of clothing, and a quantity of cakes and apples, the former of which had been sent as a Christmas gift to them by a worthy baker. It was pleasant to see the delighted faces of all present; the eager looks of the parents as their children came forward to receive their presents; and how the mothers, as they advanced toward the door, snatched them up, and carried them off, gifts and all together.

"Even inmates of the asylums, as if they were at home among their children, are treated to a Christmas-tree, and the brilliance of Christmas-eve. It is the great sacred festival of Germany, and is much more regarded than Sunday. On Sunday, great numbers of shops in most towns are open, things are brought home from different makers as on another day, and ladies sit knitting in company as usual. On Christmas-day nearly all shops are closed, and even ladies refrain from knitting; and all is solemn and decorous. Two days are made holidays, and the tree is not pulled down till New-Year's day, when the children rifle its treasures, and different members of the family frequently keep some particular article from it as a remembrance. The solemnity of Christmas is also further marked, not only by the increased services in the churches from Advent to Christmas, but also by balls and other public amusements being laid aside during that period.

"Such are the Christmas customs of Germany. It must be confessed that there is something very amiable, poetical, and beautiful in them; but the English and American mind will not, at the same time, be able to avoid feeling a repugnance to the making so free with the person of Christ, and still more to the delusions that are thus practiced, and falsehoods practically taught to the children. That this is the Christ-child; that he brings all these gifts from heaven; that Pelznichel is sent by him, and so on—the moment a child grows old enough to see through this, he must begin to think that his parents care little for the truth, and be in danger of adopting an idea that he need not much regard it himself. In fact, at a certain age, the parents are obliged to let the children into the secret, and to take them, as it were, into a partnership of imposing on their younger brothers and sisters. This is very bad; and when the next step to this, in domestic education, is to stuff the young mind with a whole host of *Märchen*, household legends of a similar kind, we must fear that truth cannot be very sacred among them. And is it? Our experience is, that it is far from being so much so as it should be. Whoever has looked through their literature, must have felt surprised at the freedom with which the heroes of the stories by the most celebrated masters, Goethe, for instance, tell any kind of fib to help them out of

scrapes. Whoever has seen much of private life in Germany, will, we fear, have experienced a similar surprise. Spite of the national boasts of the *Deutsche Treue und Deutsche Wahrheit,* German faithfulness and truth, this is a fact which merits the most serious attention of a people so proud of their improvements in education; and it seems wonderful that it has not struck them, that all the essential and beautiful of this Christmas practice will remain independent of these fictions. The tree may still be set up; the children may still look forward to finding under it presents for the good, and it will be just as delightful to their young hearts that these are the testimonies of parental and household affection, as if they suppose them brought by a Christ-kindschen. If they prize the wonder which such deceptions bring, it is still worth while asking whether that momentary wonder may not be purchased too dear; that is, by the lasting injury to truthfulness. All that wonder, too, may be imparted by relating to the children at these times, what were the legends and the fancies of their ancestors, for the imagination is perhaps more delighted with what is presented to it as an ideal of the past, than as an actuality of the present."

Before leaving Germany, we should like to speak of "the student life" there, so peculiar and striking, and to which Mr. Howitt has devoted an entire volume. But we have not the room, and can only say that, while studious in the main, and often making the highest attainments in learning, the members of the different universities are a "hard set of fellows," given to drinking, carousing, dueling, and the most outrageous merry-making. Recently, indeed, dueling has been discouraged by the civil governments as well as by the university authorities, but it yet prevails to a considerable extent. Students have occasionally, though very rarely of late years, lost their lives in these "jousts of honor;" more generally, however, they get off with a slit nose, a gashed cheek, or a mangled ear. Scars are not unfrequently seen upon the faces of students, as they parade the streets. Their beer-drinking duels or contests, in which they endeavor to outdrink each other, are more common, and followed with less disastrous consequences. Singing, dancing, drinking, smoking, and similar practices, are almost universal among them. Indeed, they may be described, with some honorable exceptions, as a wild, "harum-scarum" set of fellows, yet often generous, freedom-loving, and self-sacrificing; and it is really surprising how many of them turn out good scholars and useful citizens.

We cannot, however, omit some account of the *wandering journeymen,* or *craftsmen.* And here we must have re-

course to Mr. Howitt's admirable description, as the best we know:

"Not less singular nor less conspicuous than the student-life of Germany, is that of the handwerksbursche, or wandering handicraftsmen. One of the first things on your arrival in the country which strikes your eye, is the number of young men on the roads with knapsacks on their backs, and stout sticks in their hands. They have a wayfaring, but not a mendicant or vagabond look, though, to your surprise, they will often, on the approach of your carriage, off with their caps and run along beside it, to ask for something. Their looks—frequently those of mere boys, often handsome lads, too, well dressed, though in a peculiar pedestrian style—and their good and well-stored knapsacks, do not fail to fill you with curiosity, especially when, without the slightest aspect of shame or of impudence, they solicit you for money, and you learn, on inquiring, that these are the Gesellen, handwerksbursche, or wandering journeymen of Germany; that this rambling all over the country of such numbers of these young men, in every part and every direction, is not so much a matter of choice as of necessity; that, for three or more years after the expiration of their apprenticeship, they must thus pursue their travels, and on their return must give evidence of having become perfect in their calling, by making their meisterstück, or masterpiece, before they can obtain permission to enter on business for themselves.

There is no doubt but that if, instead of all these young men wandering all over the country for the appointed term of three years, during which period much time is lost in the wandering itself, they were sent direct to the few cities where their own craft is most successfully pursued, or were taught enough of the English and French languages for common purposes, and were sent at once to London or Paris, they would, in as many months as they now spend years, learn three times as much. They would thus come at one leap to the fountain-heads of that knowledge which they seek, and there speedily make themselves masters of the latest discoveries and improvements. We should then no longer see, as we do with wonder when we first come to Germany, the strange old-fashioned locks, door-handles—actually levers—queer knives and forks, comical pots and kitchen utensils, odd old-world carriages, lumbering eil-wagons, so called, and many other things which throw us back some hundreds of years in the history of mechanical improvement. Their artists, indeed, do not pursue this method; they sedulously seek to acquaint themselves with the master-works of Greece and Italy, and the effect is in accordance. But in all else the Germans, if left alone, will go on to eternity

in the same track. They are like steam-engines set upon a line. They are full of power, and will march on exerting it forever in one course, unless some mighty influence from without breaks irresistibly in upon them and throws them off the rail; as Bonaparte broke in, and as steam-power is now again breaking in, destined to produce far more wonderful changes among them than did the fiery Corsican.

But there are advantages derived from this wandering system of the handicrafts, which may be said to be far more than a justification of it. If much time is lost to their artistical advancement, and if they seldom reach that degree of excellence which an exclusive direction of their attention to the capitals of Europe would bring, on the other hand, they see more of their own country than the same class in any part of the world does. They wander, at public cost, through the various states of their common country. They see the varieties of men and manners, of cities and costumes. The beauties of nature are brought under the eye of all that have a feeling for them. They tread the spots celebrated in their history, and calculated to inspire a patriotic sentiment. They are made aware of the greatness and extent of the Fatherland. Galleries, works of art, noble specimens of architecture, celebrated ruins, and peculiar institutions are open to their observation; and many of them, as we shall see, do not neglect to avail themselves of these privileges, and lay up for their future lives a store of the most delightful recollections and subjects of conversation. It is, in fact, in this point of view, rather than as a means of perfecting themselves in their individual arts, that the excellence of the system, in my opinion, lies; though at the same time it is not to be denied that it is attended with many dangers and abuses, as it must be, while it lets loose such a swarm of raw and rude youths as must of necessity exist in this class, who, without gathering much good for themselves, are very capable of corrupting those that they circulate among.

The handicraft guilds are divided into nine or ten different kinds —*i. e.*, they consist of so many different kinds of handicrafts, or are differently constituted. For instance, there are city and village handicrafts. The city ones consist of those who follow the arts which contribute more particularly to the elegances and luxuries of life; and the village ones of such as are there rather tolerated because such must be had, than regarded with admiration as masters in their calling. Among these are classed the ordinary run of linen-weavers, wheel-wrights, cobblers, tailors, joiners, smiths, tilers, brick-layers, and potters. Then there are limited and unlimited handicrafts. The limited are those where, through

a privilege granted by the lord of the country, only a certain number of masters in each handicraft are allowed within its bounds, and no one can be there constituted a master by the magistrates, without the consent of the masters of the guild. In the unlimited, where the masters of the guild refuse to admit a young man who has gone through his years of probation, a magistrate, on his proving this, and showing his masterpiece, that he is entitled to it, can compel his admission. There are, again, close and exclusive guilds, which consist of the artisans of fine and delicate crafts. Such are to be found particularly in Nürnberg, as those of the awl-smiths, black-lead pencil-makers, turners, coppersmiths, bell-founders, gold and silver wire-drawers, &c. These neither send out their youths to study any where else, nor receive the gesellen from any other places, except where the same close guilds exist; and toward the hand-workers of their trade who belong not to these close guilds, observe none of the usages of the handicraft unions.

They make, again, among themselves, distinctions into fine and coarse trades, as among the workers in wood are classed with the latter, carpenters, joiners, coopers, and cart-wrights; among the workers in iron, smiths; while fine ones in wood are turners, cabinet-makers, and carvers; in metals, spur, file, and lock smiths. They have further distinctions between the different branches of a handicraft, be it in works in stone, iron, gold, silver, silk, wool, or what else. So, under the head of workers in leather, are the tanners, the fellmongers, the curriers, saddlers, the shoemakers, and the glovers. There are also hired handicrafts, and retailing handicrafts. The first are such as have no right to sell their own work, and must, therefore, serve a master. The second class have the privilege, if they please, to work on their own account, and to stand as dealers in the yearly fairs. There are, again, simple and conjoint guilds, *i. e.*, guilds consisting purely of those of one trade, and guilds in which two or more trades are united. But their most essential distinction, so far as it regards the comfort of the gesellen while on their wanderschaft, is into *geschenkte* and *ungeschenkte*—those who give a stipulated allowance to these young men, in case they do not find work in any town. It is a prevailing notion that every guild, without exception, by a fixed law, appoints a regular sum to be given to every gesell, which is contributed by every master in the trade, in each town where he seeks work and does not find it; but this is not the case. Some only do this; others, again, do it not; and there is a third class, which, though it does not prescribe a fixed sum, ordains that something shall be given, which is done out of the common chest,

Where but little is given, it is the custom of those gesellen who are in work to contribute to assist those who are not; and where nothing is given, the gesell on his travels depends upon his own resources, and the contributions of his brother workmen who are in employ.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many of these young men who have to travel, and yet depend in a great degree on their resources, should be compelled sometimes to beg; or that this being the case with a part of them, should furnish a plea to any or all of the rest to do the same.

Every handicraft has its *Herberge*, or inn, and here the guild has its chest. Here the traveling gesell resorts, and not only finds his home till he can obtain work, or must proceed on his journey, but here he is sought for by masters who want hands. On his arrival he immediately announces himself to the Jungmeister, or handworks-messenger, who gives him any information that he possesses as to those that need hands. He must then go round to the masters, and where they do not happen to be in, the Altgesell, or oldest journeyman in each shop, who acts as foreman, gives him an answer.

In the herberge the sick are cared for, and there the guild has its meetings. Every guild has its guildmaster, with a handworks-deputy, or assessor, appointed by the magistracy, and other assistant masters. It has its Ladenmeister, or treasurer, and its messenger, or Jungmeister, the latest admitted to the guild, who gives notices of these meetings, and is in attendance to execute the commands of the elders. In these meetings the chest is opened which contains the laws and statutes of the guild, its records, accounts, letters, &c.; and from this circumstance comes the expression among the handworkers, of whatever is done at these meetings, being done at open chest.

These herberges are very curious. From the ceiling depends the insignia of the trade to which it belongs. From that of the shoemakers hangs a wooden boot; from that of the smith, a horse-shoe; from that of the coopers, a small barrel; and so on, adorned with various colored ribbons. In a village herberge, where the various handicrafts use but one house, the insignia of the different trades are suspended over the different tables where the members of the different handicrafts sit.

The apprenticeships vary in duration from three to six years; the shorter periods being generally compensated for by a proportionate premium. The general term of the wanderschaft is three years; but there are handicrafts in which four, and even six years wandering are required. When a youth has served out his ap-

prenticeship, it is necessary, before he can proceed on his wanderschaft, that his master should declare him free at open chest, that is, before the assembled guild. Formerly, these guilds, or zünfts, were very strict in their requirings before an apprentice could be entered on the rank of gesell. His freedom and respectability must be proved by the certificate of his birth; and to maintain the honor of the guild, so far was this carried, that illegitimate children, and even the legitimate children of shepherds, bailiffs, watchmen, beadles, and of those parents who had been in a house of correction, were excluded. These absurd proscriptions have been justly done away with.

The youth, being made free from his master, demands from the guild a copy of his birth and apprenticeship certificates, which lie in the chest. These must be signed and sealed by the masters of the zünft; and besides this, if he shall have worked there as a gesell some time between the expiration of his apprenticeship and his setting out, must be added a printed form of testimony to that effect. All these testimonies are generally copied, not upon separate papers, but into a book called the Wander-book, which it behooves him most carefully to preserve, as no handworker without these documents will be employed by any master.

If the articles of the zünft do not expressly require a wanderschaft to be made, it remains at the option of the youths themselves whether they will make it or not; but such guilds are very few in number. There are some where the gesells do not wander, but must work as such for a fixed period, and can remain for that time with the master with whom they were apprenticed. The articles of the guild declare expressly whether the gesell shall travel within his own State or beyond it. It is generally required to go beyond it. Some trades, but these are few, decree that the gesell during the period of his wanderschaft shall not return home at all. The sons of masters in some trades had the privilege either of exemption from wandering, or the period was curtailed in duration for them; but this is stated by Mittermeyer to be now contrary to law.

So then the gesell is freed by his guild; but before he can set out he must obtain one thing more, and that is his passport from the police. In earlier times, the handworkers and artists traveled without a pass or written document, and were furnished with a secret formula, by which they were recognized, called the Handworker's Greeting; but the abuses to which this led, especially in unsettled times, by enabling bad characters thus to overrun the country, induced the emperor, in 1731, to issue an order for the whole of Germany, that no person whatever should be allowed to

travel without a regular passport. The passports of this class, therefore, are very strictly demanded, in order that the police may be able to keep a sharp oversight on them during their whole term of wandering, and so that at any time they may by this means be able to tell where any individual of them is. By this means, too, every youth may be traced by his friends, and the exact circumstances in which he is can be ascertained at any given time.

Furnished with this wander-book and this passport, and joining himself, if possible, with one or two others, who are setting out on their journeys of probation too, he mounts his knapsack, and takes leave of his friends. With many warnings and good wishes, and much good advice from father and mother, and from those old friends who, in their day, have gone the same wanderschaft, and with his heart full of tender regrets at leaving the spot of birth and youth, and of wonder and expectation of what he is to see; of the great cities, and strange people, and curious customs; of the mountains and rivers of which he has heard so much from other gesellen, or from his father and friends, he sets forth.

There is a beautiful account in the life of Hans Sachs, the celebrated shoemaker-poet of Nürnberg, of his thus setting forth.

It is thus that we see these youths strolling on in groups, or one by one, from town to town, in every part of Germany. A leathern knapsack on their backs, under the cover of which is generally rolled a cape, to throw over their shoulders in rain; a hat, often covered with oilskin; in summer a linen blouse, bound round the waist with a belt; in the hand a stout stick, and in the mouth, or peeping out of a pocket, a pipe. The dignity of carrying a stick and a pipe in public, or in company, is one to which the youth only arrives on issuing out of his apprenticeship, and taking the rank of a gesell. He has generally a wickerwork-guarded flask hanging by his side from a cord, for brandy or wine in cold weather, and for wine or water in summer. At each end of his knapsack peep the soles of a pair of boots; and he has often, moreover, attached to his knapsack, a pair of small wheels, by which, when his back is weary of it, he can trail it after him with his stick. You see one, now and then, with a long narrow sack, which, well stuffed, hangs over one shoulder and down his side, like a great horse-collar, but this is rare; the knapsack is the general wear.

The traveling gesell is advised by the experienced to carry no more articles with him than are absolutely necessary, and this is the most approved stock. Besides the clothes on his back, a Sunday suit, two shirts, two pair of stockings, a few handkerchiefs

and nightcaps, a pair of scissors, needles and thread, of which he will often have need, and must learn the use of. If these are well packed, he will, says his adviser, have room also for a few books, especially a Bible and a handwork-traveler's pocket-book. There are pocket-books prepared expressly for his use, and excellent ones they are. They contain rules for preserving his health; an alphabetical list of those cities where each trade is pre-eminently pursued, and where he can best obtain his object; instructions as to what is demanded of him by the police and magistracy; an exposition of the constitution of the guilds or innungs; the principles of his native language, that he may gradually improve himself in it; advice in case of illness; tables of the values of the various moneys and of the weights in different States; calculations of expenses; admirable tables of routes and distances in every direction, not only through his own country, but to the capitals of neighboring kingdoms; lists of the steamers, packet-boats, and railways, and every thing that relates to eil-wagons and other conveyances, with their charges; all that respects sending and receiving of letters, money, and other packets; trade regulations; a glossary of foreign words that he will be most likely to fall in with; accounts of the principal buildings, galleries of art, and remarkable objects in those countries and cities through which he may go; prognostics of weather; and finally, miscellaneous notices for entertainment and instruction in solitary hours.

When he arrives at a town or village, he knows where to find his proper herberge. Here he finds, most probably, others of his trade, and learns from them or the landlord who are the masters in the town. He shows his wander-book to the landlord, and that becomes security for what he may have during his stay. He has then to present his passport at the police-office, and go round to the masters to seek work. If he find it, his passport must lie at the police-office till he again has to move, and it is amazing in the large cities the crowd of these gesellen that you every day see there, bringing their passports, or fetching them away again, preparatory to their departure. At Vienna an officer used generally to be keeping them back from the door, and only letting in a portion of the thronging mass from time to time, as they could be attended to.

In many States they are not allowed to cross the boundaries, although furnished with all these requisite documents, unless they are each in possession of at least two crowns. When driven to extremity, however, a number of those who travel together will contrive, by standing near each other, to make two crown pieces serve for them all, by dexterously handing them from one to

another, and thus in succession showing the same pieces to the officers.

If they do not find any master in the place wanting a hand, they announce this to the zünft-master, who gives them a certificate to that effect; and after receiving the *Zehrpfennig*, or sum that is allowed by the guild, they are required, without delay of more than one day, to proceed on their journey. A gesell can receive no pecuniary assistance, who either will not take work in the place where it is to be had; who has within three months been there and received work or a contribution; who has not the proper certificates, or who has been employed in the place on this visit.

If they receive work, they must deliver up their wander-book, to be kept in the zünft-chest till their departure. When master or man wishes to separate, either of them must give eight days' notice. If the man works by the piece, he must complete his piece of work before quitting; if by the week, he can neither leave before the Saturday evening, nor be dismissed by his employer before, without some extraordinary cause; otherwise, if the master be in fault, he will be fined; if the man, his unpaid wages will be forfeited. If the master dismiss the man, the man may obtain work again in the place immediately, if another master have a vacancy; if he leave the master, he cannot go to another in the place until he has quitted it for at least fourteen days.

If a gesell loiter more than a day in a place, after he has done working, or after he has been round to all the masters, and has obtained no work, or if he have been found begging, he is treated as any other vagabond; and if his conduct have been bad, and he have left in debt, he is put on what is called the black table, is reported to the police, his disgrace is sent on his journey before him, and no master can employ him without incurring a fine.

Such are the regulations under which this great body of young men, in the eye of the law, and urged on by necessity and strict limitations, wanders from state to state, and city to city, for three or more years. When we consider what a swarm of rude and inexperienced youths, many of them, in fact, mere lads, is thus sent abroad into new scenes, and amid new temptations, we cannot think that there is one rule or restriction too many. Spite of all, many a wild scene of fighting *Knoten*, as these handworkers are in contempt called, with the bauers or peasants, is seen. Many a wild drinking and dancing at wakes and merry-makings. Many a trick is played and carouse is made by the cunning and disorderly. A troop of the lazy and lewd will wander on from place to place, not being over-anxious to get work, or if they get it, soon giving

notice and going off again. In the summer-time, you see them singing and capering on the highways, or in autumn making very merry under one of those fruit-trees which grow by the waysides from town to town, and whose leaves, battered to the ground, give evidence of their vigorous assaults on the ripe temptations.

On the other hand, to the aspiring and deserving these years open up a new world of knowledge and of life; to those who have a feeling for nature and for art—and there are many among this class—a world of delight. Imagine a youth who has passed his apprentice years in some stupid little town, and under some severe master; amid circumstances and tempers which make a house worse than a prison, and of which the bitterness is only too sure to fall on the innocent apprentice—imagine with what delight he must look forward to the hour which shall set him free, and spread before him a new existence, and new realms and years of novelty, variety, more freedom, and, as he fondly hopes, more good. With what a sense of elastic life must he spring from the doorstead of his cares and oppressions, and stretch the wings of his spirit over that wide and hope-tinted space before him! It was this peculiar life which gave Goethe the idea of his Wilhelm Meister in his 'Lehrjahre' and his 'Wanderjahre;' and has furnished to many other German writers topics and ideas that serve eminently to vary their works. And to those, even in these humble classes, who have souls which have faculties and feelings beyond the mere circle of what the Germans call their bread-sciences—and to none has the beneficent Creator entirely denied such, any more than he has denied to the dry heath, the common wayside, and the untrodden desert, beauty and the flowers which 'blush unseen' there—what a period of enchantment and of rapidly expanding knowledge does this wanderschaft become! In the mountains and woods through which their routes lead them, by the noble rivers which flow through their country, they breathe, as they go from one station to another in the summer, a soul of poetry, and revel in the richest feelings of existence. What moments of deep entrancement, what dreams of fancy and of beauty, do some of these humble wanderers enjoy, as you see them with their knapsacks flung on the flowery turf, and their elbows propped or their heads cushioned upon them, as they lie stretched on the green skirts of one of their beautiful woods, and by the swift waters of a meadow stream! To many a young wanderer, who, but for this ancient custom, would never have issued from his native town, as to Hans Sachs, such moments no doubt there are, worth a whole life of ordinary existence. Visions of the future come before him in the warmest colors of

anticipated happiness; and sweetest recollections of woods and green meadows, and harvest scenes full of happy people, and mountain glens, and sunshine and bright waters, and feelings in musical sympathy with them all, cling to him thence to his latest days, making his native land as hallowed to him as his own hearth and existence.

If any one think this too poetical to be true, we can only advise him to enter the dwellings of such men as shoemakers, saddlers, or other such handicraft tradesmen, and talk with them and their families, and he will soon convince himself to the contrary. He will find something at once so manly and so friendly, such a domestic feeling and such a feeling of nature, as will most agreeably surprise him. We have no doubt whatever that it is this nature-loving and poetical feeling which so universally distinguishes the Germans, even to the commonest class; which has been by means of these wanderings wonderfully developed in the man, and thence introduced into and diffused through every member of their families. It is this which sends them forth on all Sundays and holidays in such crowds into the country to solitary wirthshouses in the woods, into the villages and the hills, to smoke their pipes and drink their coffee in orchards and garden-arbors, all Germany over. It is this which makes them read Goethe, Schiller, Hauff, and such other of their writers as abound in and cherish this spirit. It would have surprised many an Englishman, who has been accustomed to regard a poor saddler but as a man who reads only his newspaper, and his wife and daughter nothing, to have heard such a family, into whose house we only went to get a strap mended which broke in passing, speaking of the delight with which they read such authors; to have seen the glow of enthusiastic pleasure which kindled in the father's eyes as you mentioned places in distant states where he had been in his wander-years; and to hear them describe the *heavenly* pleasure it was to them on summer mornings to arise before the sun and ascend the neighboring mountains to a tower on their summit, and there to see the sun rise—the wide world below, the clear heavens above; and then to take breakfast there with some of their friends. 'Oh!' said the wife, 'it was ganz himmlich, himmlich!—quite heavenly, heavenly! and it was impossible not to feel a spirit of worship.' The institutions and education which bring such a spirit and such feelings into the heart of the burgher families, are not only a domestic, but a national blessing; and that such spirit and feelings abound in this class in Germany, you will at once discover when you will take the trouble to converse freely and kindly with its members.

But to return:—It is a genuine pleasure to see the young men in such scenes as we have spoken of; for there is no fine scenery where you do not meet them, evidently wandering as full of admiration and silent delight as the proudest traveler in his easy carriage. There is not an old castle or a battle-scene, famous for its fine location or its associations, where you do not encounter them; and it is not easy to express the sympathy we felt for two such young men, very interesting and modest in their appearance, whom we crossed more than once on our route from Leipsic to Frankfort. At Eisenach they had ascended the Wartburg, celebrated as the temporary abode of Luther, when carried off by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, on his return from Worms, in order to secure him from his enemies: as the earlier abode of the Earls of Thuringia, and scene of a celebrated contest of the Minnesingers; and of late as the meeting-place of the Burschenschaft. The castle of the Wartburg is reached only by an ascent of about half an hour. We met these two youths ascending, after having traveled from a distant town, as we were descending. Seeing them again the next day, on the road, we asked them how they had been pleased with the castle, and the armory there. They replied that they had not been able to see it, because the doorkeeper demanded three groschen, about fourpence, and they had only two between them.

It is the same in cities. They visit galleries of art, public works, museums, public gardens, and out-of-door concerts, wherever their small means or the public liberality will admit them; and if they observe the advice given them by the editors of their pocket-books, and keep a daily journal of what they see, however concise, they must lay up a great mass of information for their future use and reflection. By this national institution an advantage is bestowed on them, which the artisans of other countries do not enjoy, and calculated to enlarge their minds in no ordinary degree. It also affords the skillful and deserving many opportunities of advancing themselves with masters, whose favor they win, and of forming alliances with their families, which insure their future prosperity.

On the other hand, the weariness and the disappointments which sensitive and unenterprising natures must encounter cannot be trifling. Long marches in heat and cold, with scanty means, when they meet with but little employ, or belong to penurious guilds, are sharp trials of patience. They have often to put up with the most wretched lodgings and fare, in obscure dorfs; and if they fall ill there, far from their native home and friends, what a melancholy situation! If our hearts ache as we walk through the hospitals of large cities, which monks and nuns maintain from

public contributions, and act in as nurses and comforters—where all is clean and as cheerful as such places can be—how much more would they, if we could behold the wretched lair, in some wretched hamlet, where the gesell, who has fallen ill by the way, perhaps five hundred miles from his friends, must lie, filled with sad longings toward his home and his family ties, till perhaps death release him! Well may Hauff assert that many a poor wandering handworker carries a heart more heavy than his pack.

But we apprehend now, setting aside the feather-beds and the wretched quarters in many common herberges, that the greatest perils lie in the pleasant wirthshouse, so enticing to the evening pedestrian, and the bright eyes which glance from beneath many a quaint head-dress, in dorfs, and fields, and cities on the way. Many a handsome youth have we seen gayly marching on, with knapsack on back and stick in hand, that would have figured finely as the hero of a romance, and no doubt was the hero of many, during the checkered period of his wanderschaft.

Long, however, may the jocund handworker traverse the hills and highways of his native land, giving picturesque variety to its scenes, and gaining knowledge and experience for his future quiet and industrious burgher life."

CHAPTER XX.

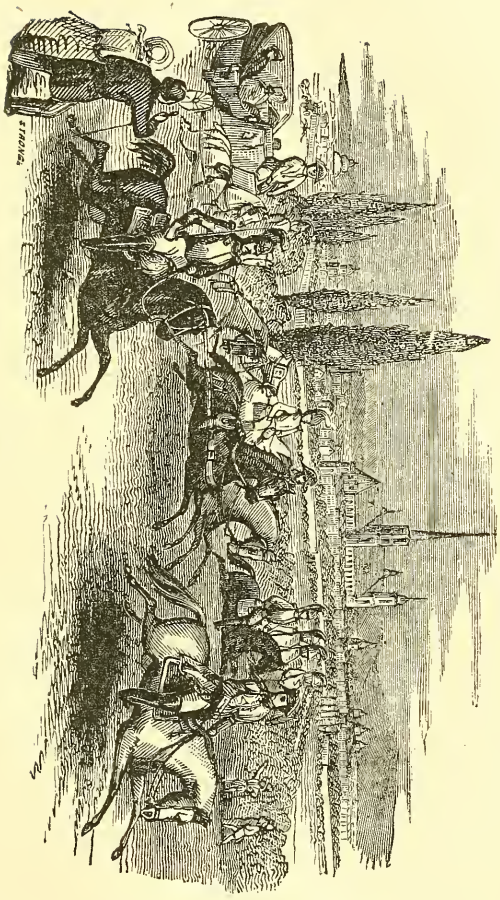
AUSTRIA.

Though forming a part of the German nation, or rather group of nations, Austria has large possessions in other countries. She controls the destinies of several foreign, and at one time independent, nations, and her grand policy is to blend them in a permanent union, subjected to a single, uniform government. Hungary, Galicia, Bohemia, part of Poland, the Tyrol, as well as the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom in Italy, comprising the northern and by far the richest portion of the Italian peninsula, all are compelled to yield to the domination of Austria. Thus her possessions are quite extensive, and her population numerous, though diversified. They amount to about 37,000,000. Let us visit Vienna, then, the capital of this large but unwieldy empire—a capital imposing and beautiful, swarming with inhabitants, but as

gay, giddy, and licentious as any in Europe, essentially German in its general features and population, but mingling other races, costumes, and customs, held together and governed by the strong hand of military force.

Vienna is full of theaters, churches, opera-houses, coffee-houses, and "kneipes," a species of gay restaurants, or drinking-places for the common people, thronged from morning to night. "What they want (in Vienna) is to live every minute, to enjoy every minute—and that they do. From the theater they go to the supper—next morning to mass—then to work, every man his own way—then out of one play into another. Wiser they will never be, and never were." The Prater, or public promenade, beyond the city, is the great pleasure-ground of the Viennese, and here their gay character is strikingly revealed. The following description by Zelter, whose words we have just quoted, from his correspondence with Goethe, is the best we have seen. "*Monday, July 26th.*—Yesterday I saw the Prater in its Sunday glory. Four rows of the finest chestnut-trees form three avenues, which begin from the Leopold Stadt, and lead along the side of the Danube a league and a half. The middle one, for carriages, is forty-five feet wide; the two sides, for walkers, are twenty-four feet. You see several hundred equipages, some of them extremely splendid, and fiacres all in motion in the center; and at the sides, groups, couples, or solitary walkers, in such pretty confusion, that it is a pleasure to see so many handsome, well-dressed men and women, with the greatest variety of character and countenance, flitting by you like colored shadows. At the sides are coffee-houses and seats, under the shade of the most beautiful clumps of trees, all exquisitely neat and clean. You sit down. Out of the thicket behind you comes the sound of music. You are now at the opera—now at a ball—now on the parade. Coffee comes, and cakes with it. A child presents flowers; a pretty girl offers crystal water; an old woman tooth-picks: all these are feed with copper kreutzers (pennies), which you are glad to get rid of in so pleasant a way, for they are as heavy as a bad conscience, and weigh your pockets down to your heels.

"But these avenues by no means constitute the whole Prater. A second and a third of the same kind extend, like a fan, from the Leopold Stadt to the Danube (it is properly an arm of the Danube). Here is the other pole of the planet;—here is the real genuine *people*. The spaces between the trees grow wider as they approach the river, and are filled with places of refreshment, where beer, wine, eatables, and, except coffee, drinkables of all sorts, ice, &c., may be had. (The three coffee-houses, *par excel-*



Vienna.

lence, in the grand avenue, have the exclusive privilege of selling coffee.) These places of refreshment are in such number, and so near together, that you cannot distinguish the customers of one host from those of another, and you run a risk of eating what your neighbor has paid for.

"This, then, is the true Vienna. Here, in the midst of all this serving, and sitting, and pouring, and smoking, and carousing, and fiddling, the universal stream and movement flow gayly and comfortably on. People go or stay, come, speak to one another—it is unbroken quiet and ceaseless motion at the same time. No inclosures, no impediments; for though the houses are the property of the inhabitants, the ground is the emperor's, and nobody may inclose it. The impression made by this moving scene—tumult I cannot call it—is an easy, gentle forgetfulness. I could not recollect what I had thought or observed, and though I write all this, I can hardly affirm so it is—so it was."

Leaving Vienna, let us sail down the broad bosom of the Danube, passing through vast forests, wide meadows, and mountain ranges, some of them clad in savage grandeur, and entering the regions of Hungary, make the acquaintance of the Slavonic races, most of whom are restive under the crushing hand of Austrian domination, and who, in the recent revolutions, would have thrown it off, but for the intervention of Russia. Here, on broad fields, waving with grain, or covered with cattle and horses, surrounded by mountains, and in the regions beyond, much of it cultivated, but much of it also wild and wooded, watered by the Danube and its various tributaries, live most of the Slavonic races of the Austrian Empire, under the names of Magyars, Croats, &c. Eastward, are the Latin races, as they are termed (most of them speaking the Latin language), and comprising the Wallachians of Hungary, Transylvania, and the military frontiers.

Buda, the capital of Hungary, stands upon the right bank of the Danube, opposite the city of Pesth, famous in the late revolutions, forming, indeed, but one city, connected by a bridge of boats. The buildings are large and handsome; and the population of both cities amounts to nearly a hundred thousand, the larger portion being resident in Pesth.

But we defer, for the present, what we have to say respecting Hungary. In the mean while, we must form some idea of the relations sustained by Austria to its dependent possessions, in order to understand the true position and probable fate of Hungary. The emperors of Austria are descendants of the celebrated house of Hapsburg, who, in former times, displayed the greatest energy of character. Recently, however, they have sadly degen-

erated. In the reign of Francis I., a mild, good-natured man, but without elevation of thought or manly energy, Metternich placed himself in a position to take the reins of government into his own hands. Francis I. was succeeded by the late emperor, Ferdinand I., whose name is scarcely known beyond the bounds of Austria, a man of narrow, trivial, superstitious temper, feeble in body, and equally feeble in mind, in fact, a mere automaton in the hands of Metternich. For the greater portion of the last half century, the true King of Austria has been the *Prince de Metternich,* or, as some of the Germans facetiously, but not inappositely, call him, Prince de Mitter-Nacht—that is, *Prince Midnight*—a man of giant energy and consummate political genius, but narrow, despotic, and selfish.

The principal care of Metternich has been to give to the people of the Austrian dominions much *physical prosperity,* and to maintain the *existing order.* "In this country," says a traveler, "the arms are put to labor, the stomach is well filled, the highways are well guarded, the fields well cultivated; all would do if the people would not sometimes take a notion to think!" No liberty of the press; no independence whatever; the government keeps the nation under guardianship, and treats men like children who know not how to take care of themselves. A learned German one day reproached M. de Metternich with not looking out for the future. "*After me let the deluge come!*" said the diplomatist. The deluge did come, and swept away Prince Metternich and the old Austrian despotism. But he found a quiet retreat in England, and lo! by the help of the fierce Russians, every thing has been restored. The revolution of Vienna is subdued, and the house of Hapsburg once more occupies the imperial throne. The deluge, it seems, like other deluges, was only temporary, and produced less change than one could have imagined. Prince de Metternich is back again in Vienna, only another has ostensibly taken his place. His rôle is pretty much finished, and it would not be well for him to appear at the head of affairs, but his advice, we presume, is deemed as valuable as ever. One of these days he will die, but his spirit, we fear, will not die for many years in Germany. Ferdinand I., too, has resigned, and Francis Joseph, his son, a young man of some capacity, has ascended the throne. A new and modified constitution has been proclaimed, but the *principles* and usages of the old régime are not essentially changed. *Order* and *subjection* reign in Vienna, and as far as may be, in the conquered provinces. Hungary, torn and bleeding, is still. Lombardy, sick at heart, and exhausted with wounds, is prostrate in the dust. Robert Blum is dead. Count Batthyany, one of the

noblest of the Protestant noblemen of Hungary, is in his grave. Kossuth is in exile, and his followers are either in chains, or recreant to the cause of freedom, or scattered over the face of the earth. Austria has her will—for the present, at least; and her aim, therefore, will be to consolidate her empire at home and abroad. She claims that she has a right to Hungary by gift, and to Lombardy by conquest, and she will maintain her right, if she can. Neither individuals nor nations, ordinarily, are willing to abandon their possessions, however obtained. It is "human nature" (not transformed by Christian influences) to "keep what it has, and to get what it can." By flattering the Croats, and promising them immunities, Austria has used them against their natural allies, the Hungarians; and now it would seem that Austria is nearer than ever the great object of all her policy, which has been to divide and to conquer, and it is possible that the brave Magyars, the savage Croats, the rude, but simple-hearted Tcheques, the Poles of Galicia, and the natives of Transylvania, Illyria, Dalmatia, and Wallachia, may be forced to blend in one common government.

CHAPTER XXI.

HUNGARY.

Hungarian and Bohemian Costume.

HUNGARY is comprised in the great oval plain or basin watered by the Danube, the Theiss, the Raab, the Leitha, and other tributaries of the Danube, surrounded on all sides except the south by lofty mountains, whence the rivers have their sources, and from which they rush to the plain, where the land is so level that their current is scarcely visible. If we include all that are usually styled Hungarians, composed of various Slavic tribes, Slovaks and Magyars, Croats, Germans, and Gipsies, who find their na-

tional home here, the population will amount to eleven or twelve millions. If, however, we confine it to the Magyar races and their dependents, it will be much less. The country is fertile, rich in cattle, and, among the mountains, in various metals, common and precious. The population is properly divided into the nobles and peasantry, the former enlightened and brave, the latter ignorant and rude, and, until recently, under the domination of the former. The Magyars occupy the heart of the country, and number 4,450,000, more than one-half of whom profess the Protestant faith, the others being mostly Catholics. The superiority of the Magyars over their neighbors of other races is one of character; for though many of them are well educated, the peasantry, as well as the middle classes, are behind the Germans. The hussar jacket, light pantaloons and boots, with a huge-brimmed hat, form the costume of the lower orders. The Hungarian costume, as worn in full dress by the higher classes, is quite imposing, and has been adopted by hussar regiments in various countries. The *attila*, or frock, and the *mente*, or long surcoat, trimmed with fur, are often substituted for the *dollman*, or short hussar jacket. The kalpack, or fur cap, with the costly heron's feather, forms the national head-gear; and on official occasions, the saber is an indispensable addition to a gentleman's attire. The nobles are very numerous, and possess the landed property and influence of the country. Formerly they were free from taxation, and had the right of judging in their own affairs, but both of these high immunities they voluntarily resigned in 1836. Formerly, too, they much oppressed the peasantry; but recently they have made common cause with them, and had they secured their independence, would have conferred upon them still greater privileges.

The *Magyars* are supposed to be of Asiatic origin. At what time they came into Hungary is not known. Anciently, they went by the general name of Pannonians. About the tenth century they established themselves on the great plains of the Danube, and its lower tributaries, formerly known as Dacia and Pannonia. Other races inhabited the country, Slavonian, Wallachian, &c., but the conquering Magyars have always been regarded as the ascendent race, much as the Normans were in England for some eight or nine centuries. Indeed, the Magyars are simply the warrior caste of a former age, and as such, enjoyed certain immunities, and performed certain duties, such as the defense and vindication of the country in the time of war. These nobles formed a National Diet, governed by its own constitution and laws, to which they were elected by the Magyar race, both nobles and peasants.

Indeed, Hungary was for centuries a military Republic, having

for its executive head a President, or rather a *limited Monarch*, elected by the nobles. Though powerful and brave, the Hungarians were severely pressed by the Turks, at that time dominant and victorious, and were finally completely routed by them in 1526, on the field of Mohacz, where their last king, Louis II., was slain, and the royal line extinguished. Ferdinand of Austria claimed to be heir to the throne vacated by the death of his brother-in-law. Though this claim was not recognized, it was felt that a nation sunk in the depths of calamity could not provoke another war, hence Ferdinand was elected King of Hungary, but sworn to protect her ancient rights and liberties, and to govern in conformity to her laws. In all respects Hungary was to remain a distinct and independent nation, simply acknowledging allegiance to the house of Hapsburg. The crown was grasped; the conditions were evaded or violated.

In 1687, at the close of the long and triumphant war which broke forever the Turkish power, Leopold II. proceeded to consummate the grand design of his house, to incorporate Hungary with the Austrian dominions, in which the will of the sovereign should be absolute and unquestioned. This was accomplished by treachery, torture, and bloodshed. The poor Hungarians were compelled to submit. Leopold was not only ruler of Austria, as well as Hungary, but emperor of Germany also, and his troops garrisoned every commanding post in the country. The Diet refused to acknowledge the hereditary title of the emperor; but what could they do? They were compelled to yield, but on *conditions*—conditions which were never observed. Each Austrian monarch in succession swore to observe the constitution, but never hesitated to violate it when his interests were at stake. Usurpations on the one side, with occasional concessions, almost uniformly withdrawn, and endeavors on the other to maintain their hereditary rights, form the subsequent history of the Hungarian nation in its connection with Austria. Joseph II., after usurping the entire control of the government, and refusing even to call the Diet together, yielded to the ferment which such conduct raised in Hungary, and once more took a solemn oath to observe the Hungarian constitution, and maintain the ancient independence of the country. This was in 1790, or just after the breaking out of the first French revolution. Many changes occurred, and the faithless house of Hapsburg deliberately violated all its engagements to Hungary.

Gradually a patriotic and reform party, led by Count Batthyany, Kossuth, and other noble spirits, was formed in Hungary, and grew in influence and power. They demanded constitutional gov-

ernment, the freedom of the press, a responsible ministry at Buda, an annual diet at Pesth, equality, civil and religious, representation on the principle of equality, trial by jury, a national bank, a national guard, and so forth. Under the pressure of circumstances, these were yielded by the Austrian monarch, trembling for his throne. The patriot Batthyany was instructed to form a Hungarian ministry, and did so. The noble Kossuth and his compatriots became the legitimate rulers of the nation.

But despotism recovered its energies, and instantly retracted its concessions, and as instantly made war upon Hungary. But how was this accomplished? Hungary was tranquil and happy, and had no thought of a revolt or of a civil war. There was no resource but to stir up "a war of races." The savage and jealous Croats, duped by their Ban, Jellachich, in the interest of Austria, and governed by the selfish hope of acquiring special privileges by the subjugation of Hungary, were led against their neighbors. The Hungarians, of course, resisted, and outlawed Jellachich, who had been secretly made governor of a part of their territory without their consent. The Austrian court was appealed to in this emergency, but temporized as usual, fulminating proclamations against Jellachich, but, of course, did nothing. Jellachich advanced with his Croats into the heart of Hungary, plundering, ravaging, and murdering. At length the Hungarian Diet resolved to repel the outlawed marauder, and levied an army for this purpose. But the Austrians threw off the mask, and sent to the assistance, not the resistance, of Jellachich; and the emperor actually addressed him a letter of thanks for his fidelity and attachment!

As a final resort, a grand deputation of one hundred and sixty Hungarians, headed by the President of the Diet, made their way to Vienna to know what all this could mean, and to see if war could not, somehow, be averted. They were treated with contempt. The deputation returned, and announced to the people that there was no hope but in God and themselves!

The rest is well known. Jellachich was driven back, and the independence of Hungary would have been secured, but for the intervention of the Russian Bear. Blood flowed in torrents, and Hungary fell. The atrocities of the war were enormous. Riot and murder covered the land with desolation and woe. To describe these would require volumes, and would only harrow the feelings. Take the following from the translation of a work by an Austrian officer, lately published in England, entitled "Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary," and from one, learn all.

The writer takes up his quarters in a castle.

"At the tramp of the horses, and the clank of swords, the porch-door opened, and an old man, a kind of steward, followed by servants with great lanterns, came toward us, asking who we were, and what was our errand. I replied that I was an officer of the Emperor and King, belonging to the army of the Ban; and requested, in the first place, to be conducted to the master of the mansion. The man obeyed, though with some reluctance, and led me into a spacious hall, which, by the dim light of a lamp, appeared to be a sort of ancestral hall. Large pictures were hung upon the walls, and between them swords, muskets, old armor, and arms of all kinds.

"Here the castellan bade me wait, while he went to announce me; and I availed myself of this moment to take off my cloak, to set my hair to rights a little, to fasten my dolman close about me, to tie my sash properly; in short, to make myself as smart as I could. The old man presently came back, conducted me along a corridor, and then opened the folding doors of an apartment, whence issued the brilliant light of tapers.

"Somewhat dazzled, I entered the apartment, which was most elegantly fitted up, where a tall, handsome lady received me with a polite but proud obeisance. I was just going to introduce myself, and to apologize for my unbidden visit, when she extended her hand to me with loud exclamations of joy, 'Ah, Baron W.!'

"I now recognized her. It was the Countess St———, the Milan beauty, the wife of my old comrade, St———, who once saved my life in Bologna, and who, after his marriage with the fair Marchesa B———, had obtained leave to resign, and retired to his lordship in Hungary; and I now found myself, without having suspected it, in his mansion.

"Being called by his wife, he made his appearance immediately, and cordial was our embrace. He was still, as he ever had been, Magyar, both body and soul; and told me frankly that he should long since have gone to Kossuth, had he not been restrained by the odious idea of being obliged to fight against his former comrades; but he assured me that he would yet do so.

"I advised that we should not talk of political matters, but rather think of old times; and his wife approved the suggestion. By-and-by came his sister, the young Countess Helene, the most beautiful Hungarian female I had ever seen; and that is saying a great deal.

"St——— gave me his word and honor that we were perfectly safe from any surprise by the enemy, and my men were abundantly supplied with wine and meat; and, while they made themselves comfortable outside, I found myself in Paradise, between

two beautiful and amiable females, opposite to a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, and before a glass of exquisite tokay. All weariness vanished; and we joked and laughed half the night, forgetting the war, and Kossuth, and national hatred.

"Two days I rested in St———'s mansion, as a little respite was highly desirable for both men and horses. The eyes of the Countess Helene began to be dangerous for me; but upon the earth the soldier has no abiding quarters. On the third morning, with a tear in my eye, I pressed St——— to my breast, kissed the cheek of his wife and his sister; the latter plucked a rose-bud for me as a keepsake, my trumpeter sounded 'to horse,' and away we dashed."

When next they meet it is under different circumstances:

"He had, as we often have said, a serious engagement with the Magyars, in which there were, on both sides, at least ten or twelve thousand men in the fire. On this occasion the enemy again had a numerous and excellent light cavalry, and had the skill to employ it on ground favorable for himself, so that our infantry was repeatedly exposed to the most violent attacks, and had the greatest difficulty to ward them off.

"Two squadrons, in particular, of very well organized and equipped Honveds, distinguished themselves by their furious charges on Croatian infantry battalions, and could not, at last, be compelled to retreat but by several discharges of grape, which made dreadful havoc in their ranks.

"The leader of this corps, a man of tall, elegant figure, in the rich dress of a magnate, mounted on a superb, spirited, gray stallion, which he managed with great dexterity, was indefatigable in always rallying his men, and leading them back against our infantry. He galloped to and fro with as much unconcern as if the balls whizzing around him were but snow-balls, continually flourishing his glistening blade.

"The figure of the rider seemed to be well known to me; but I could not distinguish his features, as we were drawn up in rear of our column of infantry, at the distance of some hundred paces from him.

"Twice he had escaped unhurt the fire of our infantry; when, as I have already mentioned, some guns, which had meanwhile come up, began to fire with grape. He seemed not to heed the first discharge, for I saw him, still brisk and animated as ever, galloping about at the head of his men. The second must have been directed better; for, when the smoke cleared off, I could perceive the horse and rider on the ground.

"At the same moment we received the signal for charging.

The ranks of our infantry suddenly opened to let us pass through, and we advanced at full gallop upon the enemy's horse. These, at first, retired precipitately, to get beyond the range of our cannon, then rallied, and drove us back; we did the same by them; and so we went on, till at length, as it is usual in Hungary, the whole dissolved into single combats, in which man is engaged, hand to hand, with man.

"It was nearly dark, when, with my troop, some of whom were killed, others severely wounded, I reached the main body. Scarcely had we unsaddled, and, tired to death, I was about to stretch myself by the watch-fire, fed with the ruins of houses which had been pulled down, when an infantry soldier, appointed to hospital duty, came to inform me that an officer of the insurgents, dangerously wounded and taken prisoner, having heard my name, wished to speak to me.

"In spite of weariness, I immediately followed my guide to the hurdle-shed, which was fitted up for a hospital. Dismal was the appearance of this dark, low place, scantily lighted by the hand-lanterns of the surgeons and attendants, who, with their blood-stripped sleeves tucked up high, and with aprons equally bloody, were busily engaged. The wounded lay close to one another upon dirty straw, which, in places, was quite wet and slippery from the blood upon it. Loud and gentle sighs, moans, groans, gnashing of teeth, mingled at times with curses in the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, German, and Croatian languages. I was obliged to rally my courage, lest I should be scared back.

"In the furthest corner of the long building, on a bed of straw, lay the wounded prisoner who wished to speak to me. How was I shocked when the light of the attendant's lantern fell upon his face, and I recognized Count St———!

"On our march through Croatia to Vienna I had passed two days at his mansion; had seen him in the society of two charming women—his wife and his sister—in the full enjoyment of happiness; and now, in what a state was I doomed to find him! St———, a Magyar to the inmost fiber of his heart, had, indeed, then told me that he should take up arms for Kossuth; but thus to meet him again I was not at all prepared.

"Kneeling by the side of my pale friend, whose noble countenance bore the evident impress of speedy death, I grasped his cold hand, and asked in what way I could be serviceable to him. 'Thank you for coming,' he replied, in a voice scarcely audible, and this effort manifestly caused him great pain: 'I heard that you were here, and I sent for you. I am dying; my chest is shattered. When I am dead, take the pocket-book out of my

uniform and send it to my wife, who lives at K——; it contains my will and other papers.'

"Here he made a long pause, during which I strove to cheer him.

"'Don't talk thus—'tis of no use—we part as friends—I have fought for my country—you are faithful to your colors.'

"I pressed his hand in silence.

"'Where is your sister Helene?' I at length asked.

"'With the army,' he answered—'she is fighting for Hungary.'

"It was now a considerable time before St——— could utter a word. He moaned, gently; and a regimental surgeon, who came to us, significantly made the sign of the cross with his finger.

"At length, after a full hour, he suddenly raised himself and said, 'So—now 'tis all over—salute Marie, the name of wife—Marie!' and with that he stretched himself out, his eye-strings broke, and his spirit fled."

The tragedy concludes with the fate of the lovely sister of his host, who, like many a Polish victim of the fair sex, had braved danger in her country's cause:

"Satisfied on this point, I set out, with my two attendants, on my return to the watch-fire, the tall flame of which flared up cheeringly before us; when, the moon shining tolerably bright, we perceived a human figure lying at the foot of a tree.

"We went nearer; it was a woman, dressed as a man, in the costume of a Hungarian magnate; the long hair which fell over her shoulders betrayed her sex. My serassans turned her round, and by the pale moonbeams I recognized Helene, the lovely sister of my friend, St———. Inexpressible anguish thrilled me that moment, and I was well-nigh throwing myself upon the corpse.

"Forcibly mustering my spirits, I ordered my men to carry the body to the fire. There we examined it more closely, and, with extreme anxiety, I sought to ascertain whether there was any hope left of reviving her. Vain hope! it was several hours since her spirit had departed; the ball of one of our riflemen had gone through her heart. From the small red wound the blood was still oozing in single drops, which I carefully caught in my handkerchief, to be preserved as a relic.

"My only consolation was that the deceased could not have suffered long; that she must have expired the very moment she was struck. Those pure, noble, still wondrously beautiful features—on her brow dwelt peace and composure, and the lips almost smiled. There she lay as if in tranquil slumber; and yet

those eyes were never more to open—those lips never more to utter noble sentiments or words of kindness.

"My hussars were visibly affected, and thought it a pity that one so young and so beautiful should die so early. Many of them, who had been with me on our first march through Hungary, for two days together at St———'s mansion, instantly recognized Helene, and doubly lamented her death, because she had shown such kindness to them.

"We thawed, by a fire, the ground not far from a maple-tree, and were employed nearly the whole night in digging a large, deep grave with our hand-bills and swords. By the time the first rays of dawn appeared we had finished; a hussar, who could do carpenter's work, having meanwhile made a simple cross out of the stems of two white maples.

"The corpse, in full uniform; the kolpack, with plume of glistening heron's feathers, on the head, the light Turkish saber by her side, was then carefully wrapped in a clean, large blanket, which we had with us, and so deposited in the grave, which we filled up with earth. Then, regardless of caution, I had a full salute fired with pistols over the grave. I have preserved a small gold ring and a lock of her hair for a memorial. When our melancholy business was finished, we moved off after the enemy, who retreated rather hastily.

"The tempestuous feeling that filled my heart I am not able to describe. Helene had, as I subsequently learned, served as aid-de-camp to her maternal uncle, who commanded a considerable Magyar corps, and was shot, when acting in that capacity, by our soldiers, in the above-mentioned action."

CHAPTER XXII.

BOHEMIA AND POLAND.

Reascending the Danube, as far as Vienna, we strike off at right angles, and after journeying a hundred and sixty miles, through a fine agricultural country, find ourselves in the ancient city of Prague, the capital of Bohemia, magnificently situated on both sides of the Moldau, having forty-eight churches, several of them antique and beautiful, sixteen monasteries, nineteen synagogues—for there are seven or eight thousand Jews resident here,

in addition to a population of about a hundred thousand souls—several elegant palaces, among which are the imperial castle and palace of Wallenstein, a large university, and other public edifices of striking and imposing forms, and in every part, particularly toward the river, which is spanned by a superb bridge of sixteen arches, strongly fortified. Its university is one of the oldest and most celebrated in Germany, having a library of a hundred thousand volumes, a corps of learned professors, and many students. John Huss, Jerome, usually styled Jerome of Prague, and Jacobellus, learned and eloquent divines and reformers of Bohemia, were professors in this university, and served to kindle a flame in their native land which will never be extinguished. Huss and Jerome were both burned at Constance, having been condemned as heretics by a furious papal council, but the spirit of their genius and character lived after them, and has modified the whole aspect of Bohemian history.* Prague is the center of an extensive commerce and of a wide-spread literary and moral influence, and, as in former times, is still destined to play an important part in the affairs of Germany. It has suffered much from war, change, and revolution, and, we fear, will yet be called to endurance and trial.

The country of Bohemia is one of the finest in the world. It resembles an immense concavity or basin, considerably elevated above the level of the sea, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, rich with various metals, and presenting diversified aspects of grandeur and beauty. The Elbe receives all the waters of this fair valley, and breaking through the *Erzegebirge*, passes into Saxony, whence it pursues its way, through the heart of Northern Germany, to Hamburg and the sea. The land is fertile, free from marshes and all kinds of noxious influences, and the air is pure and bland. Italy itself has not a serener sky. Spring, summer, and winter pass into each other with a delightful variety of temperature. The mountain ranges are covered with pines and other trees. In the interior are extensive forests, the haunt of wild animals, and the scene of many a strange romance. It forms the most northern and northwestern portion of the Austrian Empire, and has a population of 4,600,000, ingenious, hardy, cheerful, and enterprising. The ancient literature of Bohemia is rich and various, and recently it has been revived. The majority of the inhabitants are of Slavic origin, like the Magyars and others, but intermingled

* In the museum at Frankfort is an admirable painting, we think by Lessing, of John Huss before the Diet at Constance. The figures and attitudes are very striking. An engraving of this fine painting, we believe, has been published.

with Germans. They are famous for their manufactures, particularly in glass, and, above all, for their noble dispositions and great musical talents. A large proportion of the inhabitants are Protestants, but the Catholics, favored by government, are also numerous and influential. The latter are said to be peculiarly superstitious. In no place is the reverence for relics and images carried further than in Prague. The bridge over the Moldau is lined with an avenue of statues, before which numbers of people may be seen kneeling, and even prostrating themselves, in the most humble postures.

The history of Bohemia, from time immemorial, has been one of outrage and wrong, of persecution and oppression. Of Slavic origin, and cherishing the memory of their ancient independence, they sigh for freedom and equal rights. But Austria has kept her foot on the neck of Bohemia, as on that of Hungary. Her method here has been the same as elsewhere—to excite the different races, German and Slavonic, against each other, and by that means to keep both in quiet subjection. The Protestants, especially from the time of John Huss, have been called to special suffering and trial. Crushed, and all but extinguished under the tyranny of Austrians and Jesuits, it is wonderful that they have survived at all, and especially that they should possess so much vitality and strength. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, before the thirty years' war, which was a war of religion, there were in Bohemia 732 great and small towns, 34,700 villages or hamlets, and 3,000,000 of souls. After this war there remained but 130 towns, 6000 villages, and 780,000 inhabitants! It may be imagined what massacre and burning, what torture and bloodshed, what imprisonment and exile must have preceded such a state of things! In the year 1630 the whole country presented one scene of ruin, horror, and blood.

What was the crime of the Bohemians which brought upon them such fearful punishment? Adhering to their faith, and, when persecuted, defending it with their life—nothing more! For this, soldiers and priests devoured the land, and Protestantism was banished to the forests and mountains! The nobles and people that remained embraced the religion of the conquerors.

For 250 years this state of things continued. At last a deputation of Protestants, emerging from their concealment, found a favorable audience at the court of Joseph II., who granted them leave once more to celebrate their worship, and, though suffering heavy disabilities from the conduct of the dominant priests, they began to prosper.

But once more Bohemia has suffered from change and revolu-

tion; her hopes of freedom and prosperity have been crushed. The Austrian eagle, with her talons deep in the heart of the nation, exults over her prey. Protestantism, of course, bears the brunt of this new and painful reverse.

The present position and prospects of Bohemia will be understood from the following narrative:

"There are in this country two wholly distinct races, the *Tcheches*, and the *Germans*. The Tcheches belong to the numerous family of *Slaves*, or *Slavonians*. They were originally settled on the shores of the Black Sea, and came into Bohemia about the middle of the sixteenth century. They were converted to Christianity by the missionaries *Methodius* and *Cyril*. Their creeds, their religious observances, were derived from the *Greek* Church, not the Latin Church, and this explains why, some ages later, they adopted so easily the opinions of John Huss.

The Tcheches speak a dialect of the Slavonian language. Those who have studied this idiom affirm that it is full of force, precision, grace, and originality. The Bohemians have long studied literature, the sciences and arts, with the greatest success. They have particularly a taste for mathematics and music. The restorer of modern astronomy, *Copernicus*, was a Bohemian. At the time of the thirty years' war they reckoned a host of good writers, and had expensive libraries. But Austrians, Italians, Spanish monks, who invaded the country, burnt the books of Bohemians as heretics. They searched houses, and seized without ceremony all works of national literature. Some of these fanatical inquisitors boasted of having cast into the fire more than 60,000 volumes. From that moment scientific and literary studies disappeared, and the celebrated University of Prague was but the shadow of what it had been.

Still, with their surprising elasticity of character, the Tcheches did not sink under so great calamities. They sought in their industry a means of restoring prosperity to their country. They worked rich mines of iron, lead, sulphur, and coal. Their manufactures of glass are celebrated in all Europe. They established cotton and woolen manufactures. At present the Tcheches compose a population of 2,560,000 individuals, and their writers have begun again to cultivate ancient literature. They have poets, historians, and antiquarians who enjoy a just renown.

By the side of the Tcheches is the *Teutonic*, or *German* race, consisting in Bohemia of about 1,000,000 souls. The Germans, as you see, are a minority. Having come later than the Tcheches, they do not constitute the basis of the Bohemian population. But, protected by the emperors, under the influence of the priests,

enjoying the highest offices, and favored in every way by the court of Vienna, they have long ruled over the nation. All public acts must be registered in the German language. The army, the government officers, the courts of justice, all were obliged to employ the idiom of the conqueror, like the Anglo-Saxons under the first successors of William the Conqueror. The poor Tcheches could not preserve their language except in the family circle.

Such was the condition of the two races in Bohemia when the revolution of Paris occurred. The oppressed nations leaped for joy, and despots trembled on their old thrones. On the 11th of March a popular assembly was convened at Prague. The hall for meeting was filled to overflowing. Earnest addresses were delivered, and the audience adopted unanimously the draft of a petition containing the following points: 1. Equality of the two races in schools, in courts of justice, and before the government; 2. Obligation of every magistrate to speak the two languages; 3. Union of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia under the direction of one common diet, assembled sometimes at Prague, sometimes at Brunn; 4. An elective national representation; 5. Publicity of judicial proceedings, liberty of the press, arming of the people, security for personal liberty; 6. Equality of all religious confessions; 7. Abolition of feudal rights, privileges of nobles, &c. This was a complete list of reforms. In the first moments of enthusiasm, the petition was covered with thousands of signatures. Germans and Tcheches seemed to have forgotten their long rivalries, and put their names on the same page. Students, municipal councilors, magistrates, and even many nobles partook of the generous impulse. The petition was carried to Vienna by delegates chosen by all classes of the nation.

A popular revolution had just occurred in Vienna, the 14th of March. Prince de Metternich had fled; the Emperor Ferdinand had no more authority; the new ministers of state professed the most liberal opinions. They received with much complaisance the delegation from Bohemia, and promised, with some slight reserves, to grant all that the petitioners asked.

A splendid feast was given to the delegates on their return to Prague, the 27th of March. The houses were ornamented with the national flag of white and red. The students and the civic guard formed a long file, from the gates of the city to the hotel of the commune. Twelve girls, in white satin robes, walked in the midst of the train; children, with red and white scarfs, bore flowers and flags. The carriages of the delegates were crowned with laurels; after them came the ecclesiastics of all communions, and the academic senate. The bells were rung; fireworks were dis-

played; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs: all breathed the joy of triumph. . . . . .

Vain delusion of people, who believe that sovereigns will yield voluntarily any portion of their power! In spite of De Metternich's fall, and the change of cabinet, the court of Vienna acted with its usual duplicity. Not daring to resist openly the people's enthusiasm, it resorted to artifices to gain time. What difficulty was there in making promises? Have kings and their ministers ever lacked reasons to violate the most solemn engagements?

The plan of the court of Vienna, as afterward appeared, was this: To awaken and imbitter animosities between the Tcheches and the Germans; to employ the Tcheches to resist the efforts of the parliament at Frankfort for union, then to set the Germans at variance with the Tcheches; in a word, to follow strictly the Machiavellian policy, which is, to divide and conquer.

An occasion soon offered to carry out this detestable policy. All the German nations had been called upon to choose delegates, who should meet at Frankfort, and try to establish a common constitution, and a uniform organization for the whole empire. The Austrian cabinet, who could not oppose openly the plan of union, sent an invitation to the inhabitants of Bohemia, calling on them to exercise their electoral rights. But at the same time they commissioned secret agents to stir up the hereditary jealousies of the Tcheches. These perfidious emissaries went from town to town, from village to village, saying: 'What! you, the boasted descendants of Wenceslas and of Ziska; you, members of the great Slavonian race, will you consent to be governed by the babbling professors and the silly pedants of Frankfort? Have you not been long enough subjected to strangers? Beware! the Germans are not your friends. They will impose upon you new taxes, and afterward they will laugh at your credulity! Let the Bohemian lion, then, erect his shaggy main, and let the citizens of Frankfort tremble in their frail defenses!'

These arts of deception had the desired effect. At Prague, no elector dared appear to vote for deputies to the parliaments of Frankfort. The districts peopled mostly by Germans went to the polls, but the number of deputies at the Central Diet was not more than twelve for all Bohemia.

The Austrian ministers had then realized already a part of their plan. The Germans, both in the interior of Bohemia and abroad, were greatly exasperated. They bitterly accused the Tcheches of violating the national union, and of impairing the strength of the Germanic empire, to gratify a silly pride. What had become of the new union and harmony? Where was the procession of

boys and girls of the two races, who, hand in hand, had graced the feast of Prague? It was all an empty, ridiculous show! Hatred, envy, and discord had again appeared!

But it was not enough for the cabinet of Vienna to rekindle division between the two races—they must now strike a great blow at the Tcheches. Accordingly, the various tribes of Slavonians in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Gallicia, Transylvania, &c., had resolved to hold a preparatory meeting at Prague, early in June. They wished to constitute the *Slavonian union*, in opposition to the German union. This plan did not suit the Austrian court—for fourteen millions of Slavonians would have a preponderating influence in political affairs. Artifice and perfidy were again employed by Metternich's disciples.

On the 2d of June, nearly three hundred deputies attended at solemn mass in Sprague. There were Slavonians of the north and of the south, Croatians, Servians, Dalmatians, with haughty and savage countenances, the long mustache, and the face bronzed by the sun. They wore the ancient national costume, cloaks of white or red velvet, and the people chanted the songs of the Hussite war.

From the 2d to the 10th of June the congress held its sessions. The deputies passed three important acts. First, they addressed to the nations of Europe a manifesto, in which they insisted resolutely on the rights and independence of the Slavonian nation; next they prepared a petition to the Emperor of Austria, asking for all the liberties of modern times; lastly, they resolved to form a *federal compact* between all the families of their race. This was a gigantic plan. The Slavonians would form a vast confederation, from the shores of the Adriatic to the frontiers of Russia, and labor thus for the emancipation of the Poles.

What did the court of Vienna do in this extremity? They stirred up the common people by means of secret agents. The Tcheches of Prague, laborers, merchants, and students, took arms on the 12th of June, against the Germans. The latter sought means of defense. Gen. Windisch-Gratz, lieutenant of the Emperor of Austria, assembled his army and planted cannon in the streets of the city. The Bohemians constructed barricades, after the example of the Parisians. The contest was severe and bloody; it raged for five days with incredible fury. Many of the deputies of the Tcheches took part in the combat. Gen. Windisch-Gratz sent bombs against the houses of Prague, and burnt whole sections of the city. On the 18th of June the civil war was ended. The Slavonian congress had dispersed, the national committee was dissolved: the Tcheches were again subdued.

Thus the Austrian cabinet secured a double advantage. After having opposed the plan of a Germanic union by means of the Tcheches, they had conquered these last by the swords of Germans! At present a judicial inquest is opened, and there will be numerous victims. Unhappy nations, who have to struggle against the cunning and intrigues of courts!"

Close to Bohemia lies Moravia, with a numerous and industrious population. Though once independent, like Hungary and Bohemia, Moravia belongs to Austria. In this country originated the pious and simple-hearted "Moravian Brethren," famous for their self-denying missions in Africa, Labrador, and Greenland. *Hernnhut*, founded by Count Zinzendorf, is a scene of quiet industry, order, cheerfulness, and devotion. Their forms of worship somewhat resemble those of the Episcopal Church. They are fond of music, and use it in all their services. Their grave-yard is a place of much rural beauty. The dead are conveyed thither, and laid in their quiet resting-place, to the sound of sacred song.

From Bohemia and Moravia we pass to unhappy *Poland*—Poland no longer, except in name! This ancient kingdom, containing some five millions of inhabitants, and occupying a fine tract of country, rich in corn and other agricultural products, has been utterly absorbed by the three great Powers, as they are called, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Warsaw, an irregularly built and large commercial city on the banks of the Vistula, is the capital, grotesque in its appearance, from the commingling of the most elegant with the most miserable buildings, and grotesque also from its population, consisting of native Poles, Germans, Jews, Slavonians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Italians, monks, nuns, nobles, beggars, and merchants, all dressed in their peculiar costumes. The aspect of society resembles a perpetual masquerade: long-bearded Jews, monks in the garb of every order, vailed and shrouded nuns; bevies of young Polish ladies, in silk mantles of the brightest colors, promenading the broad squares; the dignified ancient Polish noble, with mustaches, caftan, girdle, saber, and red or yellow boots; the new generation, equipped to the highest pitch of Parisian dandyism; with Turks, Greeks, Russians, Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen, in an ever-changing throng!

The Poles belong to the great Slavic race, having an Asiatic cast of countenance, derived, probably, from their Tartar origin. They are well formed and tall, with good features, and often fair complexion. The population of the country is much mixed. Generally they profess the Catholic faith, and, except among the higher classes, are ignorant and fanatical. The nobles are brave and hospitable, impatient of constraint, and ardent for freedom.

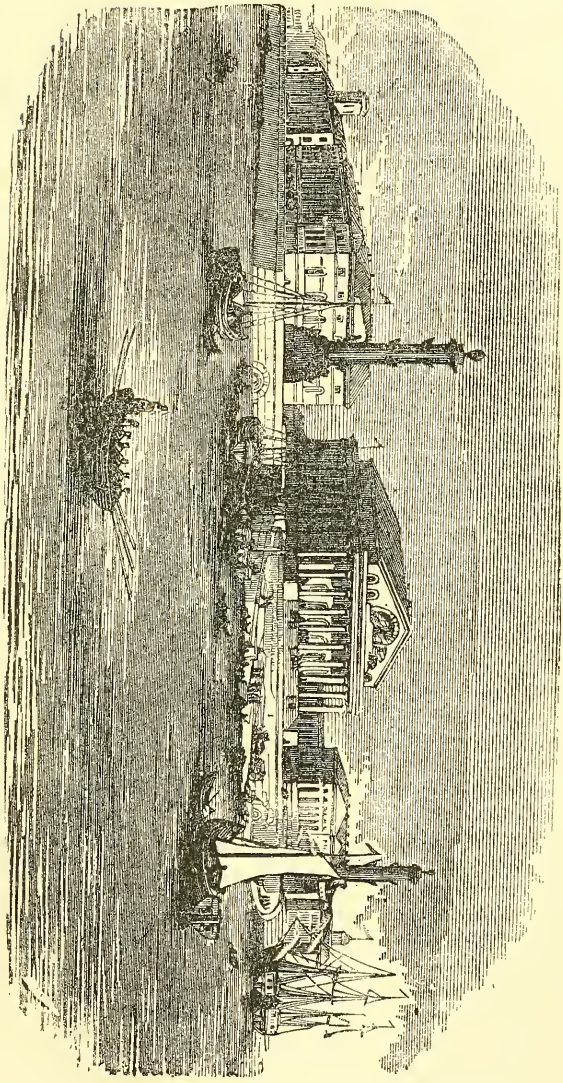
Fond of show, gayety, and amusement, they are not without the vices of vanity and licentiousness.

Every one has heard of the misfortunes of Poland. Partitioned among her enemies three several times, Cracow, one of her most ancient cities, and once the residence of the Polish kings, was left the center of a little republic, free and independent. Situated in a wide plain on the banks of the Vistula, with a serene atmosphere, a fertile soil, glorious views of distant mountain ranges extending from the Black Sea to the river Danube, superb old buildings and venerable monuments, those, for example, of Sobieski, of Kosciusko, of Poniotowski, of Dembrowski, the most illustrious heroes of Poland; and in the center of the city the castle built by Casimir the Great, and under whose arches had passed no less than six powerful dynasties, Cracow was the pride of its citizens, and the pride even of Poland far and near. But Cracow, insignificant as a republic, was too much for the jealous eyes of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and that, too, must be annihilated! So that a fourth, and a last time, Poland has been partitioned and swallowed by these greedy wolves!

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUSSIA.

As we are among the Slavic or Slavonian race, called such, not because they were ever slaves, though some of them even now are in a condition of serfdom, but simply to distinguish them from the German and other races, we will pass into Russia, the principal home of the Northern Slavi, and one of the most powerful empires in the world. The progress of Russia, within a comparatively short period, in all the elements of political power, has been surprising. Her strength and resources are becoming absolutely colossal. By no means restricted to Europe, Russia has extensive possessions in Northern Asia. Should she conquer the Circassians, who vigorously resist her, she may extend her conquests to Persia, and even to Hindostan. Her entire possessions occupy an area of over eight millions of square miles, and her population, consisting of Russians, Poles, Germans, Greeks, Turks,



St. Petersburgh.

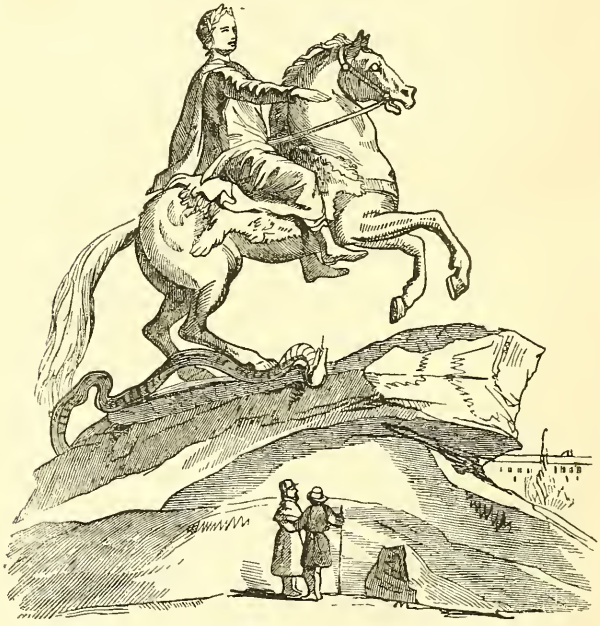
Tartars, Jews, &c., amount to not less than sixty-seven millions! In Europe alone, Russia has an area of over two millions of square miles, and sixty-two millions of inhabitants. Of these, about forty-eight millions belong to the Slavic race.

The external aspect of Russia is distinguished by immense level plains, called steppes, prodigious forests, and large rivers. Much of it is unoccupied and barren, but much of it also is fertile and cultivated. All the products of agriculture are abundant here. Gold, silver, platinum, and other metals are found in the Ural Mountains. The external as well as internal commerce of the country is very considerable. Long canals and railroads, the former chiefly, connect the White, Black, Caspian, and Baltic Seas. Internal commerce is also greatly facilitated by the snow in winter, over which sleighs, heavily laden with produce and merchandise, travel with rapidity. Great fairs are held in different places, to which crowds of merchants and others are attracted from all parts. In the south the climate is mild and pleasant, in the north cold, in winter intensely so, the wind sweeping violently over the vast level plains, and freezing every thing which it touches. Still, it is not unhealthy in these northern regions, and what with furs and fires, the people contrive to make themselves comfortable.

St. Petersburg, one of the largest and most magnificent cities in the world, is the capital, built at the mouth of the Neva, or Newa, which is here 1200 feet wide, with a population of nearly 500,000 inhabitants.* The streets are from 70 to 150 feet wide, intersected by spacious canals, embanked by massive parapets of stone, and spanned by innumerable handsome bridges. The quays are extensive and superb. Palaces and public buildings, mostly in a style of great magnificence, line the banks of the Neva, and, indeed, adorn the principal streets of the city. In the square opposite the Isaac Bridge stands the colossal equestrian statue of *Peter the Great.* The huge block of granite which forms its pedestal is upward of 1500 tons weight. Its appearance is grand and striking, having an air of dignity and triumph. Some of the churches are beautiful and imposing. The Kazan Church is of great dimensions, and built of white marble. That of St. Isaac is still more magnificent. Petersburg is the seat of a large and well-endowed university. The imperial library has 300,000 volumes. The city is also supplied with literary and scientific institutions, botanical gardens, and cabinets of natural history. In winter, it presents a most animated appearance, for every where

* Moscow is sometimes spoken of as the old, or first, capital.

on the Neva, and the canals which traverse its whole extent, completely frozen over, innumerable skaters flit from point to point, in rapid and exhilarating motions. Sledges, of all shapes and dimensions, whirl through the streets, and the frosty atmosphere rings with the crack of the whip and the shout of postillions. Ice mountains also are formed, consisting of inclined planes, high and steep, coated with ice, down which the people descend in cars, or on skates, with great velocity; an amusement of which all are excessively fond.



Statue of Peter the Great.

As a general thing, Russia is thinly inhabited, so that traveling is not the most agreeable. The roads are rough, except in winter, when covered with snow; the inns, if such they may be called, few and far between; the drowsy station-houses, where post-horses are supplied, are without accommodations; and the boundless plains monotonous and wearisome. The traveler must carry with him his bed, provisions, and cooking utensils. The horses

are harnessed to clumsy vehicles, in the shape of landaus, four or five abreast, with a single horse as leader, and perhaps another in the shafts. But they dash along over the frozen ground at a considerable rate, and the travelers may sleep as much as they can, amid mountains of fur. The sledges are of various forms and qualities. Some are plain enough; others are gaudily ornamented. Among these are the kibitki, a rude carriage, without springs, except to the seats, and shaped like a boat; and the droski, a squat affair, with a hollow center, in which the passenger is scarcely two feet from the ground. In some of these carriages he sits astride, as on a narrow saddle, going so rapidly, sometimes, that the novice is compelled to hold on to the driver's sash. In severe winters, passengers, and even drivers, not unfrequently perish from the cold. What changes the introduction of railroads in Russia will produce we know not, but they must be considerable. The journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow must become a very different thing from what it has been. In 1789, no less than 14,000 persons were frozen to death on the road between these two capitals. In Russia, it is no uncommon thing to see a person who has lost an ear or a nose, or other member of his body, by exposure to cold. Limbs are sometimes sacrificed where life escapes. Such, however, is the obtuseness of feeling which intense cold produces, that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning, that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb!

The *population* of Russia is highly diversified, and held together only by the iron bands of the government. The Slavonic race, as we have seen, including the Russians, the Poles, and the Cossacks, form the majority. The Cossacks occupy the southern provinces on the Don and the Black Sea. They are rough and warlike. The Finnic race includes the Finns, or natives of Finland, Esthonians, Laplanders, and other tribes scattered over the country, from the Tornea to the Ural Mountains, generally poor, rude, and simple-hearted. The Tartars, or Turkish race, are scattered over the extensive plains which stretch between the Dniester and the Caucasus, comprising the inhabitants of the former kingdoms of Kazan and Astrachan, and various tribes chiefly under their own government, generally nomadic in their habits, without agriculture and fire-arms, and of course rude and heathenish. To the Mongol race belong the Calmucks, in the southeastern governments, indolent and savage. The Samoiedes compose numerous small, rude tribes wandering through the vast wilderness of the northeastern coast. In addition to these, Russia contains a considerable number of German colonists, Swedes, in Finland, who hate the

Russians, Jews, Armenians, Gipsies, and other peoples. In the whole empire, there are not less than eighty tribes, differing in religion, language, manners, and usages; ranging from the lowest point of barbarism, to the highest degree of European refinement. The great majority, however, even of the Russians proper, are in a semi-barbarous, or, which is the same thing, in a semi-civilized condition, degraded in character and manners, and held to bondage by their hereditary lords.

The Russians are divided into *three* classes—the *nobility, citizens,* and *peasantry.* The nobles are distinguished as *hereditary,* and *personal;* the latter being constituted such for life, and consisting of the higher classes of the clergy and citizens, as also the civil and military officers not nobles by birth. The nobles and commoners are exempted from the poll-tax, though liable to other taxes, and cannot be compelled to enter the army, though many of them enter it voluntarily. By *citizens* are meant all the free inhabitants of cities and towns engaged in commerce, manufactures, and other business, and amounting to near five millions. The *peasantry* comprise freeholders and serfs; the former numbering about 700,000 only, the latter forming the great bulk of the population. Of the serfs, nearly eighteen millions are called *peasants* of the crown, and may be considered *personally free,* for that is the design of the emperor respecting them; while twenty-one millions are absolute *bondmen,* chiefly on the estates of the nobility, though some of them are mechanics and tradesmen, and even merchants, who may accumulate property; but both they and their property belong to their boyars, or lords. It is said to be the intention of the Emperor Nicholas, if possible, to emancipate the whole; but there are many obstacles in the way, and long years must elapse before its accomplishment. They are permitted to work two days in the week on their own account, and thus may acquire sufficient property to purchase their freedom. Hundreds of them are annually levied as recruits, and the moment they enter the army are free both for themselves and their descendants. The common people, all of them, are liable to conscription. At the bidding of the autocrat, thousands upon thousands can be compelled to enter the army, and march, at a moment's warning, to any part of the empire, or the world.

The *army* is the largest in Europe, numbering at present not less than one million of men in the war department. Some of these are stationed, of course, at distant points in this vast country, but Nicholas can bring into the field, at any time, not less than 800,000 men! The garrisons in the interior are provided for by the *Army of Reserve,* or *General Reserve,* the most of whom are

trained in the military colonies, and number about 400,000. The Russian navy is considerable, though not equal to that of England, the first maritime power in the world.

As to the *character* and *habits* of the people, the nobles, generally, are well educated, particularly those employed about the court, or in civil and military service; yet many of them are said to be boorish and ignorant. The Russians have good capacities, particularly for the acquisition of languages, in which they excel, many of them speaking half a dozen foreign tongues. Their manners and dress are similar to those of the higher European classes generally. In winter, they wear pelisses and boots of fur. It may be inferred, from their position and circumstances, that the nobles are proud and overbearing, though excessively obsequious to the autocrat, whom all obey; but their very position of slave-owners must render them fierce and intolerant to all beneath them. They are fond of pomp and show, in many cases rather barbaric than graceful. The middle classes emulate the manners of their superiors. Many of the clergy are ignorant and dissolute. It has been stated, on good authority, that some of them cannot read, and that others often perform religious rites under the influence of strong drink. But as their persons are sacred, the people see little or no incongruity in such cases.

The peasantry are rude and ignorant, full of superstition, and given to low and carnal habits. Their common dress is a hat, or cap, with a high crown, a coarse robe reaching to the knee, and girded with a sash, in which the wearer carries his purse, and sometimes his knife, or hatchet, a woolen cloth wrapped round the leg instead of stockings, and on the feet sandals of pliant bark. Their rude houses are made of logs, laid the one upon the other, having but one room for domestic purposes, and, summer and winter, kept intensely warm by means of a red-hot stove. The villages look dirty and dismal. The rich live sumptuously, but the poorer classes eat and drink what they can procure. Their general food is black rye bread, potatoes, salted fish, garlic, mushrooms, and cucumbers. The common drink is *quass*, a sort of vinegar, made by mixing flour and water, and letting it stand till it ferments, when the liquor is drawn off for use. Mead is a common drink. Whisky and brandy are eagerly consumed. The drinking capacities of the people are immense. The Cossacks have good wines and brandy; and the Calmucks have *koumiss*, a spirit, like weak brandy, distilled from mare's milk.

The prevalent *faith* of Russia is that of the Greek Church. Jews, Lutherans, Catholics, and others, are permitted, though not without disabilities, to practice their own religious rites. Nicholas

is doing all he can to bring these, and all other "heretics," into the unity of the faith, and has even descended to use persecution for this end. The Greek faith differs from the Roman, in denying the supremacy of the Pope, in allowing to the laity the reading of the Scriptures, in permitting the marriage of priests at least once, and in the practice of trine immersion; but, in most other respects, it resembles the Roman. It will not, indeed, admit of statues in the churches as objects of reverence, but it allows pictures of the saints and Virgin. It resembles the Catholic Church in having the same ideas of ecclesiastical authority, the saving efficacy of the Sacraments, and in the use of splendid rites and shows. It has its patriarchs and patriarchal synod, instead of pope and cardinals, as also archbishops, bishops, and inferior clergy. It has convents and monasteries. Preaching and catechising are little regarded, while fasts and festivals are sedulously observed. The festivals are numerous, and kept with great pomp and rejoicing. Every house has a painting of a saint, or of the Virgin, before which the inmates offer prayers, and perform many superstitious ceremonies. The dead are buried with a paper in the hand, duly signed by the bishop and other dignitaries, as a passport to heaven!

The *government* is an *absolute monarchy*. The emperor is "Autocrat of all the Russias." His authority is claimed from God, and is universal in Church and State. He is the supreme king and the supreme pontiff of the nation. All power, secular and sacred, emanates from him. His word is final. Imprisonment—the knout—exile to Siberia—degradation—death—depend upon his nod. He appoints dignitaries and officers, and all are finally amenable to him. This, however, makes the government exceedingly complicated, and the consequence is great corruption and wrong. In Russia justice is difficult of attainment. It is more uncertain than fortune. A common saying in Russia is: "God is high, and the emperor is far away." Torture is abolished, and the common punishment is fine, the knout, and banishment to Siberia. But the *knout* can torture the quivering flesh and cut the life out of the body, as effectually as the rack or guillotine.* One word from the emperor—and, without the

* "August 10th, 1781, I saw two criminals, a man and a woman, suffer the punishment of the knout. They were conducted from the prison by about fifteen hussars and ten soldiers. When they arrived at the place of punishment, the hussars formed themselves into a ring round the whipping-post, the drum beat a minute or two, and then some prayers were repeated—the populace taking off their hats. The woman was taken first, and, after being roughly stripped to the waist, her hands and feet were bound with cords to a post made for the purpose, a man standing before the

lays of courts and witnesses, the victim of despotic vengeance is seized instantly, in the dead of night it may be, or at table with

post to keep the cords tight. A servant attended the executioner, and both were stout men. The servant first marked his ground, and struck the woman five times on the back. Every stroke seemed to penetrate deep into the flesh. But his master, thinking him too gentle, pushed him aside, took his place, and gave all the remaining strokes himself, which were evidently more severe. The woman received twenty-five, and the man sixty. I pressed through the hussars, and counted the number as they were chalked on a board. Both seemed but just alive, especially the man, who had yet strength enough to receive a small donation with some signs of gratitude. They were conducted back to prison in a little wagon. I saw the *woman* in a very weak condition some days after, *but could not find the man any more!*"—*Howard's Journal.*

This latter circumstance confirmed Howard's previous suspicion that the knout was in reality the Russian gallows, and that, under cover of a mere whipping, death was sometimes, if not frequently, inflicted; while Western Europe was abused with idle boasts of the superior clemency of Russian laws. It was, however, useless to think of making any inquiries on the subject among the courtiers of Catherine, or even among the ministers of justice; so, in order to get further information, he took his own characteristic course. Having ascertained the address of the executioner, he got into a coach and drove off to his house. The poor fellow was alarmed at seeing a person having the appearance of a noble and an official enter his humble dwelling; domiciliary visits from the authorities of St. Petersburg rarely boding good to the host. Howard had calculated upon the man being surprised and thrown off his guard, and now endeavored to increase his confusion by his air, tone, and bearing. The fellow probably remembered seeing him within the lines on the occasion just described, and, of course, supposed him to be a person in authority. Howard expected this. Assuming, therefore, an official tone, he desired the man to answer the questions put to him simply, and without equivocation; adding, that if his replies were found conformable to truth, he had nothing to fear. The executioner meekly declared his readiness to answer any questions that should be put to him.

"Can you inflict the knout in such a manner as to occasion death in a very short time?"

"Yes, I can," was the prompt reply.

"In how short a time?" continued Howard.

"In a day or two."

"Have you ever so inflicted it?"

"I have."

"Have you lately?" added our countryman, going to the point he was very anxious to be satisfied of.

"Yes, the last man who was punished by my hands with the knout died of the punishment."

Even so! no wonder that the philanthropist had not been able to find him.

"In what manner do you thus render it mortal?"

"By one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of the flesh."

"Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?"

his wife and children, or in the place of public concourse, amid the festivities of a holiday or a ball, in the very depth of winter, and hurried off to the inhospitable Siberia, where he is compelled to change his name, to hunt in the arctic forests, or dig in the dreary mines, with every species of criminal. Nothing is heard of him—nothing can be sent to him. He becomes dead among the living.

As the emperor is supreme in the nation, so each proprietor is supreme on his own estate. All act the despot. The serfs are subject to the *cudgel* of the owner, and this "symbol of sacred authority is seldom at rest." The use of it is universal. It is related, that a gentleman who asked his slave why he always persisted in folding a letter with the title inward, received for answer: "Please, sir, because you never beat me."

The knout is the most common punishment. To be "knouted without mercy," is to have the flesh cut piecemeal off the bones by every stroke of the hard, dried hide. Under this process the victim soon becomes exhausted, when an instrument, with iron teeth like a comb, is struck into the forehead, and the marks rubbed with gunpowder, as a perpetual brand of shame. Then a pair of pincers, like curling-irons, are fixed upon the nostrils, cutting or tearing each way. This quickens the man to consciousness, in the last stage of exhaustion. The wretched victim may then be put into a cart and conveyed to Siberia!

Russia is intensely proud and ambitious, and, in the opinion of many, means, if possible, directly or indirectly, to subjugate the Eastern nations. Her savage hordes, of great physical energy and thorough training, make good soldiers. Nicholas, though possessing some noble traits, is said to be haunted by a boundless appetite for territorial acquisition. He is supposed to have his eye steadily fixed upon Turkey, and, the moment he can do so with impunity, he will take possession of the Dardanelles, and of Constantinople, the natural center and capital of the world. Austria is under his foot as servant and slave. Prussia is ready to obey his behest. Turkey itself is pledged to assist him in war. When the secret treaty became known, by which this point was gained, the governments of France and England hastened to send their notes protesting against it, and affirming that *they would act as if the agreement had never been made*, Nicholas proudly replied, *that he would act as if the notes had never been written!*

"I do."

This was the substance of the extraordinary catechism; and thus were Howard's doubts resolved.

"Let Russia," says a well-informed writer, "obtain possession of the Dardanelles, and she is henceforth not merely invincible, but invulnerable. No power can approach her. The Black Sea becomes the harbor of her empire, into which no foe can possibly penetrate; its shores become her navy-yard, inaccessible to foreign fleet or army. And this vast Northern power will then press its resistless way down upon the sunny plains of Southern India, till her trading factories supply those vast territories, and till English goods, and finally Englishmen, are crowded out of Asia. The deep solicitude felt by Great Britain upon the subject may be inferred from the following extract from the Foreign Quarterly Review, the organ of the sentiments of the Court of St. James:— 'The possession of the Dardanelles would give to Russia the means of creating and organizing an almost unlimited marine. It would enable her to prepare in the Black Sea an armament of any extent, without its being possible for any power in Europe to interrupt her proceedings, or even to watch or discover her designs. Our naval officers of the highest authority have declared that an effective blockade of the Dardanelles cannot be maintained throughout the year. Even supposing that we could maintain permanently in those seas a fleet capable of encountering that of Russia, it is obvious that in the event of a war, it would be in the power of Russia to throw the whole weight of her disposable forces on any point in the Mediterranean, without any probability of our being able to prevent it; and that the power of thus issuing forth with an overwhelming force, at any moment, would enable her to command the Mediterranean Sea for a limited time whenever it might please her so to do. Her whole southern empire would be defended by a single impregnable fortress. The road to India would then be open to her, with all Asia at her back. The finest materials in the world, for an army destined to serve in the East, would be at her disposal. Our power to overawe her in Europe would be gone, and by even a demonstration against India, she could augment our national expenditure by many millions annually, and render the government of that country difficult beyond all calculation.'"

But Russia is surrounded by powerful governments, who jealously watch her progress. The resources of England and France combined would present an insuperable obstacle to her seizure of the Turkish Empire. Even Austria, in such a case, might revolt, and Prussia lend her power in opposition to her dreaded ally. Sweden would instantly attempt to recover her lost possessions annexed to the Russian government, and might bring to the assistance of the allied powers a hundred thousand of the best-disci-

plined troops in the world. Poland, and other forced dependencies of Russia, would revolt. The impatient Cossacks, the Moldo-Wallachians, the Finns, and the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces, whether German barons or Lettonian boors, would fly to arms to recover their ancient rights and humble their oppressor. Austria, if united with Russia, would be dismembered, while the Hungarians, Bohemians, and Moravians would rush to the battle-ground of nations. Moreover, the power of the Czars, however augmented, is but the power of brute force, and of the terrors it inspires. A single reverse would react upon Russia itself, and, by the force of insurrection and revolution, shake it to its inmost center.*

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* As a proof of this, conspiracies are not infrequent. The following, translated for the New York Tribune, appeared a few years ago:

"It appears that the plan of the conspiracy was formed by a very young man, Nicholas Kaschkine, who has the title of honorary councilor on the list of condemned. Betrayed by one of the numerous informers that are kept in large numbers by the Russian police, whenever it suspects any hostile intentions, Kaschkine was arrested, then taken to the cabinet of the Czar, who received him with an unexpected kindness and affability.

"'You are young, M. Kaschkine, and you have another excuse still better,' said the magnanimous emperor. 'Under color of politics, you have wished, as I conjecture, to satisfy the desire of vengeance, excited by what you consider the unjust condemnation of your father. The power which retains him in Siberia cannot be legitimate in the eye of a good son, and I comprehend the imprudent anger which has placed you in my hands. But I shall not abuse the terrible power which I have over you, and if your repentance shall suggest to you confessions which may justify an absolute pardon—if you will disclose the details of the conspiracy, the names of your accomplices, every thing may be forgotten—your future prospects shall not be compromised, your liberty shall be restored to you, and so forth.'

"'Sir,' interrupted M. Kaschkine, 'do not go any further, and, above all, correct your mistake. No desire of vengeance has inspired me with the thought of bringing your dominion to an end. In our family, the condemnation of my father is regarded as a title of honor. For myself, I do not feel that I can add any thing to the glory with which it has crowned our name, unless I should be able to do something for the annihilation of your race and of your degrading authority.'

"There were witnesses to the conversation, who cried out in real or affected horror. The emperor alone preserved his *sang-froid*. 'This young man is mad,' he said. 'It is not a prison, but a hospital that he requires.'

"It is, in fact, a mad-house to which Kaschkine has been sent. But of these madmen, thank God, the race is not lost in Russia. It has long been perpetuated, and we even find it as far back as 1825, at the date of the conspiracy to which Mouranieff has given his name.

"It is known that, in defiance of the imperial statutes which had abolished the punishment of death, it was pronounced against several of the conspirators, and, by a refinement of cruelty, an infamous punishment was chosen for them, and one contrary to the national usages. Those who were put to death were hung.

After all, Russia has reason enough to keep the peace; and we rejoice to know that many persons, well informed in European affairs, believe that Nicholas, instead of conquest, regards it as higher glory to elevate the character of his people. For this purpose he has endeavored to improve the administration of justice, and to promote learning and education. The literature of Russia, though wanting in originality and power, is making commendable progress. Education also, though far behind that of other European States, is advancing. Considerable exertions are made by the government to introduce schools, and instruct the lower classes. Several thousand schools have been established among the peasantry of the crown. Many scientific schools have been instituted. The colleges and universities rival similar institutions in other parts of Europe. Every governmental or provincial capital contains a gymnasium; in those of Irkutsk and Kiachta the Japanese and Chinese languages are taught.

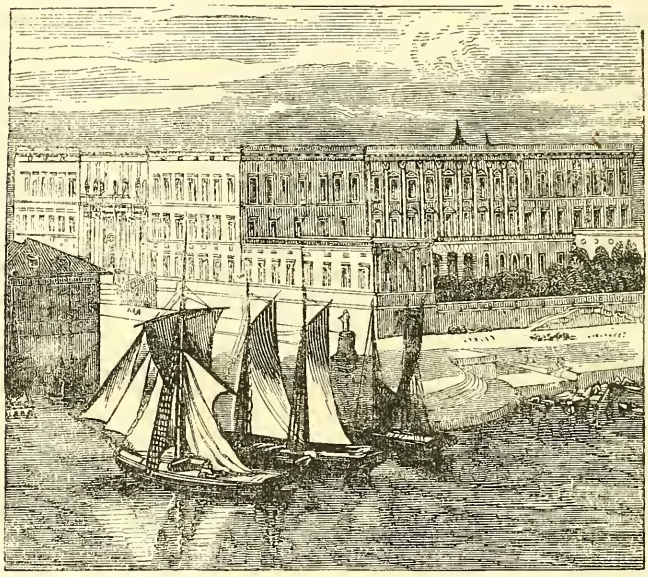
Upon the whole, it must be allowed that the Russians are advancing slowly in knowledge, civilization, and refinement. May they have wisdom to take care of themselves, and let their neighbors alone!

"Two of them, one a German, the other a Russian—the one a philosopher and skeptic, the other a believer, and tinctured with the mysticism of which the Emperor Alexander gave some specimens, more or less in earnest—arriving together at the place of punishment, were hoisted together at the fatal post. The executioner, who was new to his task, had made bad preparations. The two ropes broke almost at the same moment.

"'D—d country!' cried out the German, Pestil, 'they don't even know how to hang!' 'Thank God!' gravely responded the mystic Rylieg, 'I shall die twice for our holy cause.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

SWEDEN, NORWAY, AND DENMARK.



Royal Palace at Stockholm.

We comprise these countries under one head, because they occupy the ancient Scandinavia, and because their inhabitants are derived from the same stock, and have many traits in common. On this account they all claim an interest in the celebrated men of each, in Thorswalden, in Berzelius, and in Oehlenschlager; and while they have their little jealousies, their "bickerings and battlings," feel that they belong to the same family, and have much the same interests and aims. When they meet in foreign lands, they clasp each other's hands, and, with kindling glance, exclaim—"We are Scandinavians! We are brothers!" A pleasing little instance of this is related by Hans Christian Andersen, in his "Poet's Bazaar." When he was at Rome, in 1833, all the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes in that city united, as one family,

to keep their Christmas-eve. "We were," says he, "about fifty Scandinavians, including seven ladies, who wore wreaths of living roses around their brows: we men had wreaths of ivy. The three nations had subscribed for presents. . . . . The best prize was a silver cup, with the inscription, 'Christmas-eve in Rome, 1833.' And who won it? I was the lucky one."

Jenny Lind.

Sweden and *Norway*, united under the same government, which is a limited monarchy, somewhat like that of England, have a population of nearly five millions. The country is chiefly agricultural, with extensive forests, and some valuable mines of copper, iron, and silver. From Norway and the neighboring countries, came the Northmen, or Normans, who conquered a portion of France, and swayed, for many years, the scepter over England. They are a brave, honest, enterprising race. The same may be said of the Swedes. They are of middle size, with light hair and ruddy complexions. The women have a pleasing appearance, generally with light auburn hair and blue eyes. The celebrated songstress, Jenny Lind, is a fair specimen of her countrywomen.

The Swedish ladies are quiet and pleasant in their manners; when excited, quite animated and cheerful. The State is composed of four orders, *nobles, clergy, peasants,* and *burghers,* or citizens of towns, all of whom are represented in the national legislative assemblies.

The higher classes dress much in the style of the English; though the Swedes have a national costume, ordained by law some sixty years ago: the ladies, however, as in other countries, do pretty much as they please with reference to dress. The coats of the men are close, fastened round the waist with a sash; the cloak is black, but lined with gay colors. No gentleman is considered in full dress without a sword, and a feather in his hat.

Their language is a Germano-Gothic dialect, strong and expressive; to a foreigner rough and guttural, but, to a native, euphonious enough. The Swedish tongue is considered, by those acquainted with it, quite smooth and poetical. Their literature is rich in songs and lyrics, as also in the department of the drama. The houses of the common people, for the most part, are mere log huts, but more neat and comfortable than those in Russia. The beds are placed, like berths, the one above the other. Their bread is baked twice a year, and is hung around the room, in small loaves on strings, like apples in New England. The people are generally fond of tobacco, and of brandy when they can get it. The peasantry are not as virtuous as one might expect. Their statistics show that crimes are frequent among them, particularly those connected with licentiousness. Still, many of them cherish much manly simplicity, kindness, and generosity of character. Education is universally diffused. The people are fond of reading, and especially of music, for which they possess a natural talent. They are universally distinguished for their hospitality. Patriotic and free, they love their native land, and will endure any thing for its welfare. The mountains of Dalecarlia have ever been the abode of freedom and virtue.

The *literature* of Sweden is not without high merit. Linnæus and Berzelius in science, Stagnelius and Tegner in poetry, are an honor to their country. The latter stands first among the modern poets of Sweden, "a man of a grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order." He is the author of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," so finely translated by Longfellow, who says: "The modern Skald has written his name in immortal runes; not on the bark of trees alone, in the 'unspeakable rural solitudes' of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his native land and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes whose histories are epic poems." Almost all

works of merit in foreign European tongues are translated into Swedish, though a majority of these are scientific works. The universities of Upsala and Lund, especially the former, are highly distinguished for learning.

The finances of Sweden are in a good condition. The country, indeed, is not rich, neither is it poor. The people are contented with little, and probably prefer that little at home to abundance in foreign lands. They are fond of rural sports and out-door recreations generally. The Sabbath, after church, is a holiday, and dancing, singing, and all sorts of merry-making, are not considered inconsistent with the character of the day. This, however, as in France and Germany, is one cause of the low condition, not only of religion, but of the morals of the Swedish people. The first days of May and of Midsummer are celebrated as festivals. The young men and women dance around a festooned pole from morning till evening. All ranks dance with great agility and delight. Cards are said to be a general amusement, though the Swedes are not charged with being addicted to gambling as such. To illustrate the national fondness for cards, it is said that a nobleman, when his dinner hour had arrived without his dinner, went into the kitchen to learn the reason of the delay, when he found all the domestics engaged in a game of cards. He pleasantly admitted the characteristic excuse, that the game had arrived at its critical point, and could not therefore be put off, even for dinner. He himself took the cook's hand and played it, while that domestic performed his duty!

The *religion* of Sweden is Lutheran, but somewhat cold and formal, having much degenerated from the days of its early vigor and enthusiasm. Religious intolerance has more than once displayed itself, even recently, and it would seem that Sweden is quite behind the age with reference to the vital question of religious freedom. Still it would be wrong to infer from this that there is no simplicity and depth in the religion of this interesting country. Doubtless it is still the source of all that is highest and best in their character and institutions.

Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, stands upon seven small rocky islands, beside two peninsulas, and is an attractive city, though, like much of St. Petersburg and Amsterdam, it is built upon piles. It has many picturesque views, formed by numberless granitic rocks rising boldly from the surface of the water, partly bare and craggy, partly dotted with houses, or adorned with gardens and trees. On the central island are some striking buildings, and, among others, the royal palace, near which is a fine bronze statue of the Swedish monarch Gustavus the Third,

on a pedestal of polished porphyritic rock. The city has something less than 100,000 inhabitants, and is noted for its magnificent buildings, its numberless literary and scientific institutions, its free schools, its extensive commerce, and its deep, capacious harbor, in which a thousand sail might lie safely.

The *Norwegians* resemble the Swedes, in most particulars. They are a hardy, robust, simple-hearted, courageous race. Skating, as in all the Scandinavian countries, is a universal amusement, and even means of travel. Many of their schoolmasters are itinerant, staying in one place two or three weeks at a time. They have some peculiar customs: a violin, for example, is played at the head of the coffin in funerals, and questions of various kinds are put to the corpse, the best of which is that of asking pardon for offenses or injuries against the deceased during life. The country is governed by a viceroy, and, with reference to finances, legislation, and the administration of justice, is really independent. The press is free, and a spirit of republicanism prevails among the people.

Denmark is a lively little country, with a population of less than two millions, but intelligent in a high degree, active and enterprising, full of life, energy, and enthusiasm. The capital, Copenhagen, is one of the finest in Europe, strongly fortified, with a numerous population, and many literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions. The royal castle and palace of Christiansborg is a magnificent edifice, with a rich gallery of paintings, and a library of 400,000 volumes. It has a highly distinguished university, and is the seat of an active and extensive commerce. The Church of Our Lady is adorned with some fine pieces of statuary, by Thorswalden, the pride and glory of Denmark in the department of the arts. The round tower of Trinity is used as an observatory, and can be ascended by a winding path, in carriages. "There is no lack," says an English traveler, "of in-door gayety in Copenhagen; but the general aspect of the city, to a foreigner accustomed to the stunning bustle of English towns, is decidedly dull. Partly, this arises from the very little show the shops make, the comparatively small business traffic in the streets, and also from the leisurely habits of the people themselves. The fact is, the *Danes have not yet learned to live in a hurry;* but although they are 'slow,' they are steady and sure; although they are a century behind England in many of the leading improvements of the age, they are more than a century ahead of England in generally diffused plenty and comfort; and although they do not gallop through life as though for a wager, they know how to enjoy it rationally." Among the peculiarities of Stockholm is that

of the watchmen, who, muffled in great-coats and fur caps, go the rounds, chanting a pious or prudential verse at the close of each hour, with cadence deep and guttural, a peculiar but not unpleasing tone. The following are specimens:

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

"When darkness blinds the earth
And the day declines,
That time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave;
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,
At every step
To the grave-place,
And grant a blissful death!

NINE O'CLOCK.

Now the night strides down,
And the night rolls forth—
Forgive, for Jesu's wounds,
Our sins, O mildest God!
Preserve the royal houses,
And all men
In this land
From violence of foes.

TEN O'CLOCK.

If you the time will know,
Husband,* girl, and boy,
Then it's about the time
That one prepares for bed.
Commend yourselves to God;
Be prudent and cautious,
Take care of lights and fire;
Our clock it has struck ten.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

God our Father us preserve,
The great with the small;
His holy angel host
A fence around us place!
He himself the town will watch:
Our house and home
God has in care,
Our entire life and soul.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour
Our Saviour he was born,

* Wife is understood.

The wide world to console,
Which else would ruined be.
Our clock it has struck twelve:
With tongue and mouth,
From the heart's depths,
Commend yourselves to God's care.

ONE O'CLOCK.

Help us, O Jesus dear!
Our cross here in this world
Patiently to bear—
There is no Savior more.*
Our clock it has struck one:
Extend to us thy hand,
O consoling One!
Then the burden becomes light."

And so on, in a similar style of touching solemnity and pathos, through the silent night. The following is the last, at 5 o'clock, A. M.:

"O Jesu, Morning Star!
Our King unto thy care
We so willingly commend—
Be thou his Sun and Shield!
Our clock it has struck five:
Come, thou mild Sun,
From mercy's pale,
Light up our house and home!"

The appearance and manners, as well as opinions, religious and political, of the Danes are similar to those of their Swedish neighbors. Their country is level and agricultural, though they follow successfully trade and manufactures. In general, the Danes are an enlightened people. Their simplicity, single-heartedness, and enthusiasm are seen in all their productions. Hans Christian Andersen, in sketching and story-telling, Frederika Bremer, in the domestic novel, and Oehlenschlager, their first and favorite poet, in the drama, are known throughout the literary world. The latter has been styled, with what propriety we are not competent to judge, "the Shakspeare of the North." He died but a short time since, and received at his funeral the highest honors his country could confer. The king, the nobles, the professors and students of the university, and the people generally, followed his remains to the grave, and wept over his tomb. A song, prepared by Hans Christian Andersen, was sung when the throng passed

* No other Savior.

the birth-place of the poet. Minute-guns were fired; a large military band played the dead march. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the royal sailors, preceded by emblematic banners, and followed by a dense mass of gentlemen of all ranks, six deep. The coffin was borne without pall or any other covering, and on its lid were the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp; but so many evergreen wreaths and "everlasting" flowers had been deposited by loving hands, that it seemed one mass of foliage. An oration was pronounced at the grave by pastor Grundtvig, a gifted and eloquent preacher, and the body lowered into the tomb amid the stifled sobs and tears of the multitude: a burial worthy of a pure and gifted poet.

Of *Lapland* and the Laplanders we have scarcely room to speak. Primitive and simple, and living upon the plainest fare, they depend almost exclusively, both for food and dress, as well as many other conveniences, upon their reindeer, which go wherever they go, and in winter convey them rapidly, in their sledges, over the frozen ground. The most interesting fact in reference to them is, that, through the efforts of the self-denying Moravian missionaries, they have almost all been converted to Christianity, and are generally attached to its duties and observances. Great crimes are unknown among them. Simple-hearted and harmless, they find it a comfort and a joy to obey the divine precepts in their most literal import. Their country is mostly cold and barren. In Swedish Lapland, however, there are some valuable mines. Portions of the scenery are wild and sublime, especially when lighted by the bright Arctic moon, or the brilliant coruscations of the aurora borealis. The Laplanders are short of stature, being generally under five feet high, homely, but good-natured. They move, with their herds of reindeer, from place to place, seldom residing in towns. In the brief summer they occupy tents; in winter rude huts, formed of stones and earth, and covered with turf. They have a few churches and schools, and, upon the whole, are making progress in knowledge and Christian civilization.

For an account of Iceland and the Icelanders, who properly belong to Europe, see page 120.

CHAPTER XXV.

SWITZERLAND.

Leaving Denmark, we pass once more into Germany, and ascend the "exulting and abounding Rhine," as Byron appropriately styles it, and rest not till we find ourselves in the old town of Basle, capital of the canton Basle, in Switzerland, famous as the burial-place of the learned Erasmus, and of Æcolampadius, Protestant pastor or bishop of the place in the days of the Reformation, more recently distinguished as the residence of De Wette, one of the most learned of the German critical divines, and for a number of years of the gifted and eloquent Vinet. But we cannot stop here; so, taking the diligence, we pass through the soft meadows and verdant acclivities of the canton Basle, where we

begin, on hill-side and in valley, to see the peculiar houses of the Swiss peasantry. The country has an appearance of agricultural thrift and abundance. On all the green and wooded hills cattle are browsing, while the high-roofed cottages nestle pleasantly among the trees. Finally, crossing the Jura Mountains, we descend into the beautiful valley of Lake Leman and the Rhone, protected on all sides by lofty Alpine summits, and adorned with towns and villages, and the most charming wood and water scenery. We visit Geneva, which lies charmingly on either bank of the Rhone, whose deep clear waters, reflecting heaven's azure, cut the city into two unequal parts at their outlet from the lake, which spreads, just beyond the city walls, into one of the grandest and most beautiful expanses in the world, in sight of the Bernese Alps, the Jura Mountains, Mount Saléve, with its verdant slopes, and in the distance Mont Blanc lifting its calm, clear, snow-clad summit into the radiant heavens; the city of John Calvin, of John J. Rousseau, of Madame de Stael, of Voltaire also, for he lived in the immediate neighborhood; the present residence, too, of Merle D'Aubigné, and the scene of many startling changes and revolutions.* Leaving Geneva, we take a steamer, plying constantly on the lake, for Lausanne, capital of the canton Vaud, the city of Beza and Vinet, and long the residence of Gib-

* The following, from Bulwer, is worth reading:

"It was a warm, clear, and sunny day on which I commenced the voyage of the lake. Looking behind, I gazed on the roofs and spires of Geneva, and forgot the present in the past. What to me was its little community of watchmakers, and its little colony of English? I saw Charles of Savoy at its gates; I heard the voice of Berthelier invoking liberty, and summoning to arms. The struggle past—the scaffold rose—and the patriot became the martyr! His blood was not spilt in vain. Religion became the resurrection of freedom. The town is silent; it is under excommunication. Suddenly a murmur is heard; it rises—it gathers; the people are awake—they sweep the streets—the images are broken! Farel is preaching to the council! Yet a little while, and the stern soul of Calvin is at work within those walls. The loftiest of the reformers, and the one whose influence has been the world-wide and lasting, is the earliest also of the great tribe of the persecuted the City of the Lake receives within her arms. The benefits he repaid—behold them around! Wherever property is secure, wherever thought is free, wherever the ancient spirit has been caught, you trace the work of the Reformation, and the inflexible, inquisitive, unconquerable soul of Calvin! He foresaw not, it is true, nor designed the effects he has produced. The same sternness of purpose, the same rigidity of conscience that led him to reform, urged him to persecute. The exile of Balsec and the martyrdom of Servetus rest darkly upon his name. But the blessings we owe to the first inquirers compensate their errors. Had Calvin not lived, there would not have been one, but a thousand Servetuses!"

bon, magnificently situated on the left bank of the lake, amid embowering trees and clustering vines. We come in sight of numberless charming localities, and an infinite variety of wood, water, and mountain landscape, reminding us of the days of old, with the ever-varying beauty and freshness of nature. Byron lived a long time on the banks of this delightful lake, and has celebrated its serenity and beauty in some of his finest lines.

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring!
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from destruction. Once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet, as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."

All around the lake are spots of classic or romantic interest—Vevay, Villeneuve, Meillerie, the Castle of Chillon; afar off the gleaming of glacier peaks, and, bending over it, a deep blue sky, whose serene hights are mirrored in the bosom of the limpid waters.

Leaving Lausanne, with its gray towers, green foliage, and charming society, we pass toward the upper end of the lake, near Villeneuve, where the Rhone, which takes its rise amid Alpine solitudes far away, enters the lake, forming some of the most enchanting scenery in the world; we take the road which runs many miles along the banks of the river, and, before many hours, find ourselves entering the very heart of the Swiss mountains, and wandering at will amid snowy peaks, piercing the heavens, vast ice-fields thrown up into sea-like ridges, as if ten thousand mountain waves had been instantly congealed, where nothing is heard but the thundering of the glaciers, crashing downwards with hollow reverberations; or passing thence over immense masses of splintered rocks, far down into peaceful valleys, amid fresh verdure and flowers; or sauntering by the brink of dark blue lakes, among the hills, mirroring, in their still bosoms, the rock-ribbed mountains; watching, with dilated spirit, some roaring cataract leaping from the precipice into the boiling abyss, or some rare cascade, with its iris hues, radiant as Eden, pouring in scattered glories from its rocky bed, and bounding like a thing of life amid the umbrage of the dark green woods; or standing by the spot consecrated in song and story, where William Tell pierced the apple on his boy's head, or where he shot his arrow deep into the heart of the tyrant Gessler; or where Arnold of Winkelried grasped

into his bosom "a sheaf of spears," making way, by his fallen body, for his countrymen to freedom and victory; or listening, at evening's close, to the bells of St. Bernard, or the rush of ten thousand streams, uttering their hymn of praise amid the silence of the hills; or gazing, in the starry night, far up amid pinnacles of ice, glowing with the light of heaven; or worshiping, at sunrise, amid the kindling glories of the Jungfrau or the Shrechkhorn, bathed in the rosy light of ascending day; or standing, in the stillness of a summer's afternoon, listen to the echo of the shepherd's horn, far resounding through the hills and vales; or mingle with the storm, which shrieks through the mountain passes, whirls among the rocks, and makes fierce music amid the pinnacles of eternal ice; or, it may be, gazing with rapt wonder at closing day, when the atmosphere is hazy, on the burning beauty which bathes the entire summits and sides of the mountains, "far kenned at morn and even," like the glorious light

> "Of flowers, that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
> To set the hills on fire."

We linger especially by the "tower and chapel" of William Tell—by Morgarten and Sempach, the scenes where Swiss liberty was born and nurtured, in tears, agony, and blood—where the men of Uri, Unterwald, and Schwytz, the latter leading the way, did battle for their native land, and won for it freedom and eternal renown.

> "Thither in time of adverse shocks,
> Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
> Did mighty Tell repair of old—
> A hero cast in Nature's mould,
> Deliverer of the steadfast rocks,
> And of the ancient hills.
>
> He too, of battle martyrs chief!
> Who, to recall his daunted peers,
> For victory shaped an open space,
> By gathering, with a wide embrace,
> Into his single heart, a sheaf
> Of fatal Austrian spears."

The battle of Morgarten took place in 1315, at which William Tell and Walter Furst are supposed to have been present, that of Sempach in 1386, when Arnold of Winkelried, with a wonderful self-sacrifice, which has no parallel in modern history, gave himself for his country. "It was the season of harvest, when the sun darted his beams with great ardor. After a short prostration in prayer the Swiss arose; their numbers were four hundred men

from Luzerne, nine hundred from Walstetten, and about a hundred from Glaris and other places. Uniting now their forces, they precipitated themselves with great impetuosity upon the impregnable Austrian phalanx; but not a man yielded to the shock. The Swiss fell one after another; numbers lay bleeding on the ground; their whole force began to waver, when suddenly a voice like thunder exclaimed: 'I will open a passage to freedom; faithful and beloved confederates, protect only my wife and children!' These words of Arnold Struthan of Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, were no sooner uttered, *than he seized with both arms as many of the enemies' spears as he was able, buried them in his body and sank to the ground, while the confederates rushed through the breach over his corpse.*"*

"On, on they rushed, with their triumph flushed,
Nor wavered, nor turned them back;
But hand to hand with the men-at-arms
They were dealing blow for blow,
And knights and nobles were stricken down
By the heavy club of the Alpine clown—
The despised and insulted foe.

On the ruthless foes of their name and race
Dire vengeance they took that day;
For insult and wrong, endured for long,
And which blood could not wipe away;
For ravaged fields, and for houseless nights,
In the depths of the winter's cold;
For plundered home, and for murder'd child—
The savage feats of a warfare wild—
And for deeds that may not be told.

And far and wide from the Sempach's side,
The marvelous rumor flew,
That the Austrian host had been routed and turned,
And scattered the country through.
To the anxious watchers in sad Luzerne,
At sunset the tidings came;
And the streets were astir with the old and young;
And the gates were opened, and the bells were rung;
And with grateful hosannas, both loud and long,
They remembered the God in their even song
Who raises the weak and confounds the strong—
Praise, praise to his holy name!

And to tranquil Stantz, as the deep'ning shade
Drew the stars forth one by one,
The news was brought of the victory bought

* Zschokke.

With the life of her bravest son.
There was weeping that night in the peaceful home
Of Arnold of Winkelried:
But the hour of mourning e'en there was brief
When she heard of his glorious deed.
The color rushed to her pallid face,
And it brightened and beamed with unwonted grace,
As she kissed her boys, with a mother's pride,
And told them with tears how their father died."

Switzerland consists of twenty-two cantons, forming a confederation like that of the United States, for mutual aid and support, and for purposes of general government and legislation, but each canton is independent within its own jurisdiction. Part are Catholic, and part are Protestant. The latter are the wealthiest and most powerful. Most of the people speak German, with a patois, about a third, perhaps, French, and a few, in the neighborhood of Italy, Italian. They are brave, ingenious, and enterprising. Their soldiers, however, can be bought for any government, and Swiss regiments may be found in Rome, Naples, and elsewhere. The whole country is carefully cultivated, and portions of it, especially in the valleys, are very fertile. The manufacture of watches, jewelry, music instruments, &c., is carried on to a great extent. Trade is universally free. The literature of Switzerland, particularly of the cantons Vaud, Geneva, Basle, and Berne, is highly respectable. It partakes, however, more or less of French and German influences. Indeed, it greatly blends with these, and is often confounded with them. But Beza, Rousseau, De Maistre, Neckar, Madame De Stael, Vinet, Constant, Bonnet, D'Aubigné, all belong to Switzerland. Saussure, Sismondi, and Agassiz are from the neighborhood of Geneva.

The government, in most instances, is democratic and popular, but occasionally, in its practical working, aristocratic and conservative. The democratic element, however, is dominant. It has even, as in Geneva and in the canton Vaud, proceeded to extremities. Radicalism in these States, mingled with infidelity and socialism, has persecuted the ministers of Christ, and broken up Churches, whose only fault is their adherence to what they deem truth and duty. Switzerland, alas! is sadly injured by the blight of atheism. French materialism and German pantheism have rushed into it from every side.

The Swiss are a simple-hearted, generous, and, upon the whole, religious race. They love their mountain homes, and are ever prepared to defend them with their lives. They are fond of music, and can be affected to tears, especially in foreign lands, by some of their native airs, particularly the *Rans des Vaches*. "This

Rans des Vaches," says Jean Paul Richter, "at once awakened his blooming childhood, and she arose out of the morning dew, and out of her bower of rosebuds and slumbering flowers, and stepped before him in heavenly beauty, and smiled innocently and with her thousand hopes upon him, and said, 'Look at me, how beautiful I am! we used to play together. I formerly gave thee many things—great riches, gay meadows, and bright gold, and a fair, long paradise behind the mountains; but now thou hast nothing of all this left—and how pale thou art! O play with me again!' Before which of us has not childhood been a thousand times called up by music? And to which of us has she not spoken and asked —'Are the roses which I gave thee not yet blown?' Alas! blown indeed they are—but, they were pale white roses."

The Swiss are sociable and affectionate, and love rural gatherings and amusements. But hunting, after all, is the national pastime among the mountains. They pursue the chamois far up among the rocks. This hardens the frame, and matures the character for higher deeds. They are full of energy and patriotism. After wandering into other countries, as musicians, peddlers, or soldiers, they do not forget their mountain homes, and generally return to them, if within their power.

The character of the Swiss, however, is much modified by foreign influences. Republican and free, their country is the home of refugees and political aliens from all the countries around them. Almost interlocked, both by locality and language, with Germany on the one side, Italy, and especially France, on the other, they naturally adopt German, Italian, and French manners and usages. Geneva, the cantons Basle and Vaud, Neufchatel, and even Zurich, are much modified in this way. It is chiefly in the more rural and mountain districts that the true simplicity and energy of the Swiss character displays itself. Then again, part of them are Protestants and part Catholics, which frequently occasions difficulty and strife, and exerts great influence upon character and habits. The Jesuits, though banished, manage the Catholic cantons, and, as their custom is, keep the people ignorant and superstitious. On the other hand, the Protestant cantons, though prosperous, are open to endless speculations, and much fatal skepticism. Still it is in these that industry, knowledge, refinement, and enterprise are found to flourish. No better or pleasanter cities can any where be found in Europe than Geneva, Lausanne, Zurich, Luzerne, and Berne.

We are on the Simplon road, that wonderful work of Napoleon, who conquered the Alps, as he conquered the nations. How wonderfully it winds along the mountain precipices, away down,

and then far up among the rocks, now gliding over a sunny slope, or along the edge of a snow-crowned summit, then plunging amid dark ravines and forest-trees, till finally, Italy, *la belle Italie*, radiant with sunlight, bursts upon the view. Adieu, then, to Switzerland, with her lakes and mountains, and a welcome to Italy, the home of beauty and of song.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ITALY.*

Mount Etna.

The principal feature of the Italian landscape is beauty. Lying between the blue waves of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, backed by the "sovereign Alps," with their dark forests and glacier peaks, traversed through her whole length by the lofty but beautiful Apennines, with here and there the bare and blackened summit of an extinct volcano, and crowned, at the bay of Naples, with the smoking cone of Mount Vesuvius, Italy has feat-

* The account of Italy is condensed from the Author's "Genius of Italy."

ures of grandeur and majesty; but her predominant aspect is that of serene beauty. With a sky of the softest blue, an atmosphere the clearest and blandest in the world, a fertile soil, and a rich garniture of verdure and trees; gladdened moreover by limpid streams brawling among the hills, or sleeping, in pellucid pools and crystal lakes, in the depths of valleys; covered with vines and olive-trees, myrtles and aloes, among which the white villa, the trellised cottage, the old church, and the hoary ruin of by-gone days are gleaming; with here and there some ancient palace, or old tower crowning the summits, or, it may be, some splendid city lying on the waters, like Naples and Venice, or standing on the plain amid surrounding hills, like Florence and Rome, or seen from afar upon a mountain ledge, like Genoa, Gaeta and Amalfi—the whole land presents an aspect of rich and ever-varying beauty. This feature of Italian scenery is often referred to by her poets, with a sort of passionate admiration. It is also frequently specified as the great temptation of her invaders, and one of the causes of her degradation and suffering. Thus Pietro Bembo, in one of his sonnets, exclaims:

"Fair land, once loved of Heaven o'er all beside,
Which blue waves gird, and lofty mountains screen,
Thou clime of fertile fields and sky serene,
Whose gay expanse the Apennines divide!
What boots it now that Rome's old warlike pride
Left thee of humbled earth and sea the queen?
Nations that served thee then now fierce convene
To tear thy locks and strew them o'er the tide."

Byron, too, catching the spirit, and indeed using the language of the Italian poets, breaks out in those beautiful and burning lines:

"Italia! Oh, Italia, thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress!"

This, however, is but a free and happy translation of one of Filicaja's odes, commencing thus:

"Italia, oh, Italia! hapless thou
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow."

Alessandro Manzoni, one of the most original and striking writers of modern Italy, makes a similar reference to his native land, in one of the choruses of his "Conte Carmagnola."

"O thou devoted land that canst not rear
In peace thine offspring! thou the lost and won,
The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear
Too narrow still for each contending son!
Receive the stranger in his fierce career,
Parting the spoils! thy chastening has begun!
And wresting from thy kings the guardian sword,
Foes whom thou ne'er hadst wronged sit proudly at thy board."

But not only is beauty the predominant feature in the physical aspect of Italy, it is the chief element in its language and literature. The language is melody itself, and wonderfully harmonizes with the soft beauty and mellow splendor of the landscape. The very common people speak it with a grace which is irresistible. It seems to warble from the lips of children like the song of early birds. It is ever gliding into poetry and song. Hence the wonderful facility of the Italian Improvisatori. It is indeed capable of the utmost compression and force. The Italian translation of Tacitus occupies less space than the original.* Nothing can exceed the rugged energy of some parts of Dante's Divina Commedia, or the trenchant force of Alfieri's tragedies. Nevertheless, the language is naturally soft and melodious, imaging, in its clear flow, all forms of beauty, and sparkling with the sunny radiance of its native skies. This, however, as some good judges have affirmed, has tended, particularly in the case of inferior writers, to corrupt Italian literature; so that poverty of thought is often disguised "under a melodious redundancy of diction." Hence, too, some of their graver compositions, and especially their specimens of eloquence, are defective in simplicity and force. Some allowance, however, must be made for the influence of a sunny clime, and an ardent temperament. What seems flashy and magniloquent in northern Europe or America, may be perfectly natural in southern Italy. The soft and luxuriant beauty of their diction, soon palling upon our ear, may possess for them an irresistible and unwearied charm. A sense of harmony, a passionate love of the beautiful, a refined taste and a cultivated ear, seem almost universally diffused among the people. Some of the finest strains of Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, are familiar to multitudes among the lower orders. The gondoliers of Venice were accustomed

* Hallam speaks somewhat disparagingly of this translation. Others however, equally capable of judging, accord it high praise.

formerly to accompany their movements on the water, and reply to each other in the verses of Tasso, through the long summer night. The fine tones of the Tuscan peasants have often been admired. Who has not heard of

> "The Tuscan's siren tongue,
> That music in itself, whose words are song?"

The boys of Naples, even the lowest lazaroni, are constantly chanting the melodies which are sung in the operas. You hear them during the hours of the night ringing changes on their favorite, though somewhat monotonous and melancholy airs. The peasantry in the south of Italy go to market murmuring gay tunes. Ragged and poor, they will listen for hours in the public squares, or in the shadow of some old temple, to the wild poetry of the Improvisatori, with no other refreshment than a glass of cold water.

The same sense of beauty is seen in the variety and elegance of their costumes, whose picturesque arrangement often appears as if borrowed from the models of ancient statuary; in their love of natural scenery and out-door recreations; in the flowers and other ornaments with which on fête-days they adorn their churches and public buildings; and in the graceful manner in which the peasantry cause the grape-vines to hang, in long festoons, about their cottages, and among the trees of their gardens and orchards. In the larger cities you see much squalid misery; but in the country every thing is picturesque and beautiful. On hill-side and in valley, pretty cottages are nestling amid tufted trees, luxuriant vines, and flowers.

Imaginative and impassioned, the Italian writers, especially the poets—and almost all of them are more or less poets—give themselves up to the full play of their fancy, and revel in the wildest imaginings, the most delicate and brilliant illusions. Even in the horrid scenes of the *Inferno*, gleams of beauty are ever breaking upon the vision; and in the description of heaven, Dante loses himself in unutterable splendors. Beatrice, with her cerulean eyes and golden hair, is the symbol of "increate" and everlasting beauty. Light, music, and motion, are the three simple elements in Dante's description of the celestial world, but how wondrously and gorgeously blended in the overpowering glory of its mystic circles. Boccaccio, Ariosto, Pulci, Berni, and Metastasio, are "drunk with beauty." It was as much the beauty of the moon and stars, as their wondrous revolutions, that captivated the heart of Galileo. Machiavelli, cold and subtle as he may be deemed, was a poet, and never enjoyed himself better than among his birds

and vines. Beauty was the polar star of Petrarch, who strangely mingles the raptures of devotion and of love. It was the dream of Tasso, and gleams, with a supernal glory, through the long and majestic march of the Gerusalemme. Much indeed of the Italian poetry is liable to stern reprehension, on account of its low moral tone, its frivolity and licentiousness; but its pervading element is beauty, radiant and immortal.

The same element is visible in all the productions of their painters and sculptors. The serene beauty of Raphael's Madonnas is absolutely wonderful. Michael Angelo's Moses, and his two statues of Night and Morning, are remarkable for severity and grandeur of expression, but, after all, it is the divine beauty which beams from the whole, which gives them their peculiar charm. Walk through the long corridors of the Vatican, or the magnificent rooms of the Pitti palace, amid a wilderness of sculptures and paintings from the hands of the great masters of ancient and of modern Italy, and the very air seems redolent of beauty. It awes the spirit like a presence and a mystery. In those silent forms it lives forever, imbreathed by the power of genius—a charm and a glory acknowledged alike by the philosopher and the savage. For,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!"

Nothing, it would seem, could be more repulsive than the head of Medusa, environed with snakes; and yet, in the hands of Leonardo da Vinci, it is made attractive, by means of a strange, and, if the term be allowed, a hideous beauty. Shelley has caught the true idea, in one of his most striking, though unfinished poems:

"It lieth gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seem to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shrine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death."

Of course we need not say that the music of Italy corresponds to the beauty of her landscape, consisting as it does in elaborate, but intense and ravishing harmony. Who has not heard of Rosini, with his exquisite creations; and who has not been moved, at the recollection even, of the "Stabat Mater" of Pergolesi, styled the Raffaele of music; or the "Miserere" of Jomelli, with its strangely sweet and melancholy tones?

We know not but we might be justified in saying that beauty is

the predominant feature in the religion of Italy; not, however, "the beauty of holiness;" would that it were! but external beauty, the beauty of form and semblance; the symbol, it is true, of a higher and divine beauty, but often separated from it by a great gulf, like the body of the dead from the spirit which has taken its flight. So we find it enshrined in their temples and altars. These, indeed, are often adorned, or rather we ought to say, bedizened, with tinsel and gewgaws, and, what is worse, with tawdry images, mere idols of wood and stone. A rude, barbaric splendor, worthy only of the dark ages, often takes the place of a true and simple beauty. Nay more, both in form and arrangement, their churches, and especially their altars, are more allied to the genius of heathenism than of Christianity. After all, the most of their ecclesiastical edifices possess a wonderful charm, from their fine proportions and antique air. The cathedral, in Milan, has been styled an epic in stone. "It appears," says one, "like a petrified oriental dream." St. Peter's, at Rome, is the very perfection of beauty and grandeur. The majestic dome, and the serene festal air of the interior, strike the most casual observer. Santa Maria Novella, and the ancient church of Santa Crocé, in Florence, are distinguished by a simple and venerable beauty. But some of the old churches in the country, amid umbrageous trees and clustering vines, are yet more beautiful even than these, blending as they do with the glories of nature, and often hiding a deeper and more heartfelt worship.

But we are off in the direction of Milan, and soon find ourselves traversing the rich plains of *Lombardy*, so long under the dominion of Austria, and the scene of so many struggles. On every side are innumerable farms and villages, occupied by a poor but industrious peasantry. The lands are divided and subdivided to an astonishing extent, and as the peasantry who work them are not the proprietors, and have large taxes to pay to government, while one-half the produce of their little farms goes to their owners, few or none of them acquire property. They merely live and transmit from father to son their scanty heritage of labor. Let it not, however, be supposed that they are an unhappy race. Doubtless they long for something better, and most of them, with the true Italian spirit, yearn for freedom and national independence, but they toil on with patience and cheerfulness. Their religion would seem to be of a darker and severer character than that of southern Italy. Every where you see hideous crucifixes, with skeleton Christs. The churches have a somber look, and their interior is often quite gloomy. The scenery is agreeable but monotonous, and the villages through which we are passing have a poor

and squalid look. The proprietors and gentry live in the large cities, while the country is left to the peasantry, priests, and monks.

The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, as it is called, has been for years one of the most valuable possessions of Austria, and will never be willingly abandoned by that powerful and grasping empire. It extends from the Alpine hights, including Carinthia, Tyrol, and the Grisons, to the banks of the Po; and thus embraces the whole expanse of northern Italy, except the portions which belong to Sardinia, and one or two of the smaller duchies on the northwest, from the shores of the Adriatic on the one side, toward those of the Mediterranean on the other. It is the best watered, and, in agriculture, the richest portion of Italy. This, in connection with various alliances, has enabled Austria to control the whole Italian peninsula.

It is true, the resources of the country have been well developed, and even elementary instruction provided for every commune; but the general policy has been despotic and cruel. The inhabitants intensely hate their oppressors and long for independence. And no wonder, for, under Austrian rule, every Italian is excluded from office, the press is muzzled, and enormous sums are levied from the inhabitants in the shape of taxes. A free word, or a free act, has entailed instant imprisonment and death. The paternal government is well supplied with dungeons and bayonets, and to maintain its rule will not hesitate to deluge the whole land in blood.

But yonder is Milan, "which stands," says Von Raumur, "in a sea of green trees, as Venice in a sea of green waters." It contains something more than a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and boasts the possession of an extensive commerce, splendid public edifices, and an active, enterprising population. In form it is nearly circular, lying in a vast plain, and surrounded by a slight bastioned wall and broad ramparts adorned with trees. We pass under its lofty arches, guarded by Austrian bayonets, and take possession of apartments near the Duomo, the largest and most beautiful cathedral of Northern Italy, and only inferior in size and splendor to St. Peter's in Rome.

Sauntering around the city, we visit the old church of St. Ambrose, where repose the bones of that devout and simple-hearted bishop, an object of adoration to the faithful; and in whose crypts are to be seen some singular relics, among which an immense brazen serpent is conspicuous, claimed to be nothing less than "the serpent in the wilderness!" This will do very well to put alongside of "the top of the well of Samaria," "the lance that pierced

our Savior's side," and "the vail of Veronica," exhibited in Rome itself! The defaced painting of Leonardo da Vinci also attracts our attention, but it is interesting only as a memorial of what it once was, and of the transcendent genius who painted it; for it is much injured by time, and has lost nearly all its distinctive traits. The Ambrosian library and the public museum, in which are some fine paintings of the old masters, are not neglected; but of these we say nothing. For, to tell the honest truth, Milan is interesting to us chiefly on account of its great men, its ancient memories, its generous aspirations, and noble struggles for freedom. Here Beccaria, Monti, and Foscolo wrote and sang. Here especially, Silvio Pellico, Manzoni, Maroncelli and others were associated, not only in friendship, but in the sacred cause of liberty and progress; and from this place some of them were driven forth to exile and imprisonment.

But we must indulge ourselves with one sight—the view from the summit of the cathedral. Ascending by long winding stairs, we find ourselves far above the dust and din of the hot and busy city, amid a forest of pinnacles with sculptured saints and angels, glittering like frostwork in the light of the setting sun—

> "An aerial host
> Of figures, human and divine,
> White as the snows of Apennine
> Indurated by frost."

It is as if a mountain of marble had become vital, and flowered into that "starry zone." But an object of vaster grandeur and more thrilling beauty instantly attracts our attention. Yonder, at the distance of a hundred miles or more, but clearly marked against the sky, are the lofty ranges of the Alps, bathed in mellow light. How gloriously they lift their calm summits into the heavens, as if they formed a pathway to the throne of God, on which the angels, as in Jacob's dream, might be seen "ascending and descending." The colors change and deepen, now taking a soft, rosy tint, now a rich crimson, and then a brilliant purple. The plains beneath are putting on the "sober livery" of evening, the base of the mountains is itself covered with shadows; but the light, as if loth to depart, lingers upon their summits, and grows more and more intense among the white glacier peaks. Vast and shadowy, these everlasting mountains seem invested with an awful but delightful serenity, reminding us of the "peace of God which passeth all understanding"—the profound and eternal repose of the spirits of just men made perfect. Gazing on them at this hushed hour,

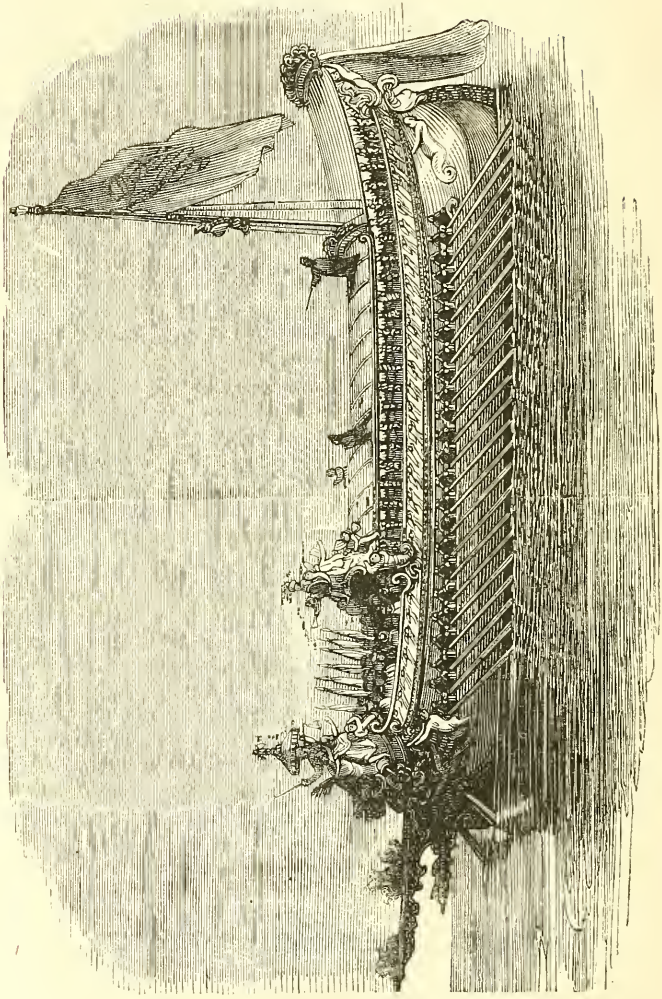
"We receive into our soul
A something that informs us 'tis an hour
Whence we may date henceforward and forever."

We should be glad to visit Sardinia, with her beautiful capital, Turin, but must leave it for the more central and southern cities of Italy.

We are in *Venice.* * * * Early in the morning, just as the sun is rising from the blue waves of the Adriatic, we ascend the lofty tower of St. Mark, that ancient, Oriental-looking cathedral, whose Byzantine magnificence reminds us of the early glory of the Republic, and the blind old Doge Dandolo, who brought back from his Eastern crusade the treasures of Constantinople to adorn the capital. The light begins to cast a deep flush upon the bosom of the deep, and tinge, with purple glories, the distant summits of the Euganean hills. A slight haze, flecked with sunshine, hovers over the city far beneath us. Half in shadow, half in light, gleam the long ranges of streets, old palaces, towers, and churches, threaded by innumerable canals, in which the dark gondolas, loaded with provisions, fruits, and flowers from the country, are seen gliding to and fro, and making their way to the center of the city. Yonder is the magnificent arch of the Rialto, the palace of the Doge, the Giant's Stairs, and beneath, the Bridge of Sighs, over which criminals passed on their way to imprisonment and death; and the dark, deep dungeons below, where the lonely prisoner, in the hush of the morning, or the silence of the night, could hear the plashing of the water, and the stroke of the oar above his head. Bridges innumerable span the canals, and every where you see marks of the former wealth and splendor of Venice. But the light deepens, and the whole city glows, like an Oriental dream, in the soft radiance of the flickering sun.

"Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo, the sun up-springs behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire."*

* Shelley.



The Bucentaur.

But this is the poetical aspect of Venice. Descend into the streets or canals, and pass around from point to point, and every where you will see tokens of decay. Many of the old palaces are deserted, or falling into ruins; and although much of grandeur and beauty yet remain, it is faded and dim. The city contains a large population, and has considerable commerce, but nothing in comparison to what it once enjoyed, when it was the "Queen of the seas," and "Mistress of a hundred isles." Indeed, it is but the shadow of its former self.

Venice boasts a remote antiquity. In the days of Attila, when the Huns and Lombards overran the north of Italy, the poor inhabitants took refuge in the reedy islands of the Adriatic, particularly in the Riva Alto, or Rialto, where they built their rude huts, and ramparts to protect them from their enemies. Silently and imperceptibly rose the city from the sea, occupied by a numerous and enterprising population. A small democratic republic, the first in modern Europe, was established, under magistrates called *tribunes*. In the year 697, the islands elected their first *Doge*, or *Dux*, that is, *leader* or *chief*, in the person of Paolucci Anafesto. The tribunes, or the nobility, had the judiciary, the people the legislative, and the Doge the executive power. Gradually Venice increased her commerce, and extended her dominion. The sea was covered with her ships, and the land with her citizens, artisans, and merchants.

Venice added to her power and glory, by assisting Alexander Third in humbling the fierce Barbarossa; in return for which service, and as a lasting memorial of his esteem, that able but ambitious pontiff bestowed upon her a ring, with which to espouse the sea, and symbolize the empire which he bestowed upon her over the waters of the globe. This was the origin of the well-known nuptials of Venice with the Adriatic, celebrated each year with great pomp and ceremony, in the Bucentaur.

This was the period of her greatest commercial and military glory; the manners of the people were softened, and the arts began to flourish.

At the close of the thirteenth century the East India trade passed from Constantinople to Alexandria; Genoa, the rival of Venice, possessed herself of the commerce of the Byzantine Empire; and the overreaching nobles of the Venetian Republic declared themselves hereditary. Then commenced the subversion of her free institutions; and although Venice continued to increase in wealth and greatness until the fifteenth century, and gained great advantages over Genoa and the neighboring countries, the seeds of decline were sown in her constitution. From that time

she gradually descended from her high and palmy state. The Portuguese discovered a passage by sea to the East Indies; the Turks, who had become masters of Constantinople, swept every thing before them, and took possession of most of her Oriental conquests; while long and harassing wars with the neighboring republics exhausted her resources and reduced her wealth. The government of the State was invested in a Council of *Ten*, and three Inquisitors were chosen, with unlimited powers to cite, imprison, and punish all suspected persons. For this purpose they made ample use of spies and informers, racks and dungeons. Thousands of citizens disappeared, no one could tell when or how; and a spirit of fear and suspicion took possession of the public mind. Yet was Venice ever a gay and giddy scene. The citizens gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. Intrigue and debauchery went hand in hand with tyranny and fear.

"The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
Changed not so fast for many and many an age
As this small spot. To-day 'twas full of masks;
And lo! the madness of the carnival,
The monk, the nun, the holy legate masked!
To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel;
And he died there by torch-light, bound and gagged,
Whose name and crime they knew not."

And yet, strange to tell, this lasted for many long years; and the strength, energy, and consistency of the Venetian government were a wonder and mystery to all the States of Europe. Machiavelli is in raptures with it; and, even now, it inspires, in many minds, a feeling of reverence and awe. Doubtless many of the State councilors and inquisitors were men not only of profound sagacity, but of lofty patriotism. Occasionally they displayed all the resources of genius and virtue. But, generally, they were a proud and ambitious race, who used their tremendous power for purposes of oppression and revenge.

The jurisdiction of the Ten was prompt and energetic; their police, the most perfect in the world! Neither innocence nor crime, neither power nor cunning could escape them, when bent upon the execution of their plans. A Frenchman of high rank was robbed in Venice, and had complained that the police were vigilant only as spies upon strangers. On leaving the city, his gondola was suddenly stopped. Inquiring the reason, the gondoliers pointed to a boat with a red flag that had just made them a signal. It arrived, and he was called on board:

"You are the Prince de Craon? Were you not robbed on Friday evening?"

"I was."

"Of what?"
"Of five hundred ducats."
"And where were they?"
"In a green purse."
"Do you suspect anybody?"
"I do; a servant."
"Would you know him again?"
"Certainly."

The questioner with his foot turned aside an old cloak that lay there, and the prince beheld his purse in the hand of a corpse!

"Take it, and remember, that none set their feet again in a country where they have presumed to doubt the wisdom of the government."

But the old Venetian Republic, State Council, and Inquisition, have passed away forever. The government yielded to Napoleon without a blow, and after his downfall, Austria set her foot upon the proud and beautiful city. But the memory of the past burns in the heart of the people. They will never submit to despotism, and must be free once more; but, alas! when?

Pass into St. Mark's Place of an evening, and all seems life and pleasure. Gay and various costumes, illuminated coffee-houses, parties of pleasure, joyous conversation, and sprightly music, make the scene like one of fairy-land. Can such a people long for independence? Can they fight for freedom?—have they strength to grasp it, and, above all, to keep it, in the face of glittering bayonets, of exile and death? They have tried, but failed.

One of the most delightful days that ever broke upon the world, finds us among the verdant *Apennines*, on our way to *Florence*. The eastern sky is "all roseate," while the rest of the heavens is beginning to tremble with the flashing radiance. The summits of the mountains, crowned here and there with the ruins of an old castle, a church, or a convent, are burning in the golden light of opening day, while the vales beneath are reposing in a soft but rapidly vanishing twilight. Now we are rattling along the base of the steep mountain, with a stream on one side, and a pretty village on the other; anon, we are climbing some wooded acclivity or rough ascent, from which a wide expanse of hills and vales, trees and streams, exhilarates the eye. At one time we pass a small chapel, with a dark-looking shrine, where kneel a few devotees before the sacred relics of some ancient saint, or an image of the Virgin mother, the beautiful goddess of the papal worship; at another, we descry some pretty cottages nestling among the trees and sheltering vines of the mountain's side; and just beyond them the remains of an old feudal castle, in which some fierce

Bolognese or Florentine noble cooped himself in the dark and stormy times of the twelfth century.

Look abroad over the face of Nature; see how attractive it is, how grand and spirit-stirring amid these sublime but beautiful Apennines. Softer and greener than the mountains of Switzerland, and falling far below them in hight and majesty, they yet possess a grandeur of their own, softening at every step into the most delicate and entrancing beauty. The scattered cottages, poor enough in themselves, but rich in their garniture of trees and vines; groups of peasantry here and there, poor as their mountain homes, but with picturesque dresses, and in some instances fine forms; orchards and gardens scattered on the hill-sides and in the plains; in one or two places, broken arches stretching from the mountain to the bottom of the valley—in others, some monastery or convent, perched on the very summit of the rocky ridge; frequent flowers and clumps of trees hanging over fountains, or dipping their green branches in pellucid pools asleep in the valleys; goats clambering the rough precipice, or balancing themselves upon the toppling edge of a deep ravine; the shout or song of shepherds echoing far and near amid the stillness of the mountains; glad voices of children at play in the villages beneath; and over all, the radiant sky burning like a chrysolite, and bathing the landscape with its ethereal hues;—all combine to attract our attention, and thrill our hearts with bright and blessed thoughts. Oh, how delightful to turn away from the care and sorrow of earth, the turmoil of politics, and the contests of ambition, to the quiet retreats of Nature, where God and man may meet and commune, without distraction and annoyance!

But here, perhaps, it may be well enough to describe our fellow-travelers; for their earnest talking has withdrawn us from our reveries. Right opposite sits a tall, military-looking gentleman, with a keen eye and handsome moustache. As we learn from conversation, he is a native of Tuscany, and connected with the army, and although rather taller than the Tuscans generally, is a fair representative of his countrymen. His quick, dark eye, polished manners, and vivacious temper, well correspond to the idea which we have formed of their appearance and character. On one side is a well-made, grave, yet cheerful-looking priest from Germany, on his way to the Holy City. He is evidently intelligent; but, as we readily ascertain, bigotedly attached to the Papal Church, with whose doctrines he seems familiar. Sitting beside him is a friar, sandaled and bareheaded, with a shaven crown, and a demure, but rosy, good-natured look. He cons his breviary with remarkable ease and perseverance, but without the

slightest appearance of devotion; and now and then ventures a remark, indicating more sense than one would think he possessed. He belongs to the order of Franciscans, many of whom are fat and lazy; a few lean and ascetic; and others, and perhaps the greater number, proud and assuming. The Franciscans are, rather more than the other orders, devoted to preaching, but few of them possess much learning or oratorical power. A few are earnest and impassioned speakers, and produce some effect upon their excitable hearers during the season of Lent, the great preaching time of the Catholic Church. On this side sits a Lombard merchant from Milan, the finest looking of them all, with a capacious forehead, auburn hair, and blue eyes, an expression of firmness and serenity about the mouth, a good clear voice, and a common-sense style of talking. Next to him is a little, fiery fellow, in black clothes, and a three-cornered hat, a Jesuit, perhaps, from the Neapolitan States, full of zeal for the holy Catholic, apostolical Church. All these are fair types of their respective countrymen, who have marked peculiarities which distinguish them from one another. This is especially the case with the Milanese merchant, who reminds us of the fine race who occupy the fertile vales of the Adige and the Po. Descended from the old Ostrogoths and Lombards, they possess considerable energy and worth of character. Not quite so impetuous as some of their southern neighbors, particularly the Romans and Neapolitans, the latter of whom have some infusion of Grecian and Moorish blood, the nations of northern Italy have more firmness and consistency of character, and are capable of great effort and endurance. They are the best soldiers in Italy. The Piedmontese on one side and the Venetians on the other, differ somewhat from these; the former being keen, worldly, and penetrating, and the latter ingenious and pleasure-loving. The Tuscans are versatile and polished, the Romans thoughtful and aspiring, and the Neapolitans impetuous and fickle.

But we are getting prosy; and the diligenza, with its six horses, and huge-booted, black-moustached postillions, whooping, groaning, and spurring, is rattling down hill, and our friend the friar is reading his breviary so earnestly, that we fall back upon our cushioned seat, and let the fresh air of the cool valley which is receiving us blow upon our forehead, and the serene, festal aspect of the landscape steal into our heart.

But our friends are getting loquacious, and the subject of their conversation, suggested by the remark of the German canon, on the present condition of Italy, turns upon the Church. All are rigid Catholics, except the Lombard merchant, who, though obviously attached to the Church of his fathers, distinguishes be-

tween its superstitions, and the great spirit of faith and love by which it ought to be animated. But the friar and canon, and especially the Jesuit, defend every thing, and express the greatest horror of liberality, as leading to error and ruin. They confine salvation to the pale of the holy Catholic and apostolic Church, as they call it, and denounce Protestants as heretics and apostates.

"But surely," we say, "you do not defend the superstitions of the Church—the pretended miracles, the holy coats, mystic amulets and heathen ceremonies, which every candid man in the nineteenth century must acknowledge as errors and deformities."

"Sir," is the quick and somewhat offended reply, "the Church has no superstitions, no pretended miracles, no heathen ceremonies."

"Well now, tell us candidly," we rejoin, "do you really believe that actual miracles are performed at the present day in the Papal Church? Do priests generally believe them? Do popes, cardinals, and bishops maintain their credibility?"

"Most assuredly they do," is the decisive answer.

To confirm this statement, the canon, aided by the Jesuit and friar, goes into a lengthened statement, too prosy and too absurd to be repeated, as to the occurrence of recent miracles in Italy, in one of which the Holy Virgin opened her eyes upon a young devotee who craved her aid; another, in which she appeared, in glory, to some children on the mountains; a third, in which she revealed herself to an infidel Jew, who was thereby converted; and a fourth, in which she delivered a young man from the grasp of robbers and murderers; how also certain holy women, in an ecstasy, received the stigmata of Christ—sacred wounds inflicted by an invisible hand, and resembling those on our Saviour's crucified body.

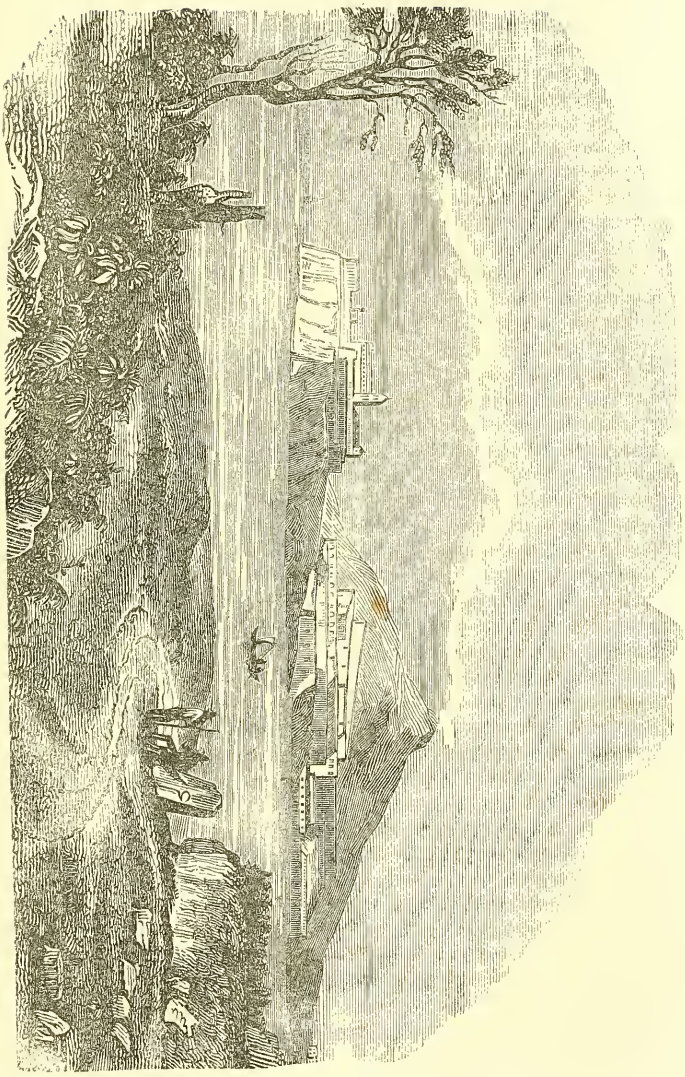
Here we imagine that we discover a smile of derision on the lips of the Tuscan officer, Catholic as he is, and the Milan merchant absolutely laughs outright, to the great discomfiture of our priestly companions.

To try them upon another point, we ask one question more:

"Do you really believe that the Catholic Church is the only true, universal Church, and that all who die in her communion will certainly go to heaven?"

"Undoubtedly," they all respond at once; and the Jesuit is proceeding to give his reasons, when we cut the discussion short, by exclaiming, in a playful voice—

"Well, well! your view is undoubtedly consistent enough; but for our part, we rejoice in the sublime and cheering thought, that the true Church consists of all those, in any land, and in any sect or Church, who believe in Jesus Christ, incarnate love and purity,



breathe his spirit, and obey his laws. At all events, we are disposed to think and act for ourselves in the matter of religion, and willingly take our risk with the myriads of good and holy men, in all Protestant communions, who have blessed the world with their love and zeal."

To this our friend from Lombardy nods an emphatic assent; while the canon, the friar, and the Jesuit enter their protest against it as heretical and dangerous, adding, that there is only one God, one Saviour, one Church, and that said Church can be none other than the holy Catholic Church—a sentiment to which we inwardly assent, but not in the narrow and local sense of priestly assumption and bigotry.

But polemics we dislike; moreover, we have something better in prospect, for we are drawing near the capital of *Tuscany*. The increasing beauty of the country, the richness of the fields and gardens, the vines hanging in long and luxuriant festoons from the tall trees by the wayside, the smoothness of the roads, and the increase of travel, indicate our approach to a great city. Now we have attained the summit of the mountain ridge which encircles the magnificent natural amphitheater in which stands the city of Florence, like Jerusalem of old amid her coronet of mountains; and all at once it flashes upon our sight—palace, dome, and tower blushing like a bride in the warm light of a Tuscan sky. Yonder, towering above the rest of the city, is the cupola of the cathedral, the work of Brunelleschi, and the model upon which Michael Angelo formed the cupola of St. Peter's; the beautiful Campinille, by Giotto, worthy, as Charles the Fifth declared, to be encased in gold; and nearer, the Pitti palace, the gardens of the Boboli, and the Arno, "classic stream," on whose banks once wandered the youthful Milton, on his visit to Italy, "framing Ovidian verse," and those other illustrious men, sculptors, painters, and poets, who have shed over Florence and its environs the glory of poetical inspiration.

Without crossing the Arno, and entering what may be called the heart of the city, we find a home for the present under the shadow of the Pitti palace, and not far from the Boboli gardens, in whose spacious and cool retreats we shall love to linger, in the hot summer day, or in the still and beautiful twilight, soothed by the noise of falling fountains, the music of evening bells, or the deep hum of the busy city.

Florence, the city of flowers, as the name imports, has ever been a favorite with poets and travelers. And certainly, though not so magnificent as Rome, or so striking as Naples, it has a quiet beauty of its own, which instantly wins our regard.

"Of all the cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence"—

is the enthusiastic expression of the gentle and classic Rogers, "the poet of Italy."

"Florence, beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower,"

is the yet more harmonious and striking language of Shelley. Byron, too, was an enthusiastic admirer of Florence, and has embalmed its glory in the verses of "Childe Harold." Ugo Foscolo has celebrated its graves, in his poem of "The Sepulchres." Macaulay speaks of "the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence," as it was in the days of Lorenzo de Medici; of "the halls which rung with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues where the young eye of Michael Angelo glowed with a kindred inspiration, and the gardens in which the young Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins."

It is obvious that much of the attraction with which Florence is invested, is owing to association of ideas; to the golden memories of that old heroic time when Dante and Petrarch sang, and a new era of power and splendor dawned upon Italy.

"Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern luxury of commerce borne,
And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."—*Byron.*

But in addition to its rich memories and hallowed associations, Florence has much in its situation, its pure air, its venerable aspect, its massive but elegant buildings, its verdant gardens, and its peaceful river spanned with handsome bridges, to inspire admiration. Its environs are among the finest in the world. Lying on the banks of the Arno, and stretching gradually to the tops of the mountains which gird it on every side, with green meadows, clustering vines, and clumps of trees; dotted, in every part, with villas, cottages, convents, and towers; invested with the warm, rich coloring of an Italian sun; the whole scene is one of rare and inspiring beauty. It contains the treasures of ancient and of modern art, the Venus de Medici, "Eve of the land which yet is Paradise," the Wrestler, the Niobé, the works of Angelo, Cellini, Raffaele, Titian, Canova, and a host of others; the tombs of the Medici; the wonderful statues of Night and Day; the old Laurentian library, containing some rare and curious manuscripts, and

among other things, a finger of Galileo, preserved in a glass case, and pointing to the stars; the old church of Santa Maria Novella, adorned with the radiant Madonna of Cimabué; the bronze gates of the Baptistery, fit, according to Michael Angelo, to be the gates of Paradise; and above all, Santa Croce, the Westminster of Florence, where repose

> "Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
> The starry Galileo with his woes;
> Where Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose!"

No wonder, then, if to imaginative minds the "Athens of Etruria" should possess so many charms; and that the poets should unite in shedding over it ideal splendors.

> "Search within,
> Without; all is enchantment. 'Tis the past
> Contending with the present; and in turn
> Each has the mastery."—*Rogers.*

But we do not intend to weary our readers with a minute description of Florence, attractive as the subject is; for this has been frequently done by others. Neither will we tire their patience with a long catalogue or attempted description of her artistic treasures. We will not say a word even of the Tribune, the Chapel de Depositi, the squares adorned with equestrian statues, nor of the vast museums of the Pitti palace. All this, and much more, we pass over as familiar to all. For, in good truth, these subjects have been written to perfect inanity by all sorts of tourists and sketchers who have seen but little else in their rapid flight through the country. It is the genius of Florence (which in many respects is the genius of Italy) which attracts our attention. Her old heroic history, her spirit of wisdom and refinement, her dreams of glory, her long struggle for freedom, her love of the beautiful, and above all, the magnificent flowering of her poetical and artistic genius, possess an interest and a charm of the highest and most ennobling kind.

The history of Florence reminds us often of the history of Athens; and yet it possesses a deeper interest, from the prevalence of a new class of influences, and a new form of civilization. In the Tuscan Republic, not only the spirit of Grecian refinement, but also of Gothic strength and Christian virtue, came into contact with a thousand opposing obstacles, which resulted from the universal prevalence of ignorance, superstition, and licentiousness. Thus the forms of society and the elements of progress were more striking and energetic, and in their action and results more stu-

pendous and far-reaching. For although Florence herself, as a republic, has passed away, and much of the grandeur and power of Christianity has been vitiated and overborne by those heathen and papal admixtures every where cherished in Italy; yet the form of civilization wrought out in that land has diffused itself through the European world, and is yet destined to the highest triumphs even in Italy. We can discern in it a vitality which will yet cast off the wrappages of superstition, and emerge as from a tomb, glowing with immortal youth and vigor. So long as Christianity, in its great principles, whether contained in books or institutions, remains in a country, however covered up with the rubbish of superstition and vice, there is hope for that country. Lying in that crude mass, like the chrysalis in the dust, is an organic life, which, quickened by the sun of liberty, shall yet burst its cerements, and go forth, in celestial beauty, to bless the world. But Florence has seen many dark and stormy changes. She is not now what she was in the days of old, although even then far from realizing the idea of a free or a truly Christian republic. She was born in the middle ages, in tempest and blood; grew up, like a young giant, amid rapine and war, and held her liberties only by the stern hand of violence and crime. Yet her internal vigor was wonderful, and for a long series of years she maintained her integrity, and developed her resources with a genius and force such as the world has seldom seen. After all, her freedom was short-lived. It was based not upon virtue, but upon force; upon expediency, "not upon" principle. Gothic feudalism contended with Christian democracy, papal supremacy with republican rule. Hence the constant struggle between the people and the nobles, between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the power of the Emperor and the power of the Pope. Hence also the final supremacy of the Medici, and the loss of Florentine liberty.

The early part of the fifteenth century, the age of Lorenzo de Medici, justly styled the Pericles of Florence, was distinguished for wealth and splendor. Florence was the resort of learned men from all parts of Italy and the world; her merchants were princes and corresponded with kings. Poets, orators, and artists produced, in their highest perfection, the bright creations of their genius and art. The people yet enjoyed a high degree of freedom; the Medici professed to rule according to the spirit of the Republic, and claimed to be the guardians of the rights and liberties of the citizens. Guicciardini, styled the Tuscan Thucydides, describes the state of Italy at that time, in the following enthusiastic style: "Restored to supreme peace and tranquillity, cultivated no less in her most mountainous and sterile places than in

her plains and more fertile regions, and subject to no other empire than her own, not only was she most abundant in inhabitants and wealth, but in the highest degree illustrious by the magnificence of many princes, by the splendor of many most noble and beautiful cities, and by the seat and majesty of religion: she flourished with men pre-eminent in the administration of public affairs, and with geniuses skilled in all the sciences, and in every elegant and useful art."

But an enfeebled faith and a boundless luxury begot venality and lust. The most shameless profligacy prevailed among the clergy, especially of the higher orders, the most outrageous selfishness and ambition among the nobles. The common people were violent and disorderly; the different republics coveted each other's possessions, and thirsted for each other's blood. The spirit of freedom took its flight, and Florence sunk in the gulf of despotism and crime. Deceived and betrayed by her professed friends, especially by Leo the Tenth, and subsequently by Clement the Seventh, she fell under the dominion of a foreign power; and a long night of oppression and sorrow ensued. This, indeed, was the state of things over the whole of the Italian peninsula. It was the consummation of papal ambition and imperial lust, in those beautiful cities, once the home of the free and the hope of the world.

In the modern partition of Italy, Florence, with Tuscany, fell into the hands of a member of the House of Hapsburg, under whose reign, not over liberal or wise, the country has somewhat prospered. Yet it is poor and heavily taxed. Until recently, lotteries and all sorts of gambling, aided by superstitious usages, have been supported as a source of revenue by the State. But the Grand Duke of Tuscany has had sagacity enough to advance with the spirit of the age. For an Austrian, his course has been fair. To secure himself, he has conceded a liberal constitution. Ostensibly the press is free, and religious toleration is promised to all. But whether the provisions of this constitution will be carried out, remains to be seen. The recent revolution has proved a most unfortunate affair. The constitution, for the present, at least, is a dead letter. Proscription and intolerance are the order of the day. Austrian influence is dominant. Freedom has taken her flight from Florence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ITALY—CONTINUED.

We have left Tuscany, and entered the *States of the Church*, and are at once impressed with the poverty-stricken aspect of the country. How unlike New England or old England, with its beauty and thrift—how inferior even to the vine-fields of Etruria, and the plains of Lombardy! Whatever benefits Rome has conferred upon other parts of the world, it has been a grievous burden to central Italy. The splendor of Rome has impoverished the people.

Before us stretches the desolate Campagna, once "the garden of the Lord," now the dreariest and sickliest region in Christendom. Encircling the "holy city," as devout Catholics love to call it, itself suffering from internal exhaustion and decay, the Campagna furnishes a sad emblem of the withered and fruitless condition of the Papal Church. We pass through it as we should pass through a church-yard, with a sort of mournful awe; for, after all, it is hallowed ground. Here, with their colossal armies, once trod the masters of the world; and yonder, gleaming in the light of a bright and balmy noon, that strange old city, with its mighty memories and magnificent ruins.

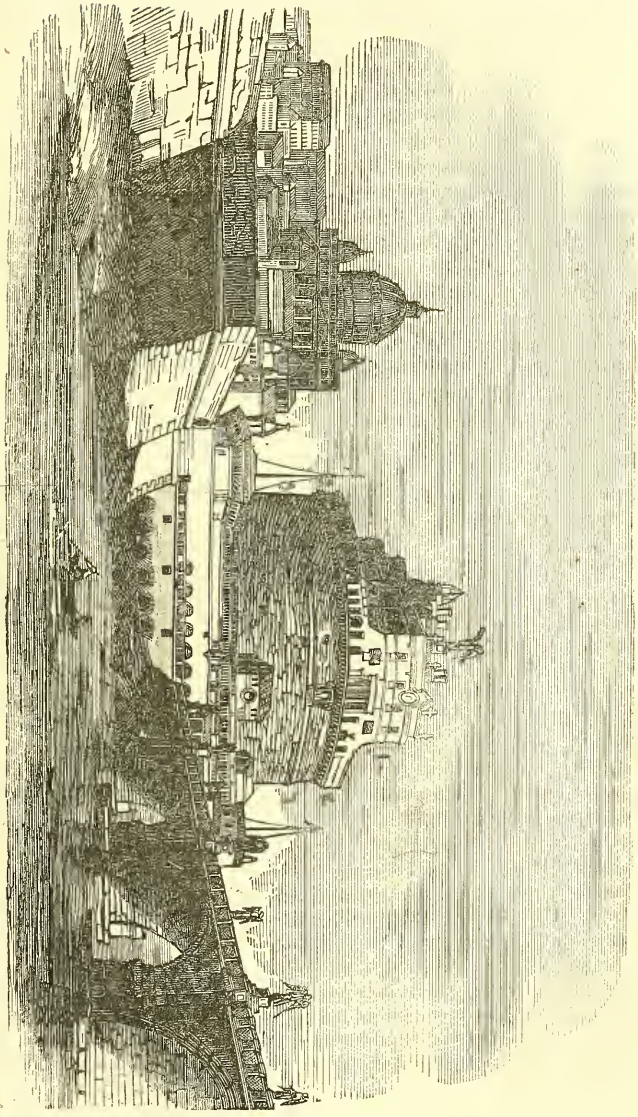
As we approach it, tower, column, and temple, triumphal arch and hoary ruin rise, distinct and beautiful, before our fixed and half-dreamy gaze. Bewildered with the new and stirring thoughts that rush upon our mind, we scarcely notice the dreary condition of the outskirts of the city, or the lazy, squalid-looking beggars that begin to beleaguer our carriage, with their whining "Carita, Signor! Carita, Signor!"

Well, well, it must be so! The shadow of Rome, next to Jerusalem the most interesting city in the world, is upon our spirits, and we yield to the impression. "'Lone mother of dead empires!" "the Niobe of nations!"

> "there she stands,
> Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

Yet glorious even in her decay, enshrining all fair forms, all august images, all thrilling associations, quickened moreover into something like new life by the spirit of change and revolution now pervading the nations.

Passing the Porto del Popolo, on the site of the old Flaminian



Rome.

gate, and thence into the Piazza del Popolo, we soon find ourselves in the heart of Rome, still dreaming of the past, and feeling that we are in a city rather of the dead than of the living—

> "the city that so long
> Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world,
> The mighty vision that the prophet saw
> And trembled."

It seems strange to be moving, in broad daylight, under the shadow of the Capitoline Hill, to skirt the old Roman Forum, the Tarpeian Rock, and the Mamertine Prison, to gaze upon the Parthenon, and catch a glimpse of the "yellow Tiber," the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Dome of St. Peter's.

> "Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat,
> A schoolboy on his bench, in early dawn,
> Glowing with Roman story, I should live
> To tread the Appian—
> —or climb the Palatine,
> Long while the seat of Rome!"

But it is chiefly as the seat of the early triumphs of Christianity, the scene of apostolic toils and holy martyrdoms, that we feel so peculiar an interest in visiting Rome. Here, in the early days of the Church, thousands were converted from heathenism to the religion of the cross, and shed their blood in its defense. Here a terrible struggle went on for ages between paganism and Christianity, when at last Christianity conquered and placed itself upon the throne of the Cæsars. But alas! it was speedily vitiated by false admixtures, and worldly policy. Encircled with pomp and splendor, and forgetting the purity and simplicity of its early days, it grew into a monstrous form of despotism and corruption. True, it was infinitely better than paganism; it yet possessed some redeeming features, some sacred elements of purity and power, and, in a barbarous age, exerted over society some controlling and civilizing influence. Notwithstanding its degeneracy, what might, what majesty did it not exhibit! Overshadowing the earth, and placing its foot on the neck of kings, it formed an object of admiration to the world, "a mystery" enshrined amid the symbols of religion and sensual display, inspiring dread and wonder in all beholders. It yet possesses elements of power, and were it only divested of its *ultra-montanism*, its spirit of bigotry and superstition, its papal hierarchy, and armies of monks, it might yet bless the world. It is not so much Catholicism as Popery—not so much the great body of Catholic worshipers as the spirit of Jesuitism, superstition, and idolatry, which constitutes the Anti-

christ of Rome. It is difficult, however, if not impossible, to burn the husks and thorns, without at the same time destroying the precious flower which they are intended to guard. The Church of Rome, as an external institution, is tottering to its fall. Its foundations are sapped, and less than a century will see it in the dust. Yet is it even now a vast and mysterious power, fitted to excite the deepest emotions, and well worthy of the profoundest study; like some huge edifice in the desert, covered with the weeds of ages, and gradually yielding to the might of all-destroying time.

Could Rome, indeed, blend with the spirit of the age—could she take into her bosom the life and energy of science and free inquiry—could she exorcise her wretched superstitions, her low fetichism and fanatical spirit—could she place her children under the guidance of the Word and Spirit of God, instead of traditions and hearsays; above all, could she imbibe the free spirit of an enlarged and devout Protestantism, she might yet be regenerated, and become the center of a new and glorious form of civilization. The problem, however, is all but impossible of solution.

The city of Rome contains a population of a hundred and fifty, or, perhaps, in summer time, when strangers abound there, a hundred and seventy thousand; a goodly portion of whom are priests, monks, nuns, and beggars, who are of all orders, conditions, and colors, black, blue, white, and gray, and may be seen at any time of the day, or in any part of the city—some lounging in their scarlet carriages, and others gliding, sandaled and bareheaded, along the streets and avenues.

The city may be described as consisting of two parts, the new and the old cities, interlocking, however, at particular points; still, most of the ruins of the old city lie on one side of the new, and form a distinct portion of the whole. They cover the seven hills, a part of which only is occupied by the modern city, which extends toward the north and west, to a considerable distance beyond the Tiber, and covers other hills which have received new names.

The Tiber, a slow and turbid stream, but possessing a beauty of its own, is spanned by several picturesque bridges, two or three of which belonged to the ancient city, reminding us of the days of Horace, who sang its praises to the music of the lyre. The principal is that of St. Angelo, adorned with marble statues, and terminating in the Castle of St. Angelo, once the Mausoleum of Adrian, but now the principal fortress of the city. On the top stands the statue of an angel, sword in hand, and the sides are bristling with cannon. Within are prisons and dungeons, some

of them formed for ingenious torture. It was in that old castle that Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Florentine goldsmith and sculptor, was confined, by the orders of an ungrateful Pope, and from which he made one of the most miraculous escapes, though nearly killing himself in the attempt. It was there that Benedetto Fojano suffered a horrid and lingering death by starvation, for the crime of being a too eloquent and popular preacher, and that Ludovico Paschali, a Protestant from Piedmont, was strangled and burned for proclaiming the Gospel in Calabria.*

The Castle of St. Angelo has an underground communication to St. Peter's, which has been occasionally used by the Popes in times of danger and emergency. For years it remained closed, but it was reopened some time since by Gregory Sixteenth.

Taken as a whole, Rome must be pronounced one of the most magnificent cities in the world. It stands upon a noble site, possesses a great number of superb edifices and majestic views, is adorned with spacious squares and fountains, and contains innumerable specimens of the most perfect painting and statuary, both of ancient and of modern times. Every where you meet objects which interest and please the mind. In one place is an immense and beautiful fountain, throwing up jets of virgin water, with a pleasant, gushing sound. In another is a column or an obelisk, brought from Greece or Egypt, or, it may be, dug from the ruins of the ancient city. Here is the Pillar of Trajan, adorned with an image of the apostle Peter, an incongruity, to be sure, but not an unpleasant one. Yonder is that of Antoninus Pius, surmounted by the statue of the apostle Paul. Beyond is the hoary ruin of a heathen temple, transformed into a Christian church. For, be it known, every thing here is lustrated and purified by the Popes, and changed from a pagan to a Christian use.

Ascend the stairs of the Capitol, and at the top you meet the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, standing by their noble steeds; near them are the trophies of Marcus, and the two columns which served to measure the Roman empire, and in the square behind, the celebrated statue of Marcus Aurelius, which Michael Angelo was wont to admire as the very masterpiece of art, saying that the horse did not seem to stand, but to move.

* Many other Protestants suffered martyrdom at Rome. The celebrated Florentine nobleman and Protestant, Carnessecchi, was beheaded and burned at Rome, 1567. Bartolomeo Bartoccio, son of a wealthy citizen of Castello, was condemned to be burnt alive in the same city. With a firm step, he went to the place of execution, and whilst the flames enveloped his body he was heard exclaiming, "*Vittoria! Vittoria!*"—*Victory! Victory!*

In the square fronting the palace of the Pope, on Monté Cavello, is another superb fountain, guarded by two colossal statues of Alexander the Great and his horses; the one by Phidias, as is supposed, and the other by Praxiteles, so perfect that the noble animals, for an instant, seem to be alive. Before the church of St. John Lateran is an elegant and lofty obelisk, brought from the Temple of the Sun in Thebes, with its mystic hieroglyphics. Another of a similar description stands in the area fronting St. Peter's, between two magnificent fountains, whose waters are seen falling and plashing, with a musical sound, in the soft silence which reigns around. Other obelisks, columns, and statues, of an inferior description, are scattered over the city, in the squares and by the fountains.

The ruins of the old city, so vast and hoary, intermingling in part with the buildings of the modern one, impart to the whole a character of peculiar solemnity and grandeur, while the neighboring Campagna, so silent and deserted, and the dark volcanic mountains, which skirt the horizon, greatly highten the effect.

But it must be confessed that Rome suffers by a minute inspection. Many of the buildings, even of the modern city, are mean and going to decay. Most of the streets are narrow and filthy beyond endurance. Beggars every where abound. You meet them at the corners of every street, and even by the altar of St. Peter's, and in the center of the Coliseum. Nuisances of every description invade churches and palaces, and produce an abominable stench throughout the city. The mass of the people are excessively poor. Vice, and especially licentiousness, is prevalent, the foundling hospitals being generally well filled with illegitimate children; and, besides, there is such a swarming of priests, such a profusion of paltry images of the Virgin and saints, such evident marks of superstition, ignorance, and vice, that it requires an effort to think worthily of the *eternal city*. The most delightful part of it is that which covers the site of ancient Rome, the Forum, lying among the seven hills, and the venerable ruins around, intermingled with gardens and trees.

Next to the ruins and memories of the ancient city, Rome derives its principal interest, as a subject of study, from its sacred or ecclesiastical character. It is the seat of the Papal court, the center and focus of Catholic Christendom. Here, then, if any where, the Roman Church must be seen in its perfection. The government and police, as well as religion and morals, are under the control of ecclesiastics; so that the city is pervaded from its heart to its extremities with the spirit and energy of Catholicism. Indeed, it may be said that the whole is a Church, a temple of

religion, a sacred shrine in which is deposited the very soul of the papacy. Of this Church all the citizens are members; every one must go to confession; every one, some time or other, must partake of the sacrament, or sacrifice of the mass; every one must do homage to the Pope and the priesthood, must die in the faith, and be buried in holy ground. Unless excommunicated by the solemn ban of the Church, each citizen of Rome is a child of the papacy, and a member of the "Holy Catholic, Apostolic Church." Many indeed are not particularly strict, at least on ordinary occasions, in the observation of the innumerable rites and ceremonies enjoined by their superiors. Others again are infidels and scoffers, but privately, for fear of consequences. Others hate the priests, and especially the monks, with a perfect hatred, and make no great secret of it either. Many would rejoice to see the whole system of ecclesiastical despotism abolished forever. The great mass of the people, and especially the more wealthy and intelligent classes, seldom if ever go to church, except on high festival occasions, and even then take only a partial or a political interest in the services.

We might, on a Sunday, go through all the churches in Rome, and not find more than four or five thousand worshipers, from among the populace, though these churches are very numerous, and some of them capable of containing from ten to twenty thousand persons. The majority in all would be found to be females and poor people.* We have said that all must confess; but how or where they do so, it is impossible to say; for only the poorer classes confess at church. The Sabbath is very much of a holiday, in the secular sense of the term, and the greater portion of the day is spent in visiting, rambling, and other recreations. We are bound, however, to regard the majority of the inhabitants as devout Catholics, for they are so held by their ecclesiastical superiors, and form a part of the sacred city. Duly baptized and confirmed, they live and die in the faith of their fathers. If it is inquired whether they are truly religious, that is another question, which even Pope Pius the Ninth, or Father Ventura, might hesitate to answer. They fast and pray during Lent, go to church and crucify the flesh. But they are delighted when they get through it. They precede it with the carnival, and follow it with dancing and revelry!

Pass around among the convents and churches, amounting in all to four or five hundred, perhaps more; you find in nearly all the greatest magnificence. Here are innumerable altars and sa-

* It is estimated that there are nearly 300 churches in Rome.

cred shrines, blazing with gems and gold, consecrated to all the saints in the calendar, to the Virgin Mother, to the twelve Apostles, and to the Holy Trinity; and before which men of all nations and languages may bend, addressing their prayers indiscriminately to saint or angel, to the blessed Virgin, or to God himself. Here also are innumerable priests and confessors, an infinite variety of the most rare and precious relics—bones, arms, legs and skulls, fingers and nails, amulets and charms, rosaries and medals, consecrated by popes of blessed memory, or other holy men, living and dead. Here also are collected, in the Vatican and in the churches, the most perfect specimens of painting and statuary, intended more or less for the ornament and service of religion; images of all forms and ages, apostolic and modern; images of men and angels, of saints and martyrs, of Christ and God, in wood and stone, in oil-painting and fresco, some august and beautiful, others grotesque and striking, and all venerable and attractive to a devout Catholic. Here is the Basilica of St. Peter's, the most magnificent church in the world, the work of Michael Angelo, with its glorious cupola, four hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and the whole interior so vast, so beautiful, so harmonious, that it has been likened to "a ceaseless, changeless melody;" here, in this august temple, which is the wonder of every traveler, is "the veritable tomb of St. Peter," forming a small subterranean chapel in the center of the cathedral, with a hundred lamps burning around it, night and day, and surmounted by the bronze canopy of Bernini, richly adorned and supported by four ornate pillars, a hundred and twenty feet in hight; the tombs of popes and princes, with all forms of pagan and Christian beauty, some of them almost nude, guarding the precious dust of kings and priests; on all sides altars, ornamented with gorgeous paintings and sculpture, gold, silver, and precious stones; and above all, the bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus—the apostle Peter, we mean, for the old statue of the heathen god, found in the Capitol, has been lustrated by the popes, and placed here, with a glory around his head, for the adoration of the faithful; his sacred toes worn and polished by the rubbings and kissings of innumerable pilgrims. Whatever this statue may be on the score of religion, it is certainly an incongruity on the score of taste. It is only about as large as life, while every thing around it is colossal; the infant cherubs by the vases which contain the holy water, near the principal entrance, are of giant size, while the pen in the hand of St. Mark, above the frieze of the cupola, is six feet in length. Nevertheless it is the *genius of the place*, the great object of love and reverence to the devout Catholic. This church is dedicated not

to the glory of the Supreme Being, but to the glory of Peter, "in honorem principis apostolorum."*

St. Peter's may be regarded as a symbol of the Roman Catholic faith, vast, venerable, and imposing, but enshrining many heathen forms and superstitions. Relics of the past mingle with embellishments of the present; pagan images with Christian rites. "The general expression of the place," says Madame de Stael, "perfectly typifies a mixture of obscure dogmas and sumptuous ceremonies; a mine of sad ideas, but such as may be soothingly applied; severe doctrines capable of mild interpretation; Christian theology and pagan images; in fact, the most admirable union of all the majestic splendors which man can give to his worship of the Divinity." Is not this only a gentle and poetical mode of expressing the fact that the religion of Rome, which in another place she says, "weds the ancient and the modern faiths in the mind," is half pagan and idolatrous in its character and worship? The "majestic splendors" may dazzle a human eye; but alas! they grow pale before the eye of Him from whose face the heavens and the earth flee away.

> "Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
> Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!"

In Rome also is the Basilica, or church of St. John Lateran, so called because it is dedicated to St. John, and built upon the site occupied by the Roman Senator Plautius Lateranus; the *mother church* of Christendom, because it was given especially to the Bishop of Rome, and founded by the Emperor Constantine. It is in the special diocese of the Pope, is the church in which he most frequently worships, and, in some respects, takes precedence over St. Peter's. It has often been restored and remodeled, is famous also for the five general councils held in it, and is the scene of the coronations of the Popes. Its interior is extravagantly rich, though very beautiful, in its decorations. Over the principal entrance, you read, in large glaring capitals—"OMNIUM URBIS ET ORBIS ECCLESIARUM MATER ET CAPUT;" *Mother and Head of all Churches in the City and in the World!* This church, of course, is rich in wondrous relics. Among these are shown the stone mouth of the well of Samaria, two pillars from Pilate's house, the table on which our Lord partook of the last supper, and a pillar of the temple split by the earthquake at the crucifixion!! In his own chapel the Pope keeps the wood of the true cross, the lance which pierced our Saviour's side, and the marvelous vail of Veron-

* Inscription on the front of St. Peter's.

ica, celebrated nearly as much as the Holy Coat of Treves; for it bears, say the Catholics, the impress of our Saviour's face, transferred to it when applied to wipe away the sweat which gathered on his brow, as he went to crucifixion! These are shown by his Holiness—yes, by his Holiness—whether he be Gregory Sixteenth, or the *enlightened* Pius Ninth, on great occasions, such as Holy Week, to the assembled multitudes, who regard them with the same feeling that induced the enthusiastic devotees at Treves, when they saw *The Sacred Tunic,* to exclaim, *Holy Coat, pray for us!*

Here also, belonging to the church of St. John Lateran, in a separate building, is the *Santa Scala,* or holy stair, consisting of twenty-eight marble steps, brought, as the authorities affirm, from Pilate's palace in Jerusalem, and the identical steps up which our Savior walked to Pilate's judgment-hall. The guide who shows it will inform you, with a grave face, that, in places, they are *blued* or stained by the sweat of his sacred feet. Penitents only are permitted to ascend these steps, and on their knees. They have actually been worn by the attrition of numberless pilgrims, so that the Pope has caused them to be covered with wood.

Luther, it will be remembered, when in Rome, wishing to obtain an indulgence, promised by the Pope to any who should ascend on their knees this celebrated staircase, was slowly climbing the steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But while he was going through this meritorious service, he thought he heard a voice, like thunder, speak from the depths of his heart—"*The just shall live by faith.*" "These words," says Merle D'Aubigné, "which already on two occasions had struck upon his ear as the voice of an angel of God, resounded instantaneously and powerfully within him. He started up in terror on the steps up which he had been crawling; he was horrified at himself; and, struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had debased him, he fled from the scene of his folly. This powerful text had a mysterious influence on the life of Luther. It was a creative word for the Reformer and for the Reformation. It was by means of that word that God said: 'Let there be light, and there was light.'"

There is a less sacred ascent, by which strangers may gain the top of the stairs. Here we find a sacred shrine, and a dark-looking image of Christ, fronting the entrance from below. Looking into the dimly lighted *Sancta Sanctorum,* as it is called, we read: "Non est in Toto Sanctior Orbe Locus;" *There is not in the world a holier place.* So sacred is it, that females are not permitted to enter! In this place are gathered (so say the guides) a

number of most precious relics—a bottle of the Virgin Mother's milk—an exact likeness of Jesus, painted by the Evangelist Luke, and a feather from the wing of the angel Gabriel. Luke, by the way, seems to have been the great painter of the early church. Rome possesses other pictures ascribed to him: at Bologna, a celebrated portrait of the Virgin Mary, surrounded by filagree work, is exhibited as the production of his pencil! One has to visit Italy, and especially Rome, to satisfy himself that the friar's wondrous catalogue, poured into the ear of the dreaming Boccaccio, was not, after all, such an extravagant fiction!

> "A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
> To the *wise men*, a vial full of sounds,
> The musical chimes of the great bells that hung
> In Solomon's temple, and though last not least,
> A feather from the angel Gabriel's wing,
> Dropt in the Virgin's chamber."

In the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, or St. Mary the Greater, the grand object of papal adoration is *the cradle of the infant Jesus*, which is made the occasion of a solemn religious service on Christmas-eve. But the most popular idol in Rome is the *Santissimo Bambino—the most Holy Baby;* a miraculous wooden image in the little church which goes by the name of Ara Cœli. Some say that it fell from heaven, like the image of Jupiter, or the sacred stone of Mecca. But others, better informed, affirm that it was carved by a Franciscan monk in Jerusalem, from wood cut on the Mount of Olives, as a representation of the infant Savior! Having no paint to color the image, and St. Luke not being at hand, he had recourse to prayer, in which he spent the whole night, and in the morning found that the little image had miraculously become the color of flesh! This image is exhibited, for adoration, in a *presipio* (case or closet) prepared for it in the convent of the Ara Cœli, from the feast of the Nativity to that of the Epiphany. It is regarded as a sovereign preservative against all dangers of childbirth; and, indeed, is peculiarly useful in all cases of disease. It has been stated, on good authority, that the Bambino receives more and better fees than all the medical men of Rome. A stage-coach, as fine as that of a cardinal's, is kept for its transportation from patient to patient. It is ordinarily accompanied, in its visits, by some priests in full canonicals. Thus attended, the Bambino is conveyed through the streets at a slow and stately rate, a rapid motion being regarded as inconsistent with the dignity of the image. When it passes, every head is uncovered and every knee bent. Other images may pass, and some heads are bared; the Pope himself may pass and receive only a salutation; nay, the con-

secrated Host, the very body and blood of Christ, may go by, and some may kneel, while others take off their hats; but if the Bambino passes, every one is uncovered or prostrate on the ground, whatever be the state of the streets.

But the crowning glory of the Bambino occurs on the festival of the Epiphany, when it is brought to the Capitol, or some such place, and, after a crash of cannon and martial music, it is raised by the hands of some distinguished priest, and the vast multitude fall prostrate in adoration before it, as if it were filled with all the fullness of the Godhead!

In this sacred city of Rome resides the Pope, the apex of the Catholic cone, the head of the Church, the vicar of God, the true successor of St. Peter, who carries the sword of a kingdom on earth, and the keys of a kingdom in heaven; the representative of the Son of God, and the fountain of all gracious influences to his militant flock—the embodiment, therefore, of all humility and meekness, of all holiness and peace! You may see him, on some grand holiday, riding in a magnificent coach, which cost some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, drawn by six superb black horses, attended by some four or half a dozen lackeys with appropriate costumes. He himself is dressed in gorgeous robes of silk, with a crown or tiara of gold upon his head, and in his hand, or that of a high officer who precedes him, a staff or crosier of gems and gold.

Or you may see him about Christmas, or *Corpus Domini*, as they call it, borne into St. Peter's Church on the shoulders of men, seated in his chair of state, with his eyes closed, and making continually, as he passes along, the sign of the cross with the two forefingers of his right hand. Two pole-bearers, with splendid fans of ostrich feathers fixed upon the tops of their poles, precede him with a solemn and reverent air. Behind him are the cardinals, in red stockings, and long, flowing robes of scarlet silk covered with surplices of the richest lace; bishops in purple robes, and their attendants in all the colors of the rainbow; nobles and guards, soldiers and priests, with swords and spears, true crosses, images of saints, and other emblems; a motley group of monks, gray, white, and black; and, among other strange devices, eight huge tents, supported by men, emblematical of the eight basilicas, or most eminent churches of Rome!

At last the Pope is seated in state under the grand altar, and after various services the Host is elevated—bells toll, cannons roar, and the vast multitude are prostrate on the floor. If you have time and patience to remain two or three hours, you will see all sorts of changes, maneuvers, and genuflexions, the forty cardinals

swimming around with their huge trains, proceeding with the utmost gravity, in single file, to kiss the Pope's hand, and some forty or fifty bishops and other clergy following them to kiss the cross upon his slipper, and many others, not admitted to this high honor, kneeling at a respectful distance, waiting for his benediction. During this time your head will almost reel with the crossings and counter-crossings, the kneelings and bendings, the covering and uncovering of heads, the lifting and opening of robes, the pulling off or putting on of vestments, the readings from different books, all in Latin, the long and monotonous chantings, the embracings of cardinals, the runnings to and fro of the assistants, altar boys and others, and the wavings of censers with burning incense, now to God, now to the Pope, now to the sacred books and vestments, now to St. Peter, and now to the Holy Virgin and the twelve apostles. "What strange idea of the Deity," says Mathews, describing a similar service in the private chapel of the Pope, on Monté Cavallo, "must have first suggested this homage of postures and prostrations! If a Chinese had been present, he might well have concluded that the Pope was the god of this strange worship; and, indeed, I doubt whether the thoughts of many on this occasion were elevated nearer to heaven than the Popedom."

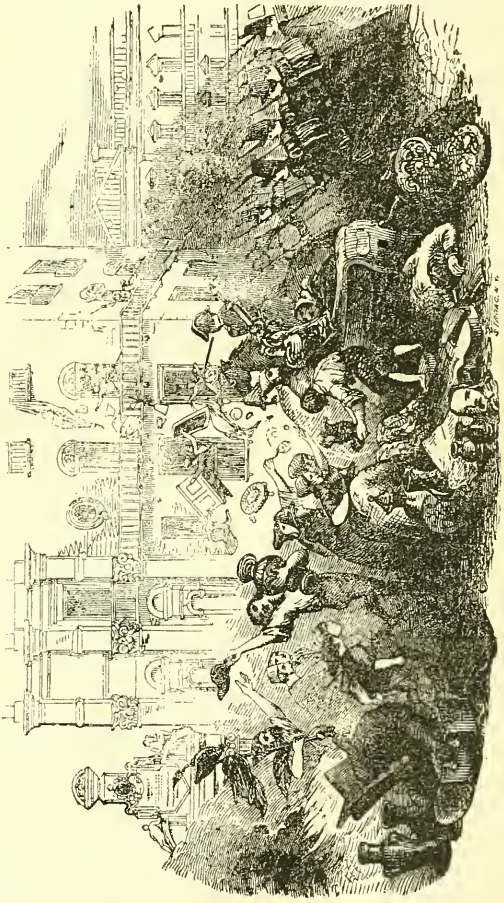
Connected with the Papal Church there are in Rome forty cardinals, more or less, quite a number of prelates, archbishops and bishops, many of them noblemen by birth, and all of them noblemen by station. The cardinals live in palaces, and ride about in superb coaches, with well-dressed attendants. Some of them are learned men—some of them, we hope, are pious, according to their views. That the most of them are courtiers and politicians, ambitious and intriguing, may be doubted any where else, but certainly not in Rome. But let that pass; such as they are, they form a conclave for the government of the Papal Church, and give law to Christendom.

In addition to these, there are in Rome from fifteen to sixteen hundred secular clergy or priests; monks, from two to three thousand; nuns, from fourteen to fifteen hundred; in all, from five to six thousand ecclesiastics, besides innumerable clerical visitors, professors, students, &c., in a population of little more than a hundred and fifty thousand.

Looking at the ecclesiastical machinery alone, and admitting its high pretensions to divine authority, one would conclude that Rome must be the holiest place on earth. Well then, is it such? Let its swarming beggars, its poverty-stricken populace, its uneducated children, its secret infidelity, its boundless superstition,

its covert treason, its gloomy discontent, its deep licentiousness, answer the question.

Instead of traveling to Naples by land, let us go down to the coast, and so reach it by sea. Gliding along the shores of the



Sacking of Naples by Lazaroni. (Revolution of 1848.)

Mediterranean, after a pleasant sail from Civita Vecchia, at last we catch a glimpse of Vesuvius, covered with a dense mass of clouds. Making a fine curve, we pass the rocky promontories of

Torrento and Miseno, and enter the bay of Naples, which opens like a vast amphitheater, bounded by the city, and the long ranges of volcanic mountains, which all but encircle it with their blackened summits. Unfortunately it begins to rain, and the whole surrounding region is enveloped in misty vapor; a grievous disappointment to those who, for days, have been eagerly anticipating one of the most beautiful sights in the world. But we keep our station on the deck of the steamer, and wait patiently till it clears away a little, and then strain our eyes to discover the various points of interest in this celebrated locality. The clouds, however, still hover over the city, and hang, like a hoary crown, upon the head of Mount Vesuvius. A few moments and our highest wishes are gratified; gratified all the more for being disappointed at first. The clouds suddenly break away, and the sun shines out in full-orbed splendor. The city, with its palaces and castles, its long ranges of stuccoed houses and magnificent churches, lying upon the acclivity, and crowning the summits of the hill; the wide sweeping bay, with its barges, boats, and steamers, sparkling in the sunlight; Mount Vesuvius, towering to the sky, and still covered with its canopy of clouds; the long ranges of mountain hights sweeping to the right;—all are flooded with golden radiance, and appear, to our delighted vision, like scenes of fairy-land. "Beautiful! surpassingly beautiful!" exclaims one of our traveling companions, to which we give a ready and enthusiastic response. The city of Naples lies upon the margin of the bay, in the form of a semicircle, and gradually spreads itself upon the acclivity behind, crowned by the Castle of St. Elmo, which overlooks the whole. The houses and streets rise, the one above the other, interspersed with gardens and trees. Many of the buildings are large and elegant. The palace on one of the hights, and the Nuovo Castello, with various other buildings in a castellated form, are exceedingly striking and picturesque, as seen from the bay, and give to the whole city a most imposing and graceful aspect.

The houses are lofty, with innumerable balustrades and other prominences, crowned with hanging gardens filled with flowers. Some of them are immense piles; old palaces, perhaps, with great gateways and quadrangular courts. This is the form of most of the hotels and of the larger dwelling-houses, not only here, but throughout Italy, and to some extent in France. They are huge lumbering affairs, containing a large open court in the center, entered by an arched gateway from the street. At each of these a porter is stationed, and not unfrequently a soldier with a musket on his shoulder. The

chambers are large and airy, with iron bedsteads, smooth oaken or tile floors, in some cases of mosaic, scoured clean and bright, and with many little conveniences peculiar to the country.

Naples contains a population of not less than three hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, a circumstance which accounts for the immense crowds in the streets, and the perfect Babel of noises which every where greet the ear. It is surrounded by places and objects of great interest, such as the grotto of Posilipo, Virgil's tomb, Pæstum, with its ruins of Grecian architecture, Baiæ, and the scenes described in the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid, Vesuvius, the disentombed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the islands of Ischia and Procida, the Campagna Felice, and many beautiful villages which unite, by their classic associations, the hoary past with the youthful present. Besides, the whole neighboring country abounds in the richest and most varied sylvan scenery, while the climate and sky are among the loveliest in the world, vindicating, to some extent, the extravagant expression of the Neapolitans—*Visit Naples, and die!*

Naples existed in the times of the Greeks, by whom it was called Proserpina, on account of the beauty of the situation, and subsequently Neapolis, as a completely new city was built upon the site of the old. Subsequently possessed by the Romans, it continued to increase in wealth and population. Passing successively under Provençal, Spanish, and Austrian dominion, it has seen many changes, undergone many revolutions. It boasts the possession of the finest bay, and one of the largest collections of classical antiquities in the world, a site of unrivaled beauty, and a population of great quickness and versatility, though not of high character and sterling worth. The government, which embraces that of the two Sicilies, containing a population of about eight millions, is despotic and badly administered, and the whole land, city and country, swarms with priests, monks, and beggars. There is no country in the world perhaps, except Spain, more completely priest-ridden, and none in which is found such a superabundance of idle and worthless inhabitants. Yet the people generally, who have Grecian and Moorish blood in their veins, are remarkably vivacious and cheerful, live upon a trifle, and probably enjoy a fair amount of "material" happiness. It is a land of volcanoes and earthquakes, a fervid and generous clime, in which human nature is apt to become quick and passionate, improvident and wild. Hence the changes in their condition have often been as fierce and startling as the eruptions of Etna or Vesuvius. At times yielding quietly and passively to the most galling despotism, and then startling the world with sudden and bloody revolutions;

now shouting for freedom, and anon making the welkin ring with *vivas* for kingly thrall. Immersed in sensuality, yet possessed of a noble nature, there is no extravagance of good or bad which they may not perpetrate. The language of Goldsmith is as applicable now as it was fifty years ago:

> "For small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
> And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
> In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
> Man seems the only growth that dwindles here;
> Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
> Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain;
> Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
> And e'en in penance planning sins anew."

It is on this ground that we are to explain the sudden and terrible reaction which followed the late revolution, reminding us of the days of Masienello and the Sicilian Vespers. Naples, at last, appeared on the point of attaining freedom. The feeble but crafty Bourbon, now occupying the throne, seemed fairly subdued; a constitution, with elements of liberty, though sadly deficient in some of its provisions, was proclaimed, and the whole land rejoiced in her opening prospects. But instantly the heavens are covered with blackness, the earth shakes, the lightning flashes, and the moral Vesuvius of Naples bursts, in flaming fires, upon the terrified vision. A difficulty occurs between the new Consulta or Parliament and his Majesty, respecting the form of the oath to be taken, in support of the constitution and the king. The latter insists upon his rights, and the former demurs. The troops are called out; barricades are erected. The king seems to yield, but fills the squares and castles with Swiss mercenaries, and excites the populace to revolt against the constitution. A musket is fired by accident from the ranks of the National Guard, who, thinking they are betrayed, immediately commence firing. The Swiss retaliate with a murderous fire, and the artillery pour grape into the barricades. For a moment the lazaroni appear disposed to side with the National Guard; but, induced by the hope of pillage, take part with the troops, break open for them shops and houses, and excite them, with cries of "Long live the king," to the most brutal excesses. Plunging into palaces and private dwellings, these barbarians commit the most fearful atrocities; children are dashed from the windows, women are violated, fathers, mothers, infants, old men and maidens are cruelly butchered in each other's arms; others are led naked to the slaughter, amid the jeers and insults of the mob and the soldiery, and compelled to cry *vivas* for the king with their dying breath. The

Royal Guard assassinate two sons of the Marquis Vassatore, in the palace of their father, who immediately goes stark mad, and his palace is enveloped in flames. Two palaces, one the beautiful palace of Gravina, are burned. Nearly all the National Guards are cut to pieces, and the survivors are immediately taken and shot, by order of the king. Multitudes, known to entertain liberal opinions, are taken from their houses and executed without a trial. After the struggle, all who are taken with arms in their hands are instantly shot, and many others are carried, bound hand and foot, on board a ship made a temporary prison, and others are thrown into the dungeons and jails of the city. The tri-color every where is torn down, the white Bourbonic flag placed in its stead, and Naples subjected to strict martial law.

Thus the old regime returns; the people submit, and the Jesuits rejoice.

Naples literally swarms with priests. It is said that it contains at least five thousand ecclesiastics of every kind; others put them at ten thousand, including the nuns and novitiates. Indeed, priests and soldiers seem to be the controlling powers of the place. The lawyers number four thousand, and are a wealthy and highly influential class, having peculiar privileges, and in consequence of the extreme length of lawsuits, holding in their hands a large portion of the real estate. The nobles are opulent, and fond of display; and the king is as complete a despot as ever sat upon the throne. But it is the priests and friars especially which attract the attention of a traveler, for you cannot take a walk of half an hour in any of the principal streets of the city, without meeting forty or fifty of them in their peculiar costume. Multitudes of friars, in their brown gowns and black cowls, with girdled waists and sandaled feet, may be seen gliding along the streets, particularly in the morning, and collecting from the shops and stalls their daily revenue of charity, in the shape of eatables, money, and other things. Some of the priests are good-looking men. The higher ecclesiastics, especially, have quite a respectable appearance. A very few look ascetic. Some are evidently good-natured, easy, jolly souls, who belong rather to the race of King Cole, than of Saint Anthony; while the great mass of the lower clergy are gross-looking, lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who are as much lazaroni and beggars as any of the lowest of the rabble.

But there are some good institutions in Naples, and the clergy, and particularly the nuns, are not without their use. Several hospitals for the poor and sick are connected with the monasteries, and something is done for the education of orphan children. A

common-school system, of course, there is none; and not one-half of all the people can read or write. The ignorance of the mass is immense; and we cannot, therefore, expect them to be very religious or virtuous. It is a wonder, perhaps, they are not worse. One thing, at least, is in their favor—they are not intemperate. The perfection of the climate, and the vivacious character of the people, supply the place of intoxicating drinks, or they have no money to procure them. Generally speaking, they are good-natured, and by no means so suspicious and revengeful as they have been represented. They love music and shows, and live much in the open air. The great body of them have not, and cannot have any just conception of what Christianity is.

"Pietro, what do you worship when you go to church?"

"San Gennaro and the Holy Virgin, signor!"

"And of all things in the world what do you love the best?"

"To dance the Tarantula, and eat maccaroni."

"Well, but you love the service of religion, don't you?"

"O yes, signor; but we poor fellows don't know much about it; the priests, you know, manage all that."

This is about the amount of the religion of the common people.

The educated classes are mostly indifferent or skeptical. But skepticism is a little inconvenient at times, and so it is often kept in the background. The Neapolitans of the *cafés*—those at least who have seen the world, and pretend to any enlargement of mind—will sometimes talk freely with strangers of the corruptions of their government and religion, but much of all this is mere smoke, and comes to nothing. The reaction from the late revolution, and the universal presence of spies and informers, now seal all lips.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GREECE.

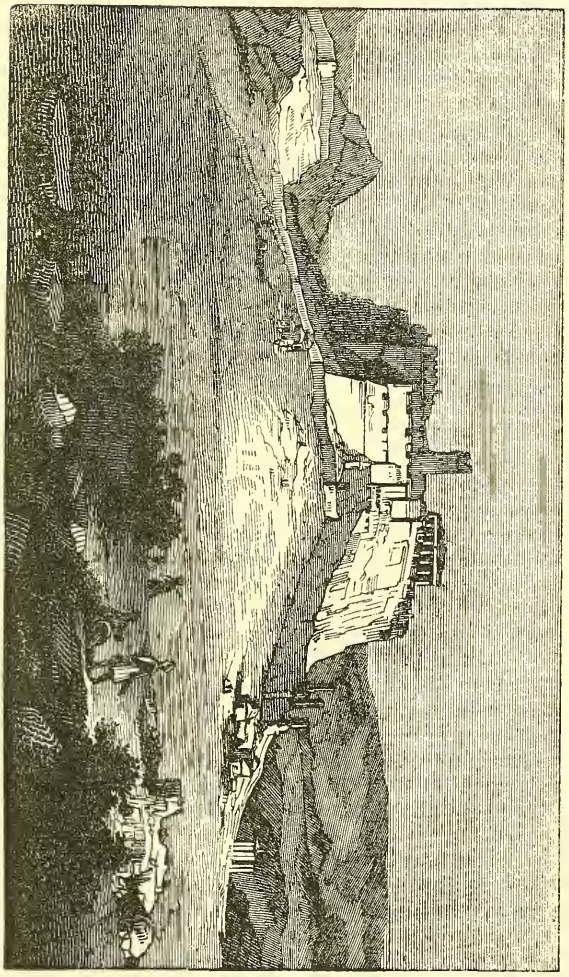
A COMPARATIVELY small and rocky country, yet central and beautiful, Greece, in former days, commanded the admiration of the civilized world. Her warriors and statesmen, her painters, sculptors, poets, orators, and philosophers have left the impress of their genius upon all the nations of Christendom. As we glide over the Gulf of Lepanto, cast anchor in the Piræus, gaze upon the sun-gilt hights of the Acropolis, wander amid the ruins of the Areopagus, the Parthenon, and the temple of Theseus, we feel as if we were transported far back among the lofty spirits of by-gone days, the Homers, the Platos, and the Pindars of a classic age.

But except her ruins, Greece has few traces of her ancient glory. Here indeed you find the same clear, blue sky, the same brilliant atmosphere, the same rocky hights, whence a broad landscape of hill and vale, undulating shore, and radiant sea greets the eye; there, as of old, is Mount Hymettus, with its sunshine and bees, the winding Ilissus, the olive-grove of Academus,

> "Where the Attic bird
> Trills her thick warbled note the summer long;"

the same famous battle-fields, Marathon and Thermopylæ, around which cluster the dreams of poetry, and the soft memories of other days; and doubtless this is much, very much to a thoughtful mind, but Greece, the old, classic, heroic Greece, is gone, and we fear gone forever.

> "Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
> Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
> Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
> And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields:
> There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
> The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
> Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
> Still in his beam Mendelis marbles glare;
> Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.
>
> Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
> No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold,
> But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
> And all the Muses' tales seem truly told,
> Till the sense aches with gazing to behold



View of the Acropolis.

The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

The modern Greeks indeed, though mingled with Slavonic races, are lineally descended from the ancient, and possess their external lineaments, and a few traits of their character. They are ingenious, elastic, and graceful. They possess, too, bravery and subtlety; echoes of the high virtues of their ancestors. But they are false, fickle, and indolent, obviously a degenerate race, without lofty virtue and generous enterprise. The language they speak is a corruption of the classic Greek, and although they read the productions of their fathers, they make little or no attempt to imitate them. Indeed, an old, peculiar, heroic age once lost, can never be restored. Imitation, even of the ancients, is a confession of weakness; and a nation, to be any thing, must develop its own peculiar resources.

The Greeks generally are good-looking, having fine profiles, bright eyes, and a graceful carriage. Their dress is becoming and picturesque, consisting of gay colors, broidered with silk or gold. A red hat, or cap, with a long blue tassel, falls over the shoulders. They wear a sash and a morocco girdle, in which are carried a knife, powder-flask, pistols, richly ornamented; gaiters covering the leg to the knee, giving elasticity to the step; scarlet slippers, ending in a sharp point, complete their costume. The dress among the poorer classes is not always as elaborate as this, but consists chiefly of a colored cap, red or blue vest, and wide trowsers.

The large cities of Greece, or what were once large cities, are little better than good-sized villages. They have few substantial or elegant buildings. Athens itself does not contain twenty really elegant mansions. King Otho's palace is clumsily built. The only things beautiful here are the sunny landscapes, the ruins of the ancient city, the Parthenon, the Propylea, the temple of Theseus, the remains of the Areopagus, &c. Corinth is a pleasant place, though vastly inferior to the splendid city of ancient times.

The common people, and even those of the middle classes, live in poorly built houses, often without windows and separate apartments. The furniture consists of wooden benches, a rickety table, some broken knives and forks, a large earthen vessel, &c. The Greek peasant does not know what a bed is; he sleeps on the ground, wrapped in a cloak which he wears during the day. Their toilet demands no great care. They make clean the outside

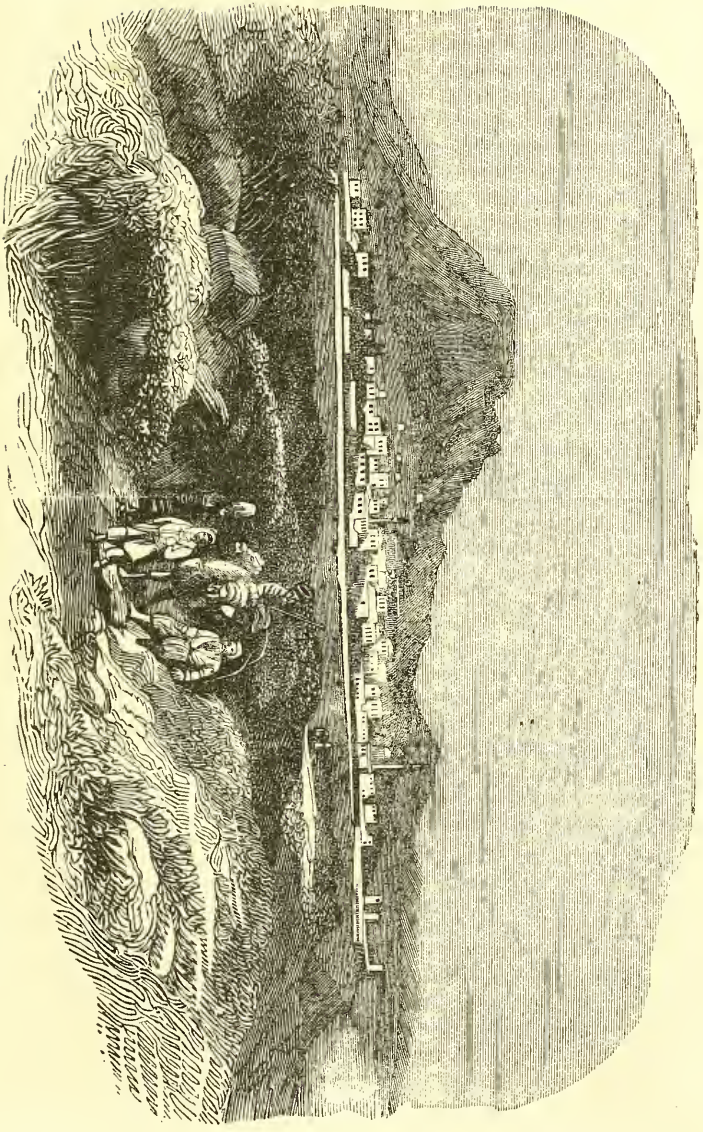
of the cup and the platter, and let the rest take care of itself. The children are suspended in leathern bands attached to the walls. Their houses are ill-arranged, and have no chimneys. Soap is a thing almost unknown in domestic life. Filth and fleas abound, nay, superabound.

Some of the old aristocratic families affect a degree of splendor and show, and some of them, by visiting France, Germany, and England, acquire considerable knowledge and refinement. Several of the teachers in the gymnasia and the university are learned and accomplished men. As a whole, the people are improving somewhat. Intelligence and enterprise are making progress among them.

The territory of Greece proper is much curtailed. Part of it is yet under the dominion of the Turk. Part of it, the Ionian Islands, is virtually under the dominion of England. Its boundaries, its civil and its political state, all were arranged by the great European powers. King Otho, a well-meaning and well-educated Bavarian prince, was given them as king. At first he was very unpopular, because he brought his German friends and retainers with him, upon whom he bestowed all the honors and offices of state. This caused a revolution—a peaceful one, it is true—in consequence of which all these foreigners were removed. Otho submitted with a pretty good grace, and he now succeeds better. The queen, who is intelligent and amiable, is quite popular.

Greece is divided into three political parties, the English, the French, the Russian. The second of these, the French, or, as it ought now to be called, the native, aims at the elevation of the country, and is said to be the most influential. The Russian is favored by the priests of the Greek faith, who regard the Emperor Nicholas as the father and defender of their church, and by the more ignorant among the common people. The intelligent and patriotic Greeks favor the idea of national elevation and independence, which would be lost under Russian domination.

The morals of the country, as all travelers confess, are low. Robberies are quite frequent. Lying is confessed, even by the natives, to be a national peculiarity. Their religion, so far as they profess it, is formal and superstitious; bigoted, too, and intolerant, especially among the priests and the lower orders. The more educated classes are inclined to be tolerant. Convents, some of them rich, abound. The monks are lazy, and given to good eating and drinking, which they seem to regard as the *summum bonum* of human life. This, and the routine of puerile ceremonies, fill up their days. The monastery of Megaspelion has vast revenues, and in its cellars no less than from 40,000 to 50,000 bottles of



Corinth.

wine! A recent traveler asked one of the fathers what they did with so much wine; but he only shrugged his shoulders and laughed. Every year, at the approach of Easter, confession is practiced, but in a peculiar way. The priest goes into families; he listens to what each individual thinks proper to confess to him; then he fixes the *price* of this according to a *tariff*;—such a sum for lying; so much for robbery, and so forth. The following, from an intelligent traveler, is a description of a *marriage* ceremony:

"It was performed in an Athenian parlor. The relatives and friends stood around the bride and bridegroom. A flask of wine, a loaf of bread, a piece of cloth, and two gilt-paper crowns were placed upon a table. The persons officiating were two *papas*, a deacon, and a singing child. The priests put on their robes and opened the books. While they read, sometimes the liturgy, sometimes the gospels or epistles, they lit or snuffed the torches. Each carried a lighted candle. The two papas read one after the other, and at certain intervals made the sign of the cross, which was repeated by the attendants; the deacon and singing child uttering a sort of shout. The whole ceremony was performed very rapidly, and with no apparent solemnity. The bride and bridegroom stood motionless. Then a priest took the marriage rings, put them on the gospels to consecrate them, and held them up repeatedly before the face of the bride and bridegroom, making many signs of the cross. Then he put the rings upon their fingers. Next he took the gilt-paper crowns, placed them also on the gospels, put them on the head of the bride and bridegroom; reciting all the while the liturgy in a monotonous voice. The priest poured out wine in a glass, dipped in it two pieces of bread, gave them to the newly married pair, and spread over them a piece of cloth. The bridegroom, the bride, the godfather (for there is a godfather in marriages as well as in baptisms), the father and the mother of the bride made four turns round the table. Lastly, the priest held the Bible for the married pair to kiss.

"These complicated ceremonies once had probably a symbolical meaning. Now they are mere idle forms. Bursts of laughter sometimes interrupt the marriage celebration, which has no longer any seriousness or solemnity."

With all their faults, the Greeks have some noble traits. They despise meanness, cherish a spirit of dignity and independence, and long for the regeneration of their country. Some of their public men, John Coletti, for example, have exhibited the purest patriotism. The young men who are preparing in the university for active life are said to give high promise of excellence. It is a

curious fact that public executioners cannot be found among the Greeks. The government undertook to bring such functionaries from abroad; but they were secretly murdered as soon as they arrived. At last, some years ago, two inhabitants of Corfu, having been condemned to capital punishment, were offered pardon if they would consent to be public executioners. They consented, but, when set at liberty, they fled. Having been seized again by the police, they said, "Let us go! do you wish to have executioners among the Greeks?" But they were led back to Patras in spite of their entreaties. It is these unhappy persons who, after having killed human beings from ferocity, kill them now from duty.

One of the noblest distinctions of modern Greece is her generous effort to establish a system of public instruction, adequate to the wants of the people. This has been accomplished. Every where common schools and gymnasia have been founded, crowned by a superior and well-endowed university in the city of Athens. Some of the schools established by missionaries in the city of Athens have already accomplished much good. Dr. King and the Rev. Mr. Hill, both from the United States, have nobly devoted their energies in this direction. Mr. De Vere, in his "Picturesque Sketches," speaks highly of the school established by Mr. Hill. It has 700 pupils, taken from every class of society. "The poorer classes were gratuitously instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the girls in needlework likewise. The progress which the children made was very remarkable; but what particularly pleased me was that air of bright alertness, and good-humored energy, which belonged to them, and which made every task appear a pleasure. The greatest punishment which can be inflicted on an Athenian child is exclusion from school, though but for a day. About seventy of the children belonged to the higher classes, and were instructed in music, drawing, the modern languages, the ancient Greek, and geography. Most of them were, at the moment, reading Herodotus and Homer. I have never seen children approaching them in beauty, and was much struck by their Oriental cast of countenance, their dark complexions, their flashing eyes, and that expression, at once apprehensive and meditative, which is so much more remarkable in children than in those of a mature age.

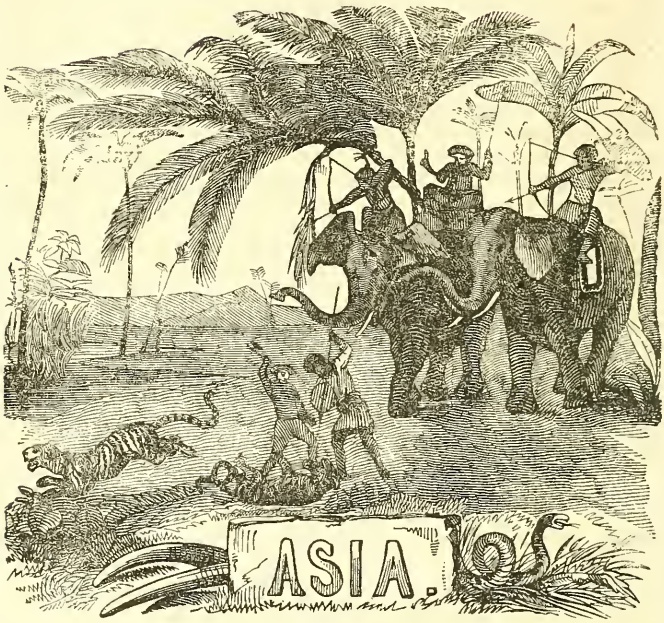
"The singularity of the spectacle was increased by the mingled character of enjoyment and decorum that belonged to it. The dresses of the children, many of which were of the national costume, looked as spotless as their pale radiant faces, and as carefully arranged as their hair, which was almost always dark, and

glistening in its heavy masses. Their gestures were eager at once and graceful, and their demeanor was full of reverence. Never have I seen such brows, and such nobly shaped heads. These are, perhaps, the highest characteristics of Greek beauty; but they are especially observable in children, and give them a certain rapt and inspired air. As I walked among them, I could hardly help asking, 'Which is to be the future Pindar? That girl, does she come from Tanagra: does she not boast that Thermodon is clearer than Ilissus; and is not her name Corinna?' "

This is enthusiastic, but pleasant, and comes upon us like a gleam of sunshine from a distant sky. Greece may yet rise in purity and power. Her position, between the Asiatic and European continents, renders such a destiny of inconceivable consequence to the whole civilized world. Her extinction or degradation would be an immense calamity. What she wants is a free Bible, a free church, and a free press.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ASIA.



Region of mystery, of "havoc, and splendor;" fountain of nations, whence all of us have sprung; source of religion, of philosophy, and the arts,—Asia lies before us, vast and shadowy, and, to some extent, repulsive; for Asia, with all her grandeur, is old, decrepit, and superstitious. The vigor of her early prime is lost. Her purity, freshness, and love are withered. A large proportion of her people are yet in a barbarous or semi-barbarous state. Others have fallen from their original civilization, and only one or two can claim any advancement in knowledge and refinement. Most of them are fixed, like mummies, in immovable forms. Several are feeble and effeminate, debased by indolence and licentiousness; and the only ones that are really possessed of any thing

like strength and capacity are the wilder tribes of the deserts and mountains. And yet how interesting and wonderful is Asia, "elder born of God," mother of empires, languages, and religions, land of heroes and martyrs, of prophets and apostles! Here smiled the first Eden, where Jehovah walked in the cool of the day. Here Menu dreamed and Moses uttered oracles of wisdom. Here angels visited the earth on errands of mercy; and here, especially, walked, in majesty and meekness, the Son of God, the Savior of the world.

The resources and population of Asia are immense; but, except from the inroads of Europeans, Asia is stationary. Religion, science, the arts, and usages of society, all are at a stand, or falling into decay. Europe, indeed, is repaying, to some extent, what she originally received from Asia. Her missions and schools, her Bibles and books are beginning to be felt; but whether Asia can ever be resuscitated, except by the infusion of a new and foreign life, has been seriously questioned. Great changes, doubtless, are going on in Hindostan and in China. Brahminism is old and ready to perish. Buddhism is declining rapidly. The Crescent every where pales before the Cross. Indeed, Mohammedanism is old and lifeless. It inspires no enthusiasm, awakens no energy, kindles no zeal. Judaism is all but extinct. In a word, all the old forms of religion and civilization have lost their power. Europe, with its religions and forms of civilization, every where is gaining ground, and changing the aspects of society. In Hindostan alone are eighty thousand nominal Christians, as also many thousands, born in the Brahminic faith, who have renounced all its peculiarities but the name. After all, the people of Asia make little or no progress themselves. If they change, in their views and institutions, it is under European influence. England, Russia, France, slowly advance eastward, by their language, their literature, their religion, their physical powers, their science, their arts, especially the arts of industry, their government and military force; and the native tribes give way. But can Europe, or will Europe occupy Asia? The problem is a great one, and cannot be solved here. We simply suggest a few considerations to indicate the position of Asia, and its relations to the rest of the world.

All the forms of society may be seen in Asia, from the savage state of the nomadic or wandering hordes to the most effeminate luxury. Freedom, founded on law and the moral and intellectual cultivation of man, alone is wanting. This results from the absence of a pure faith. Priests and conquerors, in whom the selfish and merely human elements predominate, have long decided the political character of the East. Asia, stationary as she is in opin-

ions, forms, and usages, has undergone innumerable physical revolutions. It has been subject, at different times, to the Assyrians, the Medes, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Syrians, Parthians, Arabians, Mongols, Tartars, Seljooks, Turks, Affghans, &c. Now it is controlled mainly by Russia and England. Its commerce is chiefly in the hands of Europeans. Slavery exists extensively in this continent. The mind, especially, is enslaved. It knows little or nothing of the freedom and vigor of the West. Woman is regarded as the servant and even the slave of man. Nowhere among the nations and tribes of this region, does she hold the station designed for her by nature and Christianity. The prevailing governments are despotic; hence their rigid etiquette, their fatalism, and indolence, combined with superstition, cruelty, and lust. Some of the wilder tribes, indeed, have an imperfect republicanism, combined with patriarchal forms of government. The astronomy and astrology, poetry, theology, morals, laws, and the rude empirical medicine of the Asiatics are mostly confined to the priests, and united with deeply rooted superstition, which leads even to infanticide, to self-sacrifice in the flames, and other forms of murder. Common education is unknown in Asia. The people, with few exceptions, are ignorant and debased. "The civil, political, and religious condition of the Asiatics proves, that where the free development of the higher powers of man is subject to the restraints of castes, and to the tyranny of priests and despots, and where the adherence to established forms has become a matter of faith, law, and habit, the character of society must degenerate, and the energies of man become palsied. Hence the Asiatic, notwithstanding the richness of his imagination, never attained the conception of ideal beauty, like the free Greek; and, for the same reason, the European, whose mental improvement and social activity have been unimpeded, has shaken off the control which the East formerly exercised over the West, and has obtained dominion over the coasts and territories of his old lord and master. Greece led the way, and after having transformed the obscure symbols of the East to shapes of ideal beauty, shook off the spiritual fetters of priests and oracles, and, at the same time, the temporal yoke which the Persian, Darius, had prepared for Athens and Sparta. After a struggle of fifty years the triumphs of Cimon (in 449 B. C.) first enabled Europe to prescribe laws to the East. Grecian civilization then spread over the whole of Western Asia to India, and even the military despotism which succeeded has not been able to extinguish that light entirely. In later times the Romans and Parthians fought for the possession of the Euphrates, and the Persians, under the Sassanides, attempted to tear the dominion of

the world from the hand of Rome. Since that period Asia has four times taken up arms against Europe. The nations of upper Asia, driven from the frontiers of China to the Irtish, crowded upon the West. Huns, Avari, Bulgarians, and Magyars successively issued from the Caucasian gates, and from the wilderness of the Ural, to subdue Europe; besides those latter hordes which were mingled and confounded with each other in Southern Russia and on the Danube. But the rude power of Attila, and of the grandsons of Arpat, was broken in conflict with the Germans. Next the Arabians attacked Constantinople, Italy, and France; but their fanatical impetuosity was checked by Charles Martel in 732, and the chivalrous valor of the Gothic Christians rescued the peninsula within the Pyrenees. The West then armed itself against the East to recover the holy sepulcher from the Sultan of the Seljooks, and Christian Europe became better acquainted with Asia; but the sword alone cannot conquer a continent. Upper Asia sent again, under the Mongol, Temudschin (*Genghis Khan*), her mounted hordes over the world. Again the Germans stayed the destroying flood near Liegnitz. Finally, the Tartars and Ottoman Turks invaded Europe. In 1453 they took the Bosphorus and Greece from the feeble hands of the Eastern Romans. In succeeding times Europe has been defended against Asia, on this side, by Germany." But Asia no longer advances and attacks. Europe alone is aggressive and prosperous. Russia has possession of Northern Asia, while England controls Central and Eastern Asia. All Hindostan yields to her control, and even China and Burmah are compelled to acknowledge her supremacy.

The population of Asia is variously estimated, from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000, and even 600,000,000. They are of diverse races and colors, speaking a great variety of languages, and practicing a great variety of customs. They are usually divided into four races—the Caucasian, with fine forms and beautiful complexions, whence most of the Europeans have sprung; the Mongolian, or Tartar race, including the Turks, Calmucks, Mongolians, and others; the Malay race, inhabiting Southern Asia and the islands; and the Ethiopian, or black race. If, however, they were to be classified with reference to color, they might be divided into white, yellow, and black, the two former including the great body of the people. The white races occupy the regions of Western Asia; the yellow, shading into a deep olive, the rest of the Asiatic continent. In the white race, occasionally gliding into brown, would be included all the Caucasian tribes, the nations of Asiatic Turkey, Arabia, Kurdistan, Persia, Affghanistan, as also the Bucharians, Armenians, Georgians, Turcomans, Usbecks, Kirghis,

some of the Hindoos, most of the inhabitants of Nepaul and of Ceylon, the Maldives, and some of the tribes of Asiatic Russia. The yellow race would comprehend the principal tribes of Asiatic Russia, the Calmucks, Mongolians, Chinese, Siamese, Burmese, Assamese, Japanese. The Malays, whose complexion is a deep brown or olive, are a mixed race, with an Arabian tinge and cast of countenance. The blacks belong to Malacca, Ceylon, Andoman, and Nicobar, scattered among other races. Of all these, the Mongolian race is the most numerous, and occupy some of the oldest and richest portions of Asia.

The Asiatics again might be divided according to their religions, the principal of which are the *Mohammedan*, including nearly all the nations of Western Asia, and penetrating still further into the interior of the country, including the Malays and others, recognizing one God, and rejecting idolatry, but feeble, sensual, and narrow; the religion of *Lama*, which is a literal man-worship, the Lama or God of this superstition being a man, adored, not as the representative of the Deity, but as the Deity himself, and prevailing over all the central and eastern portions of Northern Asia; the religion of *Brahma*, a monstrous superstition, founded upon pantheism, and consisting of gorgeous and cruel rites, with a certain air of vastness and grandeur, having its head-quarters at Benares, and confined chiefly to the Hindoos; and *Buddhism*, which is a system of practical atheism, knowing nothing of the doctrine of the Supreme God and the immortality of the soul, and worshiping *Budh*, or *Guadama*, an ancient sage, who, by a series of changes, at last arrived at *Nigban*, absorption or annihilation, for which all Buddhists long as the highest good. Buddhism prevails over the greater part of Asia beyond the Ganges, including China, Burmah, Siam, &c. This last is the religion of the greatest number of the inhabitants, and exerts the widest influence in India. In addition to these, other forms of religious belief prevail to a limited extent in Asia. The Jews cling to the Mosaic ritual; some of the Persians, including the Parsees of India, are fire or sun worshipers, after the doctrine of Zoroaster; and many of the Russian Asiatics, including some of the Chinese, Mongols, and others, are addicted to Shamanism, the lowest form of idolatrous worship, conducted by the Shamans or priests, who are also conjurors, physicians, &c., and adore "lords many, and gods many," in the forms of matter, with rude superstitions and abominable rites. The Armenians in Turkey, and the Nestorians in Persia, are ancient Christian sects sadly degenerated.

Asia itself, which is four times larger than Europe, is generally divided into, 1st, *Southern Asia*, comprehending Natolia, Arme-

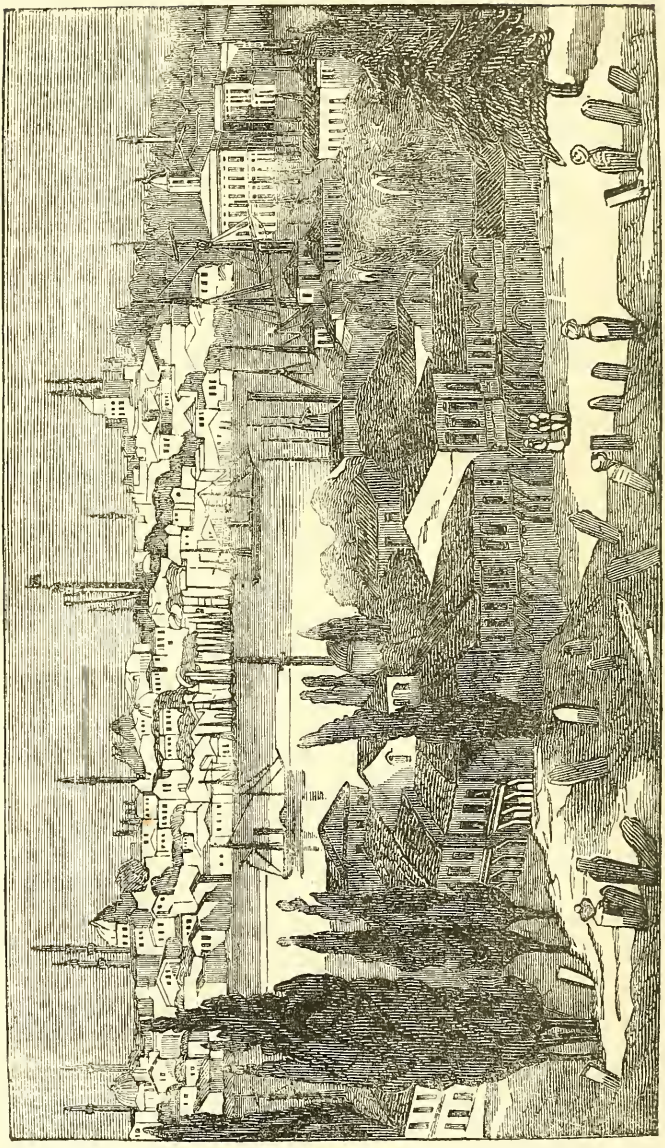
nia, Kurdistan, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Hindostan, Farther India, Siam, Malacca, Annam, Tonquin, Cochin China, Laos, Cambodia, China, Japan; 2d, *Middle* or *Upper Asia*, containing Caucasus, Tartary, Bucharia, Mongolia, Tungousia; 3d, *Northern* or *Russian Asia*, from 44° north latitude, containing Kasan, Astrachan, Orenburg, Kuban, Kabarda, Georgia, Imereta, Siberia, with the Alpine regions of Dauria and Kamtschatka. The center of this continent, probably the oldest ridge of land on the earth, is called Upper Asia. Here the Bogdo, the majestic summit of the Altai mountains (literally *high* mountains), forms the central point of all the mountains of Asia. Upper Asia is distinguished for its remarkable and extensive plain, the most elevated on the surface of the earth; the desert of Kobi, or Shamo, on the northern frontiers of China, dry and waste, visited alternately by scorching winds and chilling storms, even in summer, and affording, besides its deserts, only rivers and lakes, such as the Caspian, the lakes Aral and Bakal, and several lying among the mountains. From the northern and southern declivities of this region, less barren and bare, the first tribes of men set out in all directions, following the course of the rivers, north, east, and west. The sources of all the large rivers of Asia, which must be sought for in the mountains of Upper Asia, are little known. Vast ranges of country stretch in all directions, which still wait to be explored. Huge mountain ramparts, some of them, as in the Himmaleh range, rising to the height of from 25,000 to 27,000 feet, covered with verdure and trees far up their lofty sides, and on their summits with eternal snow, inclose remote and secluded valleys, into which the foot of the European traveler has rarely, if ever, penetrated. From the southern "Alpine girdle" descend the sacred rivers of the Hindoos, the Bramapootra, the Ganges, and the Indus; in the east, the rivers Irawaddy, Meinam, Lukian, and Mecon, or Cambodia; and in the west, the Euphrates and the Tigris, taking their course to the south, and falling into the great gulfs of the Indian Ocean.

"Nature has spread over Asia all the treasures of the earth, most abundantly in India; her bounties are distributed by imperceptible gradations through all its three zones. In the torrid zone, whose genial warmth converts the juices of plants to spices, balsam, sugar, and coffee, with which Asia has enriched the West Indies; the palms (sago, cocoa, date, and umbrella palms) reach a hight of 200 feet, and the white elephant attains a size surpassing that of all other quadrupeds. From hence the silk-worm was brought to Europe. This region conceals in its bosom the most beautiful diamonds, the finest gold, the best tin, &c., whilst the

waves flow over the finest pearls and corals. The temperate zone has given to Europe the melon, the vine, the orange, and many of its most agreeable garden fruits, as well as the most productive farinaceous grasses, and the most charming flowers, and unites in its productions symmetry with richness, particularly in the western regions. Here the oldest traditions place Paradise; here lie the enchanting Cashmere, and the garden of Damascus; here blossoms the rose of Jericho, near the cedars of Lebanon. The eastern countries, in the same latitudes, possess the tea shrub and the genuine rhubarb. The camel, the Angora goat, the Thibetan sheep, the pheasant, and the horse, are natives of this zone. In the north blossoms the Alpine flora of Dauria, and from the icy soil grows the dwarf-like Siberian cedar, till at 70°, vegetation mostly ceases. Here lives the smallest of quadrupeds—the shrew mouse of the Yenisey. Sables, ermines, foxes, otters, &c., afford the finest fur. The mineral kingdom furnishes rich ores, rare precious stones, and remarkable fossil remains, as those of the mammoth, in high northern regions."

Properly speaking, however, Asia as a whole has no temperate zone interposed between the hot and cold regions, giving a race of men between the savage hordes of the north and the effeminate nations of the south, who might hold in check the one and assist to elevate the other. Asia, indeed, has been peopled from the north, but the difference between the natives of the cold and those of the hot climates is great and striking. Hence the south, weak and luxurious, has constantly been conquered by the hardy and savage north. Thus we find the Tartars, Affghans, Mongols, and Mantchous every where conquerors. They have successively subdued China, Persia, and India. A Tartar race now sits upon the throne of China. Such were the ancient Scythians, and such the modern Tartars, hardy and enterprising, but savage and cruel, who twenty times have conquered Asia and Eastern Europe. Such were Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, whose empires embraced half of the ancient continent. Their power, however, in the north, is all but exhausted. The Calmucks have yielded to Russia, the Affghans to England. The Tartar princes of China have become weak as other men. All Asia is open to the occupancy of European power, civilization, and religion. A new era faintly dawns in the center of Oriental civilization. What the result will be, time only will show.

But we will look at some of the principal countries in detail, commencing with Turkey, and proceeding southward to Palestine and Arabia, thence to Persia, Hindostan, and China. We shall be obliged to confine our attention to the leading nations, dwelling chiefly upon their grand characteristics and usages.



Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXX.

TURKEY.

The large, but ill-assorted, and rapidly decaying empire of Turkey, once so strong and flourishing, lies partly in Europe, and partly in Asia. The Turks, properly speaking, are Asiatic in their character and manners, so that we shall be justified in considering the whole as belonging to the Asiatic world. It covers a large and interesting portion of the globe, particularly in what was anciently called Asia Minor, once the seat of arts, arms, and dominion, but now illustrious chiefly for its magnificent and mournful ruins. The population amounts to somewhere about 15 or 17 millions, though some put it as high as 20 millions, considerably diversified in race and character, though consisting mainly of Turks, who are of Scythian origin, much modified, however, by intermarriages with other nations. The wealthier inhabitants have been accustomed to supply their harems with beautiful women from Circassia, Georgia, and the adjacent countries, a circumstance which has greatly softened the harsh features of the native Osmanlees.

But before describing the Turks particularly, let us visit Constantinople, the capital of the country, and one of the most striking cities in the world. We will proceed thither through the Hellespont, or Dardanelles (so called from the forts which guard its entrance), about thirty-three miles long, and from a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, one of the most important straits in the world, as it conducts through the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, to the Black Sea, and thence to the entire Oriental world. The Sea of Marmora is a large body of water, 180 miles in length, and 60 miles in breadth, from the northern shore of which we enter the Bosphorus, a beautiful strait, resembling, it is said, the Hudson river at West Point, about a third of a mile wide, and fifteen miles long, but highly cultivated, and covered with palaces through its entire length. Before us, on a bend of the strait, and crowning the summits of several hills, rises the fair city, with its mosques and minarets flashing in the clear light of an Oriental sky, and so disposed as to produce a superb panoramic effect. Indeed, the Bosphorus, with its dark blue waves, runs up apparently to the very heart of the city, and incloses it on the

north, by means of a branch called the Golden Horn, which forms one of the finest harbors in the world. Dark green masses of cypress rise from every part of the shore, and from the graveyards beyond the city walls, near the tombs of the dead, for every tomb must have a cypress, relieving agreeably the fairy-like brilliancy of the scene. The water is covered with caiques, which with the gorgeous appearance of the Oriental architecture on either shore, the extensive gardens, and the transparent depth of the cloudless atmosphere, gives to the whole an air of peculiar grace and splendor. We feel for the moment as if we were approaching a world of enchantment, though instantly roused from our dream by a sudden plunge of a corpse, sewed in a bag, thrown suddenly from one of the caiques just passing us. Perhaps the poor wretch died of the plague, or by the hand of imperial violence; for such a mode of dispatching an official, or a favorite, is by no means unfrequent in Stamboul. Mysterious Bosphorus! what magnificence and crime, what glory and shame, hast thou borne upon thy bosom, or hidden in thy depths! "Venice," says the author of Eothen, "strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the chief of the state, to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan—she comes to his feet with the treasures of the world—she bears him from palace to palace—by some unfailing witchcraft she entices the breezes to follow her,* and fan the pale cheek of her lord—she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden—she watches the walls of his serail—she stifles the intrigues of his ministers—she quiets the scandals of his courts—she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one—so vast are the wonders of the deep." Yes, wonders and horrors; for it is no joke to the myriads who have found a grave in these mysterious depths.

The charm of Constantinople from the sea, is dissipated by a more intimate acquaintance. It has splendor enough, but combined with meanness and filth; and, ten to one, you will find the plague prevailing in its very center. The palaces and tombs of the Sultan are magnificent, but the interior of the former is sedulously guarded. The seraglio of the Sultan, where he keeps his beautiful wives, is a vast inclosure, close on the deep waves of the Bosphorus. Here, in luxurious ease, the delicate descendant of illustrious sires spends his hours of leisure, which are nearly all the hours he has. Some of the mosques, or sacred edifices, are splendid buildings. They have little, however, in their interior to

* A breeze is constantly blowing in this direction.

attract attention. The worship, apparently devout, is monotonous, and gone through with a lazy formality.

The Turks seem to be a race of worshipers, for prayer is one of their most frequent and favorite exercises. Morning and evening, at the call of the Muezzin, they prostrate themselves before Allah, the one God, of whom Mohammed claimed to be prophet, and there is certainly something affecting in the act; but it is formal and cold—a mere ceremony, without reflection or emotion. The Koran promises to the faithful Mussulman a paradise of sensual delights; and every Turk therefore feels bound, as much as possible, to realize his heaven on earth. This is the principal element of his religion—this the vital ingredient in his character. Hence the true Turk, though possessed of much native energy and even violence of disposition, is a dreamy, indolent, fanatical sensualist. He believes in an absolute fatality, and so he lives for nothing, cares for nothing, but personal indulgence. The houses of his neighbors may burn to the ground—his acquaintances may be assassinated, or plunged into the Bosphorus—what cares he, if he has only his tchibouk, or his concubine! Clinging to ancient customs and dress, averse to effort and change, believing in fate, and anticipating a heaven of sensual delights, he is willing to live and to die a slave. Yet he is proud as Lucifer—proud of his ancestry, of his country, and his name; holding in sovereign contempt all other people and nations on the face of the earth.

True, a change is going on silently in Turkey. The late Sultan commenced a reform among the people, with a view to the introduction of European customs, arts, and sciences; but the great mass of the people dislike it, and it may be questioned whether it will have any other effect than that of hastening the decay of the nation. The present Sultan seems inclined to prosecute the plans of his father, but his success is problematical. In appearance, he is delicate and gentle—almost effeminate; and, indeed, how can he be otherwise, secluded as he is, and spending most of his time in a harem? Still, in one or two instances, he has shown some energy. The following is related by Aubrey de Vere, Esq., and illustrates several traits in the Turkish character:—"At the beginning of a new reign, the Ulema (the priesthood?) was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day as he was praying,

according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating, in a stifled tone, the words, '*I burn.*' The next time that he prayed there, the same words assailed his ears. 'I burn' was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed, in reply, that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that, as such, it was too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The Sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and, afterward, several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard.

"One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mohammedan law. Again, during the devotions, were heard the words, '*I burn,*' and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement, and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, objecting to so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skillfully left among them was found—not a burning Sultan, but a dervis! The young Sultan regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, 'You burn! then we must cool you in the Bosphorus.' In a few minutes more, the dervis was in a bag, and the bag, immediately after, was in the Bosphorus; while the Sultan rode back to his palace accompanied by his household and his ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate, 'Mushallah! Allah is great; there is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet.'"

In Turkey, *woman,* much caressed perhaps, is, after all, the slave of man. Shut out from society, she is confined with her sister wives and servants, and is permitted to see no one but her liege lord. When suffered to roam abroad, which is as rare as possible, she must keep herself vailed, and enter into no converse with the other sex. Her education is trivial, and her manners those of a spoiled child. The women of Turkey, however, are represented as amiable and submissive, and it is perhaps well for them that they are; but as to matronly dignity, good sense, and cultivation, they can lay no claim to them. The Circassian women have fine expressive faces, and, under a different system of training, might develop high qualities of intellect and heart; but their intelligence

resides only in their looks, for beyond their own narrow circle they know nothing.

In Turkey, marriages are contracted in very early life, and are mere mercenary affairs. The result of such a custom must be very unfavorable to morals. Two children are betrothed, at a very tender age—sometimes at three or four—and when the engagement is completed at mature years, which often occurs pretty early in life, the bride is carried off in procession to the husband's house. Divorces, as might be expected, are very frequent. The following amusing account of a wedding is given by an English resident in Turkey:

"When we lived among the Turks, a dapper little fellow, a son of our broker, called one morning upon us with a message, which he delivered in substantial Hebrew:

"'My lord and father makes his submissive obedience to your lordship (whom God protect!), and desires to know if he shall have the honor to kiss your hand at the wedding to-day?'

"'What wedding, Muchaca?'

"'Mine, sir.'

"'Yours! Why, you little villain, how old are you?'

"He raised his hand thrice, being superstitious about repeating numbers.

"'Fifteen! And how old is your wife that is to be?'

"He counted eleven with his fingers.

"'Why, Chica, what can you possibly do with a wife? Is she pretty?'

"'Don't know, *excellenza*. I never saw her.'

"Here's a vile country for you. Boys and girls, who should be in school learning their lessons, getting married without having seen each other—without love, sentiment, vows, protestations, *et cetera!*

"'Did you make her any presents?'

"'O yes, sir. The presents went last night. We had a camel load, your lordship; a band of music, a trunk full of fine silk dresses, embroidered slippers, gold ear-rings, two silver waiters, plenty of oil and sweet cakes, and a dish of *kuskisue*.'

"Shall we go to this Oriental wedding, thought we. Yes, we will go, if it is only to see the bride and groom. It was noon. We ordered the mules to be attached to the chaise, and rode to the comfortable mansion of Signor Solomon Benbanon. The long *salle* was thronged with men wearing blue turbans and heavy black beards. The little bridegroom, with a pair of wide cotton trowsers and embroidered jacket, and a crimson velvet skull-cap, was seated on an ottoman, gazing attentively around, as if he was

not a party to the important ceremony about to take place. After prayers, a canopy was produced, under which the little fellow was placed; a curtain in front of an alcove was withdrawn, and a bevy of fat women entered, followed by the little bride, who had a white lace vail thrown over her head, no stockings on, with heavy anklets or cinctures of gold, and her tiny feet encased in red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold. The bride stood opposite the groom. He eyed her closely, and she peeped at him through her vail. He tried to look grave, but ever and anon would twitter and laugh. When they gave him the ring to put on her finger, he put it on his own, rubbed it, looked pleased, as if unwilling to give it to her. After the ceremony, they were both seated on an ottoman, and received the congratulations of all present. *Pauvre Cito!* they looked like children ready for any sport—blindman's buff, or hunt the slipper—any thing, in short, but being married.

"Such are the Oriental customs. The married parties did not have the least agency in the matter. They were strangers to each other; and, after the wedding, the girl went back to her father's house, and the boy played marbles, for we saw him next day selling otto of roses and preserved figs, and sporting with a gang of little loafers not larger than himself. When he was big enough to be able to maintain his wife, we presume he claimed her."

In Constantinople and other Turkish cities are markets for female slaves—a more revolting system of slave-trading than any we know. Young and beautiful Greeks, Circassians, and others, are brought thither, and sold to the highest bidder. A handsome Abyssinian or Georgian will bring from 300 to 400 dollars!

The Turks are grave and quiet, and have comparatively few amusements, at least of an exciting or cheerful character. The baths are the great luxury; they are frequented as operas and theaters are in Europe. Hours are spent in the bathing-houses. The ladies go to them with their slaves, and indulge in long and trivial gossip.

The bazaars of Constantinople are a popular resort. There all the luxuries of the earth seem congregated to tempt the buyer. The merchant sits squat among his goods, asks about double price for every thing he has to sell, makes his exchanges with the utmost composure, and without moving his limbs from their place.

The houses are built with an inner court, and are flat upon the top. The palaces of the rich merchants, pashas, and princes are adorned with sumptuous splendor, having rich baths and gardens attached. It is rare that a stranger is admitted to the harem, so that few travelers are competent to describe them. Mr. De Vere, however, was fortunate enough to enjoy this privilege, to a limited

was that of sisters. In their movements, a striking sympathy was visible, the more remarkable from their rapid transitions from the extreme of alarm to childlike wonder, and again to boundless mirth.

The favorite was a Circassian, of a dignified, but pliant and graceful carriage, her dark eyes soft and radiant, and her complexion of great purity and delicacy, "being tinged with a color unlike that of flower or of fruit, of bud or of berry, but which reminded one of the vivid and delicate tints which sometimes streak the interior of a shell. Though tall, she seemed light as an embodied cloud, and her expression, though pensive, would light up, when merry, with a sort of rapture."

They threw off all reserve, being exceedingly delighted with the magician's feats. At every attempt to question them, their looks would seem to say, "You came here to give us pleasure, not to cross-question us." At last he tried a more formidable device —that of an electrical machine; looking at which two or three times, the mollah asked him whether that, too, was supernatural. "By no means," replied the quick-witted Frenchman, "it is a mere scientific toy;" turning to his companion and saying, in a low voice, "He has seen it before—probably he has traveled." The ladies were arranged hand in hand, in a circle, and were informed that, if a discovery were not made, each person should receive, at the same moment, a blow from an invisible hand; that the second time, the admonition would be severer still; and that the third time, if his warning was still despised, the culprit would drop down dead. This announcement was received with much gravity, but no confession followed. The shock was given, and the lovely circle was speedily dislinked with shrieks and laughter. It was repeated, with the same result; when the magician made them a long speech, telling them that he had already discovered the secret, and so forth. Still no confession was made. The magician was nonplused, and for a moment seemed downcast. "It will not do," said he, "the ring cannot be recovered, and is probably lost. We cannot fulfill our engagement; and, indeed, I wish that we were well out of all this."

The master of the household stood apart, looking like a thunder-cloud. The Easterns do not understand a jest, especially in a harem, and are apt to pass instantly from the profoundest repose to the most violent passion. They speak little, "but deliver their souls by action." Our conjurers, therefore, had the fear of the Bosphorus before their eyes, and their situation was by no means enviable. "Do as you see me do," said the one to the other, when, giving the third shock, he advanced to their grim host with

a radiant countenance, and congratulated him vehemently. "You are a happy man," he said; "your household has not a flaw in it. Fortunate it was that you sent for the wise man. I have discovered the matter." "What have you discovered?" "The fate of the ring. It has never been stolen; your household is trustworthy and virtuous. I know where the ring is, but I should deceive you if I bade you hope ever to see it again. This is a great mystery, and the happy consummation surpasses even my hopes. Adieu! The matter has turned out just as you see. You were born under a lucky star. Happy is the man whose household is trustworthy, and who, when his faith is tried, finds a faithful counselor. I forbid you, henceforth and forever, to distrust any one of your wives."

"It would be impossible," says our authority, "to describe the countenance of our Mussulman friend during this harangue. He stood like a tree half in sunshine, half in shade; gratification struggling with displeasure in his countenance, and wonder eclipsing both." But it was prudent to leave before the balance was adjusted, and so they passed to the door. In a moment, the instinct of courtesy prevailed, and their host made a sign to one of his retinue. Slaves preceded them with torches, and half the household accompanied them as a guard of honor. Again they traversed the large and straggling house, passed through the garden, and entered the carriage, which awaited them beyond the walls.

The government of Turkey is an absolute monarchy, or rather, perhaps, theocracy; for the Sultan is a sort of representative and vicegerent of the Deity. "It is an absolute despotism," says Chateaubriand, "tempered with regicide!" The finances, officers of the court, and government, are all subject to the irresponsible will of the monarch. If his servants offend him, he commands them to be strangled, and thrown into the Bosphorus. The representatives of the Sultan, the judges, governors, commanders, and so forth, imitate his absolute sway, and do not hesitate to execute their selfish will, whenever they can do so with impunity. They are fond of pomp and show, high-sounding titles, and the slavish deference of the multitude. Some of them have traveled, and possess considerable information. Their manners are occasionally quite dignified and agreeable. Of late years, they treat the "infidel dogs" of Christendom, as they used to call them, with more respect. European dresses have been introduced into the army, and among the government officials; but the people generally prefer the picturesque costume of their fathers. Most of them, too, are grossly ignorant and fanatical, rejecting all books

extent, of which the following is a pleasant record. A casual acquaintance of his, a sort of conjurer and ventriloquist, of great boldness and ingenuity, much admired in Constantinople, had been applied to, by a wealthy Turk, to assist in the recovery of a ring lost by his favorite wife. He proposed that Mr. De Vere should accompany him as his assistant, resolved, if possible, to make his way into the harem. "We reached at last a gate, which promised little; but, ere long, we found ourselves in one of those 'high walled gardens, green and old,' which are among the glories of the East. Passing between rows of orange and lemon trees, we reached the house, where we were received by a goodly number of slaves, and conducted, accompanied by our dragoman, through a long suite of apartments. In the last of them stood a tall, handsome, and rather youthful man, in splendid attire, who welcomed us with a grave courtesy. We took our seats, and were presented, in due form, with long pipes, and with coffee, to me far more acceptable. After a sufficient interval of time had passed for the most meditative and abstracted of men to remember his purpose, our host, reminded of what he had apparently forgotten, by my companion's conjuring robes, an electrical machine, and other instruments of incantation, which the slaves carried from our carriage, civilly inquired when we intended to commence operations. 'What operations?' demanded my companion, with much apparent unconcern. 'The discovery of the ring.' 'Whenever his highness pleased, and it suited the female part of his household to make their appearance,' was the answer.

"At this startling proposition, even the Oriental sedateness of our stately host gave way, and he allowed his astonishment and displeasure to become visible. 'Who ever heard,' he demanded, 'of the wives of a true believer being shown to a stranger, and that stranger an infidel and a Frank?' As much astonished, in our turn, we demanded, 'when a magician had ever been heard of, who could discover a stolen treasure, without being confronted with the person who had lost, or the person who had appropriated it."

After a contest of two hours, our magicians gained the victory, but only through the interposition of a sort of semi-ecclesiastical personage in the family, who declared that being prophets, and not men, an exception might be made in their favor, without violation of the Mussulman law; not, indeed, to the extent of allowing them to profane the inner sanctuary of the harem with their presence, but so far as to admit them into an apartment adjoining it, where the women would be summoned to attend them.

Accordingly, they passed through a long suite of rooms, and at

last found themselves in a lofty chamber, fanned by a breeze from the Bosphorus, over which its lattices were suspended, skirted by a low divan, covered with carpets and cushions, and enriched by splendid hangings, through which the light feebly glimmered. Among a confused heap of crimson pillows and orange drapery, at the remote end of the apartment, reclined the mother of the reluctant host. She appeared very aged, and lay there as still as if she had belonged to the vegetable, not the human world. Usually, she was obscured by the smoke of her long pipe; but when its wreaths grew thin, or floated off, her dark eyes were fixed upon them with an expression half indifferent, and half averse.

"Presently a murmur of light feet was heard in an adjoining chamber; on it moved along the floor of the gallery, and in trooped the company of wives and female slaves. They laughed soft and musically as they entered, but seemed frightened also; and at once raising their shawls, and drawing down their vails, they glided simultaneously into a semicircle, and stood there with hands folded on their breasts. I sat opposite to them, drinking coffee, and smoking, or pretending to smoke, a pipe eight feet long. At one side stood the mollah, and some male members of the household; at the other stood the handsome husband, apparently but little contented with the course matters had taken; and my friend, the magician, moved about among the implements of his art, clad in a black gown, spangled with flame-colored devices, strange enough to strike a bold heart with awe. Beyond the semicircle stood two children, a boy and a girl, holding in their hands twisted rods of barley sugar about a yard long each, which they sucked assiduously during the whole time of our visit. There they stood, mute and still as statues, with dark eyes fixed now on us, and now on the extremity of their sugar wands."

After going through certain maneuvers and incantations, with which the women were delighted, the magician was asked if he had discovered the guilty party. With the utmost coolness, he replied, "Certainly not; how could he, while his highness' wives continued vailed?" This new demand created new confusion, and a new debate. The women appeared to favor the conjurer, and, after a consultation with the mollah and the mother, the husband gave his reluctant consent. In a moment the vails had dropped, and the beauty of many an Eastern nation stood before them revealed.

Four were wives, and six were slaves. The former were truly beautiful, though in different styles of beauty; of the latter, two only. All were tall, slender, and dark-eyed, uniting a mystical with a luxurious expression. Their bearing toward each other

luxuriously lodged, and every thing is more redolent of Oriental genius than in any other place we have visited. The inhabitants excel in beauty, and especially in clearness and purity of complexion. No city is so well supplied with water as Damascus. The Barrada, as it enters the city walls, is artificially divided into six channels, which are made to enrich every house with fountains, and to send life and beauty through all the surrounding vegetation. The streets are narrow but uniformly paved, and have elevated walks on both sides for foot passengers. No vehicle of any kind is ever seen, and but few camels or other beasts of burden. The houses are of stone, plastered with a grayish cement; they are two or three stories in hight, flat-roofed, and their exterior presents only a bare dead wall, relieved here and there by a low unseemly door, and, perhaps, a latticed window. But let us glance at the interior. Coming from the street through an arched passage we find ourselves in an open court, some sixty feet square, flagged with marble set in mosaic. In the center is an elevated reservoir, eight feet by twelve, constantly fed with living water, and shaded by vines, and orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees. The high stone walls which inclose the court are striped with paint in bright tri-colors; they are indented by spacious matted and divanned alcoves, and pierced with many doors and windows, opening into the various halls and chambers of the house. The principal rooms are planned much like the ancient Greek saloon. The door from the court admits you into a square space some fifteen feet in breadth, paved with marble and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and having in its center a large perennial marble-inclosed fountain. On three sides of this square, and elevated about two feet above it, are estrades, each nearly as large as the lower area. They are divided from it by arches of beautiful form and workmanship, and are furnished with elegant seats and divans. The windows are either of stained glass, or are festooned with rich curtains. The walls are provided with shelved niches for vases of water, sherbet, and flowers; and are painted, to a certain hight, in imitation of parti-colored marble, and further up with arabesque tables of flowers, fruits, and emblematic devices. The ceiling, which is at least forty feet above the floor, is paneled and richly pictured in the Eastern style. Every thing is on the most extensive scale, an Oriental mansion usually occupying three or four times as much ground as a European. The rent of such a house is only about 1800 piasters, or eighty dollars a year.

There are many Jewish families here. The following is a description of the house of one of the richest of these families:

Passing from the street through a long vaulted archway, we

enter the court, which, as usual, is paved with marble, and ornamented with fountains and fruit-trees. Here we are received by the family. First, the master of the house, a gentleman about thirty years of age, with keen eyes, light complexion, black beard and mustaches, and attired with a white turban, and a light silk robe, secured by a sash. Next, a young Rebecca of eighteen, with rich brunette complexion, full fair forehead, eyebrows shaven into a perfect circle and colored with kohol, dark, lustrous eyes, and a small yet finely rounded figure. A gay velvet cap, bordered with a broad fillet of rose-diamonds, covers her head, and her soft brown hair hangs behind in long braided plaits, each of which is decorated at the extremity by a gold sequin. A green, loose-sleeved silk vest, with its front just open enough to show the silk tunic beneath, reaches down to her waist, which is girded by a beautiful sash. Full trowsers of colored silk, tightly gathered at the ankles, white stockings, and yellow slippers complete her costume. Lastly, the wife of our host, a beautiful lady of some twenty-four years, and an elderly matron, his mother; both are attired in much the same style as the damsel, but with greater simplicity. We duly make our salaams, and are forthwith ushered into a spacious and elegant saloon. A white linen cushion, lying directly on the floor, borders it on all sides; on this, according to Eastern usage, we all take, at proper distances, our reclining positions. Such attitudes! But enough said! Coffee, sweetmeats, and Turkish pipes are brought, and, through our Arab interpreter, we carry on a lively conversation. In due time we take our leave, with all the ceremony Oriental etiquette requires.

The Turks consider Damascus as a peculiarly holy city, and regard Frank intruders with aversion; but this feeling is diminishing. There is very little truth or honesty among the people of Damascus generally, but more among the Turks than either the Jews or Greeks. In few cities is morality at a lower ebb. Licentiousness abounds every where; but the Jewish women surpass as much in corruption as in beauty. Among all classes, marriages take place at a very early age, and females are frequently grandmothers at thirty. Yet the population is rather diminishing than increasing. Most illegitimate children are destroyed, and of the others not one out of four survives the mistreatment and neglect of infancy. Few parents have more than one or two children, husbands preferring to spend their means in enjoying themselves, than in supporting families.

The people pass most of their time smoking in blissful repose in the public gardens, at the coffee-houses, which are built over running streams, and shaded and perfumed by the most beautiful

but the Koran, and cherishing an orthodox horror of printing. Trade, commerce, agriculture—all are in a backward condition. The vigor, enthusiasm, and prosperity of the nation are gone, we fear, forever. The tottering empire of Turkey is preserved only by the political jealousy of the European potentates. Their extreme anxiety to preserve "the integrity of the Ottoman empire" —to quote their favorite phrase—proceeds from no love to the Turks, but from regard to their own selfish interests.

The *Armenians*, of whom there are from four to five millions scattered throughout the empire, are nominal Christians, with many superstitions, little religious knowledge, or elevation of character. But a great change for the better has been effected among them, by the efforts of American missionaries, and the circulation of the Scriptures and other religious books. This, combining with the efforts of the Sultan, Abdul Mejdid, and his more enlightened ministers, to resuscitate the empire, by the introduction of European tactics, arts, and sciences, may prepare the way for a religious and moral revolution, and, we hope, transformation in Turkey. For if the European faith, in its simplicity and power, could only be introduced, in connection with other means of civilization, Turkey might yet be won to the cause of truth, of freedom, and justice. So long, however, as a sensual and effete system of religious belief, like that of Mohammed, which allows polygamy and encourages sensualism, is retained, with all its peculiarities, in this worn-out kingdom, it will remain stationary among the nations, or, rather, pass more and more rapidly into barbarism and decay. Some of the moral precepts of the Koran are good, and, when rigidly practiced, in ancient times, by the nation, assisted to preserve its integrity. The idea, too, of one God is sublime and elevating; but Islamism, with its spirit of formalism and sensuality, contains the elements of its own destruction, and is now producing its legitimate fruits in the acknowledged imbecility of the entire Turkish empire.

Turkey boasts the possession of a regular *Mohammedan hierarchy*, consisting of Imams, and other priests of different grades. The dervises are the monks of Islamism. The most noted of these are the *Dancing*, and the *Shouting* or *Howling Dervises*. The former dance and the others howl with the devoutest energy.

The Turkish *language* is of Tartar origin, and though sonorous, is rough and harsh. Its *literature* is borrowed chiefly from the Arabian, in which the Koran was written. Indeed, the two languages, as well as literatures, have become remarkably blended. The golden age of Arabic, and consequently of Turkish learning, is passed. Still, the Turks are not without elaborate treatises on

theology, medicine, physics, mathematics, astrology, and so forth. Arabic literature, especially of the middle ages, is rich and various; though much of it is fanciful and obsolete. Recently newspapers have been introduced into Turkey; and a few European works have been translated, but they are few and far between. Science and philosophy, in their true sense, may be said scarcely to exist either in Turkey or Arabia. The people are hundreds of years behind Europe.

But we must leave Constantinople, and after visiting *Smyrna*, "infidel Smyrna," as it is called by the Turks, the great commercial city of the Greeks, with its motley crowds, and passing hurriedly through *Pergamos*, *Philadelphia*, and other places mentioned in the Scriptures, in connection with the seven churches of Asia, respecting which the divine predictions have been literally fulfilled, we will prosecute our journey eastward, and entering Syria, penetrate the mountains of Lebanon, with their lofty cedars, occupied partly by the warlike *Druses*, a wild race, half pagan and half Mohammedan, and the *Maronites*, a sect of Oriental Christians, addicted to war and other unchristian usages. After this we will cross the country by way of the wilderness east of the Jordan, which rises in the mountains of Lebanon, and make our way to the far-famed and beautiful *Damascus*, the capital of Syria, and the dwelling-place of many wealthy Jews, as well as Mohammedans, Greeks, and others.

Below us is the plain of El Ghota, stretching northward and southward as far as the eye can reach, and bounded on one side by an undulating range of hills, and on the other by the snow-crested ridge of the Anti-Libanus. The plain is but one vast expanse of aridity, save where the Barrada shoots through it its flashing waters. In its midst waves a grove twenty miles in circuit, and luxuriant with every tree an Eastern sun can warm into life, from the lowly pomegranate, with its vermilion petals, to the stately palm, with its proudly nodding plumes. The city lies "like a pearl set in emerald," its domes and minarets glistening under the noontide sun. Hastening on, we soon pass the city gates, and slowly make our way through streets and bazars, until we finally enter the "street called Straight," of Apostolic memory.

Damascus has a population of about 125,000, of which about 12,000 are Syrian Christians, 3000 Jews, and the remainder Mohammedans. The city lost, a few years since, quite a fraction of its population by the cholera: no less than 21,000 were swept off in twenty-five days. Here, for the first time, we see genuine Eastern life, uncontaminated by contact with Europeans. The bazars are richer, the people are more picturesquely attired and

there is the brook Kedron, and yonder the Mount of Olives, and above us the same calm, deep sky which heard our Redeemer's prayer. Entering the city, we wander from point to point, visit the spots assigned by tradition to the principal events in our Savior's closing history, Calvary, and the Holy Sepulcher. These anciently were beyond the city, now they are in the heart of it; but while this occasions doubt, we do not forget that the city has changed its location somewhat, having actually gathered around these points of interest. But the exact localities, perhaps, are of little consequence. Somewhere on these rocky eminences Jesus Christ, the Savior of men, was crucified and buried. The place is hallowed, and though defiled by absurd superstitions, will evermore awaken the reverence and affection of all Christian pilgrims.

Visitors to Jerusalem will naturally feel themselves attracted toward the site of the ancient temple; few, however, have ever been permitted to examine the premises, now occupied by the two principal Mohammedan mosques, Omar and Aksa. The following letter from Mr. Catherwood, addressed to Mr. Bartlett, gives all the information respecting this interesting subject which could be desired.

"Dear Sir—You have asked for some account of my visit to the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, and the ground surrounding it, occupied formerly by the Temple of Solomon. You also request my opinion on several points connected with its topography. I was at Jerusalem in 1833, in company with my friends, Messrs. Bonomi and Arundale; and having so often looked upon the interesting buildings which now occupy this celebrated spot, I felt irresistibly urged to make an attempt to explore them. I had heard, that for merely entering the outer court, without venturing within the mosque, several unfortunate Franks had been put to death; and you may therefore conceive the attempt was somewhat rash. However, there were many circumstances in my favor. It was the period of the rule of Mehemet Ali in Syria; and the Governor of Jerusalem, with whom I was on good terms, was a latitudinarian as to Mohammedanism. I had brought with me a strong firman, expressly naming me as an engineer in the service of his highness. I had adopted the usual dress of an Egyptian officer, and was accompanied by a servant possessed of great courage and assurance. This man had strongly urged me to the experiment; and at last, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my friends, I entered the area one morning with an indifferent air, and proceeded to survey, but not too curiously, the many objects of interest it presents. As I was about to enter into the mosque,

however, I caught sight of one of the guardian dervises, who are in the habit of conducting pilgrims around it. This man made toward me, in the hope of a better donation than usual. As I was not prepared to go through the requisite ceremonial with this devout guide, I thought it prudent to retreat, as if accidentally, from his alarming neighborhood, and quietly left the area, without having attracted the least notice. The success of my first attempt induced me to make a second visit the following day. I determined to take with me my camera lucida, and make a drawing—a proceeding certain to attract the attention of the most indifferent, and expose me to dangerous consequences. The cool assurance of my servant at once befriended and led me on. We entered, and, arranging the camera, I quickly sat down to my work, not without some nervousness, as I perceived the Mussulmen, from time to time, mark me with doubtful looks. However, most of them passed on, deceived by my dress, and the quiet indifference with which I regarded them. At length some, more fanatic than the rest, began to think all could not be right. They gathered at a distance in groups, suspiciously eyeing me, and comparing notes with one another. A storm was evidently gathering. They approached, broke into sudden clamor, and, surrounding us, uttered loud curses. Their numbers increased most alarmingly, and, with their numbers, their menacing language and gestures. Escape was hopeless. I was completely surrounded by a mob of two hundred people, who seemed screwing up their courage for a sudden rush upon me. I need not tell you what would have been my fate. Nothing could be better than the conduct of Suleyman, my servant, at this crisis. Affecting vast indignation at the interruption, he threatened to inform the governor, out-hectored the most clamorous, and, raising his whip, actually commenced a summary attack upon them, and knocked off the cap of one of the holy dervises. This brought matters to a crisis, and I believe few minutes would have passed ere we had been torn in pieces, when an incident occurred that converted our danger and discomfiture into positive triumph. This was the sudden appearance of the governor on the steps of the platform, accompanied by his usual train. Catching sight of him, the foremost—those who had been disgraced by the blows of Suleyman—rushed tumultuously up to him, demanding the punishment of the infidel who was profaning the holy precincts, and horsewhipping the true believers. At this the governor drew near; and as we had often smoked together, and were well acquainted, he saluted me politely; and supposing it to be beyond the reach of possibility that I could venture to do what I was about without warrant from the Pasha, he at once applied

fruit-trees. "If, according to the Mohammedan idea, ethereal skies, aromatic airs, luxuriant foliage, delicious fruits, sparkling waters, melodious birds, and beautiful women, make a paradise, Damascus is an earthly elysium."

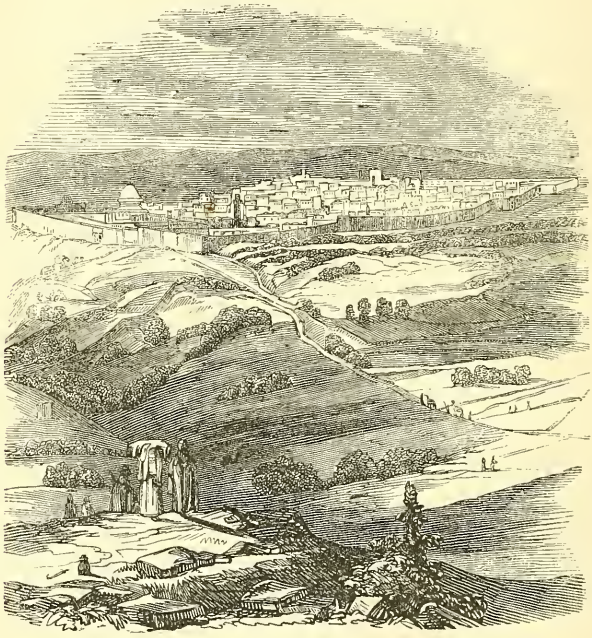
We should be glad to visit other places of renown in Syria, especially those venerable for their ruins. But Palestine and Arabia attract us more powerfully. So leaving Damascus, we pass westward toward the sea of Tiberias, or lake of Genesareth, lying peacefully, like the lake of Geneva, amid a coronet of mountains, over whose summits once trod "the Son of the Highest," accompanied by his chosen disciples. The Jordan issues from the southern extremity of the lake, and pursues a nearly direct course through the valley of the Jordan, till it loses its waters in the dreary depths of the Dead Sea. Passing southward, we travel to "the Holy City," through a beautiful but mountainous country, clothed in the luxuriant verdure of "the Judean summer."

CHAPTER XXXI.

PALESTINE AND ARABIA.

The garish sun is dropping behind the hills of Ephraim, when ascending from the village of Bethany, once the residence of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, we gain the summit of the Mount of Olives, and, lo! *Jerusalem*, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole land," lies before us, bathed in the mellow light of departing day, though the valleys and lower parts of the city are already covered with the shadows of twilight. Yonder tower the magnificent domes of the Mosque of Omar on the hights of Mount Moriah, where formerly stood that glorious temple, to which turned, in the hour of Jewish devotion, so many hearts and eyes. To the left, separated from it by the valley of Tyropoeon, is Mount Zion, formerly the most splendid part of the city, containing the palace of its greatest monarch, but now narrowed by the wall, and containing, as its most remarkable object, the plain building of the Armenian convent. On the northwest is the hill of Akra, the handsomest part of the town. On its crest stands the Latin convent, and on its steep declivity, to the southeast, the Greek convent, adjoining the church of the Holy Sepulcher. As

a whole, the city has a singular and rather gloomy look, although lighted in its higher portions, and on its domes, minarets, and spires, at this hour of sunset, with the faint radiance of departing day. All is still; for the city, unlike those which are filled with the tumult of life, sends up no cheerful hum into the busy air. Yet a holy grandeur and solemnity brood over the place, a strange, unworldly fascination, from the august and thrilling recollections with which it is associated. We descend into the valley of Je-



Jerusalem.

hoshaphat, through which passes the brook Kedron, and where stand the tombs of the prophets, the tomb of Absalom, of Mary, and many others, and find ourselves under the shadow of the old olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, old beyond the memory of man, and if not the identical trees under which our Savior prayed in agony, occupying the same sacred spot. But the olive-tree is exceedingly tenacious of life, and will last, it is affirmed, hundreds of years; but no matter, the locality is the same, for

rately carved, although concealed from sight. Under this dome is a remarkable limestone rock; it occupies, with its irregular form, the greater part of the area beneath, and is surrounded by a gilt iron railing, to keep it from the touch of the numerous pilgrims. It appears to be the natural surface of the rock of Mount Moriah; in a few places there are marks of chiseling. Over this hangs a time-worn crimson silk canopy. At the southeast corner of this rock there is an excavated chamber, called by the Mohammedans the Noble Cave, to which there is a descent by a flight of stone steps. This chamber is irregular in form, and its superficial area is about six hundred feet, the average hight seven feet; it derives a peculiar sanctity from having been, successively (according to Mohammedan tradition), the praying-place of Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus; its surface is quite plain, and in it are a few small altars. In the center of the rocky pavement is a circular slab of marble, which, being struck, returns a hollow sound, clearly showing that there is a well or excavation beneath; this is called by the Mohammedans *Bir Arruah*, the Well of Souls, —of the wicked, we must suppose, this being the entrance to the Mohammedan hell. I was gravely informed that this well was opened until about forty years since, and up to that period was frequented by those who were desirous of holding converse with the souls of the departed confined below; but that a certain widow, who was more than ordinarily curious and communicative, carried such intelligence from the living to the dead, and from the dead to the living, as to disturb the peace of many families in the city, and cause such commotion below, that the noise getting too outrageous, the well had to be closed to prevent further mischief-making. The corridors of the mosque are airy, light, and elegant, and the sun, streaming through the richly stained glass windows, casts a thousand varied dyes upon the richly decorated walls and marble pavement. In striking contrast to this is the somber and impressive appearance of the dome; the eye in vain strives to pierce its gloom, to unravel its maze of rich arabesque ornaments, and read its lengthened inscriptions, drawn from the Koran. In perfect keeping are the groups of pilgrims and devout Mussulmen from all parts of the Mohammedan world, from India to Morocco. Their picturesque variety of dress and feature, their deeply devout deportment, as, headed by dervises in green robes and high conical caps, they silently prostrate themselves in prayer, thankful to have attained the term of their weary pilgrimage, are very striking. One in particular, with whom I conversed, a native of British India, had walked from Calcutta, across Persia and Arabia, employing in the jour-

ney three long years; he had been about two months in the Holy City, and was on the point of retracing his steps, satisfied with his title of Hadji, and of being on the road to Paradise. Throughout the mosque are many objects of traditional reverence pertaining to Mohammed Ali, the Kaliph Omar, Fatima, and other Mohammedan saints, too tedious to enumerate. Suffice it to say, that, after the 'Caaba' at Mecca, the 'Sakhara' (in Jerusalem) is the most venerated place of Mohammedan devotion. Proceeding southward from the platform of the Mosque of Omar, across a paved footway, shaded by venerable cypresses, at the distance of three hundred and fifty feet, we reached the porch of the Mosque El Aksa, which occupies the remaining space of two hundred and eighty feet, extending to the southern wall of the great inclosure. It consists of a nave and six side aisles, of a mixed architecture, the entire breadth being one hundred and eighty feet. The columns and piers are very irregular in size, material, and architectural character, some being evidently Roman, and others Saracenic. At the southern extremity is a beautiful dome, under which stands the gallery for the singers, and an elaborately carved pulpit. Attached to the southwest angle of the building is the Mosque of our Lord, Abu Bekr. This mosque is upward of two hundred feet in length, and fifty-five in breadth. Down the center is a row of eight piers, from which arches cross to the sides. At right angles with this is the Mosque of the Mogrebbins, two hundred feet in length, of no particular character. At the opposite end of the edifice, on the edge of the wall, is the small Mosque of Omar, eighty-five feet in length. Attached to this mosque is one still smaller, called that of the Forty Prophets. The mass of buildings projecting at the back, beyond the wall of the great inclosure, are merely offices connected with the mosque.

"The interior of this extensive building, like the Mosque of Omar, abounds in traditionary objects. Its distinguishing peculiarity is a large inclosure for the devotion of Mohammedan women, who are not, on any account, permitted to enter the principal mosque. Like the Mosque of Omar, this also has its well. The entrance to the ancient gateway, existing under the mosque, is beneath the archway immediately to the left of the main entrance, by a flight of stone steps. This gateway is apparently of the same age and style as the Golden Gateway; it is two hundred and eighty feet in length, and by means of steps and an inclined plane, the roadway through it ascends from the southern entrance to the level of the area.

"Beneath the dome, at the southeast angle of the Temple wall, conspicuous from all points, is a small subterranean mosque, or

himself to cool the rage of the mob. 'You see, my friends,' he said, 'that our holy mosque is in a dilapidated state; and no doubt our lord and master, Mehemet Ali, has sent this effendi to survey it, in order to its complete repair. If we are unable to do these things for ourselves, it is right to employ those who can; and such being the will of our lord, the Pasha, I require you to disperse, and not incur my displeasure by any further interruption;' and turning to me, he said, in the hearing of them all, that if any one had the hardihood to disturb me in future, he would deal in a summary manner with him. I did not, of course, think it necessary to undeceive the worthy governor, and, gravely thanking him, proceeded with my drawing. All went on quietly after this.

"During six weeks, I continued to investigate every part of the mosque and its precincts, introducing my astonished companions as necessary assistants in the work of survey; but when I heard of the near approach of Ibrahim Pasha, I thought it was time to take leave of Jerusalem. The day after my departure he entered, and, as it happened, several English travelers of distinction entered at the same time. Anxious to see the mosque, they asked permission of Ibrahim, whose answer was characteristic of the man, to the purport that they were welcome to go if they liked, but he would not insure their safe return, and that he would not venture to outrage the feelings of the Mussulmen by sending an escort with them. Here he was met with the story of my recent visit. He said it was impossible. The dervises were summoned, the governor was summoned, and an *eclaircissement* took place which must have been a scene of no small amusement.

"It was more than simple curiosity that urged this rash attempt, and its fortunate issue enabled me, with my associates, to make a complete and scientific survey of the mosque, vaults, gateways, and other objects comprised within the extent of the area. These, I hope, at some future period, will be published. In the mean time, I gladly present you with a few brief notes for your intended publication.

"The principal entrance to the area is through the deserted bazar, on its west side. There are also three other entrances on the same side, and two from the north. In going from the gateway to the mosque, a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, several praying-places of the Mohammedans are passed, with one or two elegant fountains, surmounted by beautiful cupolas, overshadowed with cypress and palm trees. The great platform is, in general, about fifteen or sixteen feet above the area, and is reached by three flights of stairs on the western side, above which are elegant pointed archways, probably of the same age as the mosque. Of

these are also on the north side two, on the south side two, and on the east side one. At various intervals between these are apartments, under and attached to the platform, appropriated to the poorest class of the Mohammedan pilgrims, who are lodged and fed gratuitously from the funds of the mosque. One portion of these is devoted to black pilgrims from Africa. The extensive platform is four hundred and fifty feet from east to west, and five hundred and fifty feet from north to south, paved in part with marble. On it are several elegant praying-places—one especially, said to have been used by Fatima, the daughter of the prophet; and on the south side, attached to the external parapet, is a sumptuous and highly wrought pulpit, of the richest materials. On the east side, within a few feet of the mosque, is a building resembling a fountain, composed of columns and arches, with a praying-place pointing toward Mecca, and which, according to their tradition, was the judgment-seat of King David.

"The great Mosque of Omar, which stands on the platform, is octagonal in form, each side measuring sixty-seven feet. The lower division of the wall is composed of various colored marbles, arranged in elegant and intricate patterns. The remaining portion is pierced with fifty-six pointed windows, filled with the most beautiful stained glass imaginable; perhaps of greater brilliancy than the finest specimens in our own cathedrals. The piers separating the windows are externally decorated with glazed tiles of bright colors and various patterns, which is also the case with the circular wall supporting the dome. The double dome, of peculiarly elegant form, is covered with lead, surmounted by a tall gilt crescent. Four doors give entrance to the mosque, opposite to the cardinal points. Of these, the southern is the principal, having a porch supported by marble columns. A narrow corridor, about thirteen feet wide, runs around the entire building inside, having eight piers and sixteen Corinthian marble columns, which, I suppose, have belonged to some ancient Roman buildings. The second corridor, which also runs around the building, is about thirty feet in breadth. The interior diameter of it is ninety-eight feet. The dome is sixty-six feet in diameter, supported by four massive stone piers, and twelve ancient Corinthian marble columns, also supposed to have formed part of the Jewish or Pagan temple formerly existing on the site.

"These are connected by arches, from which springs the circular wall supporting the dome; the interior of the wall, and the dome itself, are ornamented in gilt, in the arabesque style, such as prevails in the Alhambra. This dome, which is of very ancient date, is composed of wood-work; portions of it are elabo-

place of prayer, forming the entrance to the extensive vaults which support the level platform of the mosque above. It may be presumed that the whole of the eastern side of the platform is so supported, but the only part accessible is immediately beneath the southeast angle. Here are fifteen rows of square pillars, from which spring arches supporting the platform. The spaces between the arches are of irregular dimensions. The roots of the olive-trees above have struck through the arches, and in some instances taken root again below. The ground rises rapidly from the southeast toward the north and west, so that the hight of the southern arches is thirty-five feet, while the northern ones are but ten.

"The whole substructure appears to me of Roman origin, and in connection with the Golden Gate, and the one beneath the El Aksa, together with the ancient bridge, to have formed a connected plan of foundations and approaches to the great Temple of Herod.

"At the southern end of the chapel are four columns, supporting a small dome, under which is a stone sarcophagus in the Roman style of workmanship, called by the Mohammedans, 'the Tomb of our Lord Issa,' or Jesus. This is an object of great veneration to Mohammedans.

"I pass on to consider the questions you submit: they may be stated as follows:

"1st. Is the ground occupied by the Mohammedan places of worship, with their inclosures and courts, generally identical with that of the ancient temple, its courts, and porticoes?

"2d. Is the masonry of large stones in the wall, and the springing stones of an arch in the western wall, at the southwest angle, of higher antiquity than the time of Herod?

"In regard to the first question, I believe all who have written on the subject are of the same opinion, viz., that the two Mohammedan mosques occupy the site of the Temple of Solomon and its courts. It is the only level space of ground, and in all respects corresponds with the scriptural accounts within the city, and those of more recent date.

"The extent occupied by the old temple and its courts and porticoes, it appears to me, ought rather to be gathered from certain peculiarities in the ground itself at present existing, than from the account of Josephus, who states that the area of the temple was square, which does not at all agree with the present boundaries.

"The lower courses of the masonry of ancient walls exist on the east, south, and west sides of the great inclosure *for nearly*

its whole length and breadth, and on the north side is distinguished by a wall on the brink of a deep trench, and at the northwest inner angle by the rock being cut perpendicularly to an extent of twenty feet in some parts.

"The length of the east wall is 1520 feet, of the south wall, 940 feet, of the west wall, 1617 feet, and of the north, 1020 feet, and the wall stands at right angles only at one point, the southwest corner. Consequently, speaking mathematically, the area of the temple could never have been square: this is supposing always that the old east, south, and southwest walls occupied the direction of the present ones.

"The site occupied by the temple was originally called Mount Moriah, and declined steeply from the northwest to the southeast; and in order to render it applicable for the building of a magnificent temple, it was necessary to cut away a considerable portion of the rock at the northwest, and to raise the ground at the southeast angle. *Both of these works still exist, and in perfect preservation.*

"I consider it likely that the present area corresponds very nearly with the ancient one; that the fortress and tower of Antonia stood entirely without the present inclosure; that the Mosque of Omar occupies the position of the Holy of Holies of Solomon's Temple, and that the Hagara Sakhara was the foundation rock on which it stood.

"Such is a brief sketch of the most important objects within the inclosure of the 'Haram,' a spot now impossible to enter, and which my peculiar good fortune enabled me to explore. I present it in the hope that it may add to the interest of your work.

"I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"F. Catherwood."

While in Jerusalem, our attention is called to the condition of the Jews, the ancient possessors of the soil, and still the most natural and appropriate inhabitants of Palestine. As this country, however, is poor, the Jews, who are found in the great centers of business, are not attracted hither in any great numbers. Those resident here are generally poor, and without enterprise. Many of them are aged, and a few, members of the different synagogues, or theological schools, are somewhat learned, especially in Rabbinical lore. It is stated, on good authority, that while the Mohammedans are diminishing in numbers, the Jews are increasing, in Palestine. Many come to the country when advanced in life, in order to lay their bones beside the tombs of patriarchs and prophets. Jerusalem and its environs, especially, are to them holy

ground. But the Jews of other countries are more numerous and wealthy. They number, in all, something over six millions: in Poland, one million; in the Russian empire, two millions; in Germany, seven hundred and fifty thousand; in the Low Countries, ninety thousand; in France, seventy-five thousand; in England, sixty thousand; in Italy, two hundred thousand; in North and South America, from one to two hundred thousand; in the Mohammedan States of Europe, Asia, and Africa, three millions; in Persia, China, and Hindostan one million.

In the Mohammedan countries, the condition of the Jews has, of late, been much improved. The civil disabilities under which they labored for centuries have been removed, by the liberality of the present Sultan. Indeed, the Jews are rising, in wealth, intelligence, and influence, in nearly all parts of the world. Many of them are well educated and highly intelligent. They speak several languages, and evince talent and energy. To a certain extent, they are the bankers of Europe. They have their share of influence in politics and literature. Neander, the great church historian, was a Jew. Many other distinguished professors in the German universities are Jews. Marshal Soult was a Jew; so was Massena (originally Manasseh). Count Arnim of Prussia belongs to the same nation. Some of the great musical composers and singers are Hebrews, or descendants of Hebrews, mingled, perhaps, with German or Slavonian blood. Among these, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Mendelsohn, are well known. Pasta and Grisi are among "the sweet singers" of the modern Israel. The Herschels, we presume, are of Jewish descent; and the D'Israelis, father and son, distinguished in literature and politics, boast their Hebrew origin.

But before us roll the waters of the Jordan, which we will cross at the place where the pilgrims, some of them from distant lands, are accustomed to bathe, in memory of our Savior's baptism. Of this interesting locality, the following animated description is given by Lewis Koeppen, a German traveler:

"Though the heat was overpowering, we quickened our course, and in an hour and a half reached the ruinous monastery of St. John, situated on the upper banks of the Jordan, due east of Jericho. This large and wealthy convent was built before the sixth century, in commemoration of the place where, according to tradition, our Savior was baptized by St. John. Thousands of pilgrims, through the course of the Middle Ages, repaired to the hallowed spot, and bathed in the Jordan. The convent was then inhabited by Greek Kalogeri. It withstood all the storms and vicissitudes of the crusading wars, but was burned and demolished

by the Mamelukes in the fifteenth century, and now only a few relics of the outer walls are standing on the high brink overlooking the lower valley of the river. We here descended some thirty or forty feet to the outer bank, covered with straggling poplars, willows, tamarisks, and the fragrant *rishrash*, or vitex agnus castus, more and more condensing as we approached the river, and at last forming a thick and almost impenetrable wood on its margin, where we dismounted. This lower border of the river, according to the observations of Professor Russegger, lies 1269 Paris feet below the level of the Mediterranean; and here the Latin pilgrims celebrate their mass and bathe on the Tuesday of the Holy Week, while the Greeks and Armenians move further down toward the Dead Sea.

"The Jordan has here a breadth of from eighty to one hundred feet. Its depth was said to be twelve feet, and the nearest ford lies four miles north above Jericho. The current was silent but rapid, and filled the immediate banks to the very brim. In order to facilitate and secure the access to the river, the nearest trees had been felled, and the trunks laid across, forming a causeway which proved dangerous to pass on horseback, but was commodious for the pilgrims, who might thus fearlessly approach to the edge of the stream.

"I felt singularly pleased on finding myself so suddenly reposing in the shade of a fine thick-set forest of high-grown, magnificent trees, of the most refreshing verdure, whose boughs projected far over the river, or bathed in its waters, while I formerly had supposed, according to the relations of Chateaubriand, and other travelers, that the banks of the Jordan were either sandy and bare, or beset only with reeds and copse. Still the days of Josephus are no more, when beautiful groves of palm-trees 'covered the banks of the holy river, and were the more luxuriant and frugiferous the nearer they grew to the water.' All the palm-groves are now vanished; they have suffered the same fate with the cities of the plain, having been thrown down and destroyed during the wars, or neglected during the long abandonment of this unhappy region to the roving and lawless tribes of the desert. In the whole wide plain, only one single palm-tree rears its melancholy crown over the miserable huts of the modern Jericho.

"The grove consists of poplars, tamarisks, and many fine southern trees, which were unknown to me. Creepers, swinging from one tree to another, formed a dense hedge along the river-side, above which, at the distance of five miles, rose the violet mountains of El Belka. This wood-scenery, skirting the borders of the Jordan all along the Ghor, was a remarkable feature, particularly

interesting to our American friends, as it reminded them of the still more extensive and impenetrable forests on the banks of their native rivers. The picturesque nerium oleander, by the Arabs called *defle*, with its rosy flowers embellishing all the valleys and water-courses of the Lebanon, we sought for in vain, though other travelers have seen it higher up the river, toward the Lake of Tiberias. The heavy showers of the preceding days had occasioned a transient overflowing of the river, which was still visible by the deep loamy mud covering the dike and the lower parts of the adjoining wood. Through this we waded cautiously to the edge of the stream, and filled our leather buckets in the river. It had a yellow, clayish color, and did not seem very inviting; but the water was cool and exceedingly refreshing after the sufferings of the day. Our company now dispersed in the wood, and several pilgrims went deeper into the thicket, to bathe in the river.

"When Joshua, at the time of harvest, led the army of the Hebrews across the Jordan, the river was full to its banks, such as we found it now. Whether the passage of the Israelites took place four or five miles higher up at the ford, as some authors have supposed, or at this spot, "right against Jericho," as the Scriptures say, does not diminish the deep interest which the wanderer needs must take near the spot celebrated by an event of so great importance in remote antiquity. The Christian tradition has transferred the baptism of our Savior to this place, though John the Evangelist says that "it was done at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing." From the earliest times of Christianity, therefore, it has been visited by the pilgrims, and in the seventh century a church was built, and the twelve stones erected, four miles from the river, toward Jericho, on the ruins of the ancient Gilgal, where the Israelites, after their passage, pitched their camp in the land of Canaan."

We have not time to stay long by the Dead Sea, which we have reached, interesting as it is, both in itself, and in its associations. How lone and desolate it appears, yet how grand and imposing, surrounded by huge and time-scarred rocks, and possessing a gloomy sublimity, from its solitude and depth! Here and there, on its bosom, float large masses of bitumen. Its waters are salt and brackish, and of great buoyancy. On the shores are found, in particular places, masses of salt; and in one spot among the rocks, a high pyramidal column of this material, white and dazzling, which some call the pillar of Lot's wife. The region around is scathed and scarred, and one can easily conceive that it must have been the scene of tremendous geological convulsions. Where now is the Vale of Siddim, if not submerged beneath these deep, dark

waves?* Where are the cities of the plain? and where their guilty and deluded inhabitants? The wandering Bedouin may be seen occasionally prowling among the rocks; but even he dreads the place, as one of calamity and fear.

ARABIA.

But we must pass on. The "waste, howling wilderness" is before us, dry and scorching, the scene of silence and desolation that can be felt.

We are traveling through the *Wady Mousa*, which runs southward, as if it had anciently been the channel of the Jordan, barren and dreary; the hot sun pouring upon us by day, and the calm, brilliant night of the Orient wrapping us in its gorgeous beauty by night. The camel, appropriately styled "the ship of the desert," with attendant Arabs, are our guides through regions which, though barren, seem to be their natural home. Both seem made expressly for the desert; the descendant of Ishmael, as well as his patient, ever-faithful camel, being the proper tenants of these sandy climes. The camels are the special gift of God to Arabia. The poor creatures are capable of great endurance, and find sustenance on the rough and scanty herbage growing here and there amid the rocks and sands.

After visiting *Petra*, the singular and once beautiful capital of Idumea, or Edom, hewn in lofty walls, pillars, and parapets from the solid rock, but now, in strict conformity with the predictions of the prophet, a lonely ruin, we turn westward, and after crossing the Red Sea, pass into the heart of that unchanging desert, which lies between Egypt and the Red Sea, in which wandered of old

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* This is decisively confirmed by the testimony of Captain Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. "The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and '*overwhelmed*' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of the sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred*, feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest, and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea. * * * * All our observations have impressed us forcibly with the conviction, that the mountains are older than the sea."—"*Expedition*," pp. 378–380.

Arabian Scene.

the children of Israel. After passing under the frowning summits of Sinai, which rise, in desolate grandeur, in the depths of the wilderness, we turn once more to the north, and after traveling slowly for several days, find ourselves in the holiest of all the cities of the Mohammedans, the "sun-bright Mecca," with its innumerable pilgrims, of almost every nation, character, and costume, its ancient, though by no means beautiful or imposing Kaaba, or sacred shrine, inclosing a *black stone*, the great object of Mohammedan devotion. The Kaaba, or Holy House, which occupies the center of a more recently constructed temple, lays claim to an antiquity superior to that even of Islamism itself. It is probably spoken of by Diodorus Siculus, as held in superior sanctity by all Arabians. In the second century Maximus Tyrius attributes to the Arabs the worship of a stone; and this, if not identical with, is yet analogous to the "*black stone*" of Mecca, the worship of which, as Gibbon remarks, is deeply tainted with its idolatrous origin. The Kaaba, which was all but rebuilt in 1627, after having suffered severe injury from fire, is an oblong, massive structure, eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in hight, its door being encased with silver, and adorned with gold ornaments. At the northeast corner, near the door, is the celebrated "*Black Stone*," obligingly brought by the angel Gabriel as his contribution to the building, forming part of a sharp angle of the structure, four or five feet from the ground. It is oval-shaped, seven inches in diameter, of a dark-brown color, somewhat resembling lava, and surrounded by a border of cement and silver, to prevent its being worn away by the kisses and touches of innumerable pilgrims. It is supposed by scientific men to be one of those meteoric stones, composed chiefly of nickel and earthy matter, which have fallen in various parts of the world. Around the building runs a broad marble pavement. The four sides of the Kaaba are covered with a curtain of embroidered black silk stuffs, called the *Kesona*, annually brought from Cairo, at the time of the great pilgrimage, and renewed with some preposterous and not very decorous ceremonies. The Holy Fountain of Zem-zem, claimed by the Arabians to be the same as that found by Hagar in the wilderness, which supplies the city with water for drinking and ablution, its use for other purposes being forbidden, is inclosed in a substantial stone building, with marble basins for ablution, and a room appropriated for pilgrims, who come hither in crowds to drink its mystic, soul-saving waters.

Learning, science, and religion, they say, once flourished in this sacred city, but it is now more peculiarly distinguished than any

other Arabian town for ignorance, intemperance, and irreligion. While the people are well versed in the precepts of the Koran, and ape the manners of the early Mohammedans, they indulge in levity and vice. In this respect "*the holy city*" is most unholy; and nothing more strikingly demonstrates the decline of Mohammedan greatness. The Arabians, though preserving wonderfully their ancient manners, and evincing some noble traits, like our American Indians, are, generally speaking, a degraded people. Their ancient glory has passed away. Once the most learned as well as victorious nation in the world, commanding the commerce of the East, and renowned for their accomplishments and virtues, they have fallen into ignorance and imbecility. The Arabs of the towns, however, differ essentially from the Arabs of the wilderness. The latter are said to be the only true descendants of Ishmael, and, in all ages, have preserved their native independence. They occupy the desert, in whose boundless wastes they love to roam, "their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them." They preserve the patriarchal form of government of chiefs, similar to that which prevailed in the days of Abraham and Ishmael. Their wealth consists in their horses and camels; we may add, perhaps, their wives, for the latter are rather slaves than companions, every where being "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to their liege lords.

The genuine Bedouin Arab has a stately port, especially on horseback, though excessively lank and grim, with sallow complexion, dark eyes, and long hair. The older chiefs, with their white hair and flowing beards, are quite venerable in their appearance, and command the universal respect of their followers. They live in tents, despising the ease and indolence of cities. Generous and courtly in their manners, they are yet cruel and even malignant in their resentments. A single word of implied or expressed contempt, from friend or foe, is often followed by a deadly blow. Family feuds are kept up with steady vengeance. According to the Koran (Chap. II. p. 20), whoever sheds blood owes blood to the family of the slain. A commutation, however, may be made. If this be not accepted, retaliation is then allowed to the injured family. But as this usually exceeds the offense, new cause of hatred and revenge is given, till a single murder, perhaps, "puts blood," in Arabian phrase, between families forever. A slighting expression or sarcasm, however, is sufficient to put blood between two families, and give rise to a long series of revengeful acts. Niebuhr relates that a noble Arab being asked scoffingly if he were the father of the handsome wife of a person named, construed the question into a sneer upon his daughter's virtue.

Being unarmed at the moment, the offender escaped; and the father spent years in vainly pursuing him, during which, however, he killed both the parents and many relations of the scoffer, his slaves, his cattle, and reduced him to the verge of beggary. The offence was at last commuted by an enormous fine.

Robbery is regarded by the Arab as a legitimate and honorable business, as marauding and "cattle lifting" (stealing) used to be by the Highlanders of Scotland. The territory he regards as his own, and every thing on it, or which comes on it, as his lawful prey. His robberies are seldom attended with violence, except in the case of forcible resistance. It is "*tribute*," simply, he is after, and if that is paid all is well. If the right is recognized, and a bargain duly made, the permission which he then gives to pass through his territory is never violated; strict faith being one of the best, as deadly revenge is one of the worst traits in his character.

Hospitality is one of the chief virtues of the Arabians. This once given, the welfare of his guest becomes his own. He will divide with him his last piece of bread, his last bowl of milk; nay, he will expose himself to danger and death for the protection of his guest or friend.

Respect to parents, reverence for the aged, kindness to the poor, are common virtues among the Arabs; but hatred of enemies, the love of plunder, and of "bucksheesh" (gift-money), especially among the Bedouins, excessive superstition, and contempt for women, are equally common.

The Arabian is grave in his demeanor, but lively in his imagination. His language is animated and picturesque. He is fond of poetry and song. One of the chief amusements is listening to the recitations or songs of wandering bards, usually in praise of some popular hero, accompanied with the *Nebaba*, a sort of guitar. Love odes, resembling those of the ancient Provençals or Troubadours, are in every mouth. Dancing is reckoned disgraceful to a man, but a woman piques herself on her skill in this "light" art, and trips it off, on the "fantastic toe," with amazing agility. The people generally are fond of public meetings, weddings, and other occasions of a similar character. Marriages and circumcisions (Mohammedan christenings, if the term may be allowed) are occasions of festivity. In the desert the latter ceremony is so arranged that all who have families may perform it at the same time, so that it becomes a season of general rejoicing.

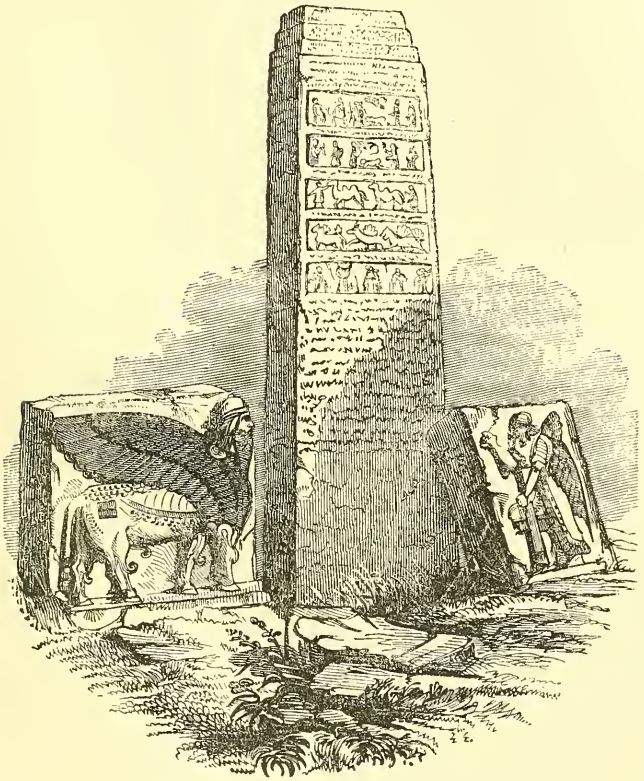
The inhabitants of the towns and more agricultural districts of Arabia differ considerably from the Bedouins. Some of them are wealthy, and even intelligent. The mass of the people are less

virtuous than the occupants of the desert. The cultivated spots of Arabia, which is generally rocky, the green oases of the desert, with their wells and palm-trees, and the productive regions of the south, are very fertile and beautiful. The whole population is supposed to amount to about twelve millions; but the nomadic habits of most of the people make it difficult to estimate their real number. Without reckoning the Bedouin tribes, the number of which can hardly be ascertained, the settled parts of Arabia are divided into a great many independent governments. The Sultan of Turkey and the Pasha of Egypt exert a controlling influence in the country. The holy cities are nominally under the protection of the Porte, but the Hedjaz and the desert of Sinai belong to Egypt. Mosques and school-houses are common in all the settled parts of the country, but no provision is made for the education of females.

Owing to its position, the commerce of Arabia is very considerable. It is one, however, chiefly of transit. The pilgrimages are made subservient to purposes of trade. With the exception of coffee, and a few other articles of inferior consequence, Arabia has little to export. Great quantities of commodities, however, from foreign countries are brought to Djedda, Mecca, Muscat, the great centers of Arabian trade, partly by caravans, but chiefly by ships, and there sold to the pilgrims and merchants, and by them distributed, by sea or land, as the case may be. The slave-trade is carried on with considerable energy, particularly in Yemen and Muscat. Greek and Syrian female slaves are found for sale in the bazars. Emancipation, however, is quite common, and great numbers, especially of Abyssinian slaves, are incorporated in the families of the Arabs. Free or emancipated Africans, or their descendants, are also common in Arabia, though they have lost nearly all their distinctive features, particularly the woolly hair and thick lips, the dark color and the peculiar form of the head, indicating their origin. Slaves are considered part of the family, and may be appointed to posts of honor and trust. They are educated with the other children, from whom they are distinguished only by a little different treatment, and the performance of some menial offices.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PERSIA.



Ruins of Nineveh.

Passing over to Suez, at the upper extremity of the Red Sea, we will join the caravan, on the overland route to India, taking Persia on our way. But before entering this ancient country, we will spend a short time at Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, to look at the explorations of Mr. Layard, on the site of Nineveh,

the once extensive and gorgeous capital of the Assyrian Empire. In the book of Jonah, Nineveh is spoken of as "an exceeding great city of three days' journey," to which the ruins exposed by Mr. Layard precisely correspond. It is described as having been eighteen miles long, and twelve broad, and sixty miles in circumference. Twenty miles is a day's journey in the East, so that the exact measurement is given by Jonah. According to Diodorus Siculus the walls of Nineveh were one hundred feet high, and so thick that three chariots might be driven abreast on them. On the wall rose fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet in hight. These walls were built of sun-dried brick, or of a rampart of clay encased with stone. They were built in eight years, by 140,000 men. The population of the city in the time of the prophet Jonah is supposed to have been about 600,000. The kingdom of which it was the capital, occupying the center of the Eastern world, was rich and powerful. But it was idolatrous and vicious; and Nineveh, the seat of power and splendor, fell under the curse of the Almighty. Hence, according to the prophet, it was to be utterly destroyed, "a desolation, and dry like the wilderness." "And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her, all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the thresholds; for he shall uncover the cedar work. This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me: how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in!" All this has been literally fulfilled. Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before Christ—less than one hundred and fifty years after Rome was founded. Twenty-five centuries has she been desolate—a mere heap of rubbish—almost forgotten except by the reader of the prophecies. Mounds of earth and rubbish covered her magnificent palaces and temples. Wild beasts roamed above her sunken halls, and birds sang in trees which grew above her fretted windows and carved lintels. The camel of the Oriental traveler rested above the spot where her proud kings once sat upon thrones of ivory and gold, the glory and renown of which lay buried under the dust of ages. M. Botta, and especially Mr. Layard, assisted in his researches by the British government, have at last exposed to the light of day the stupendous relics of this gorgeous city; and every thing thus far discovered confirms the prophetic statements. Part of the city was to be consumed by fire, according to the prophecy of Nahum: "The fire shall devour thy bars—then shall the fire devour thee." The explorations at Khorasabad accordingly have turned up various objects, glazed

and charred by the action of fire. Ancient writers inform us, that when the proud and luxurious Sardanapalus, the last king of Assyria, found that there was no hope of victory over the besieging armies which pressed upon his capital, that, gathering all his wealth, his wife, and concubines, into a vast pile of timber, covering four acres, he lay down himself in the place prepared for him, and was consumed by fire, leaving nothing but the crumbling remains, exposed, in the nineteenth century, to the examination of the curious.

Among the objects discovered are slabs and monuments covered with cuneiform characters; figures in basso-relievo, some of which are engaged in battle, others carrying victuals for a banquet; a king standing over a prostrate warrior; gigantic marble statues of winged creatures; beings representing the gods of the seasons, bearing in their hands appropriate emblems; a figure, having a human body, with wings, and the head of an eagle or other ravenous bird; a huge lion, splendidly sculptured, with wings and a human head; a king and his attendants, with bracelets, armlets, and weapons, on which are sculptured the heads of bulls and rams; figures carrying presents or offerings on trays, such as armlets, bracelets, ear-rings, and so forth; a figure accompanied by two monkeys held with ropes, representing the captives of a distant conquered nation bringing presents to their conquerors; a human-headed, winged bull of yellow limestone; sixteen small copper lions, of different sizes, diminishing in regular series, from a foot in length to about an inch; with various other figures, representing castles, towers, battles, warriors, prisoners, lion hunts, as also symbols of power, wisdom, and eternity. More recent explorations have brought to light other wonders, such as the archives of the Assyrian Empire, sculptured on marble tablets, with many rare and curious objects, throwing light upon the character and history of the Assyrians.

These immense winged, human-headed and lion-headed animals were connected with the temples, and represented symbolically the attributes of the divinities adored by the Assyrians. "I used to contemplate for hours," says Mr. Layard, "these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than

the wings of the bird. These winged, human-headed lions, were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eyes of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed, and the corn now waved."—*Layard's Nineveh*, Vol. i. pp. 69, 70.

Doubtless these mystic and imposing figures represented the abstract qualities of might and wisdom, but whether they pointed to one Supreme Divinity, or to many divinities, is a matter of conjecture. If the former, their true import was lost as early as the days of the Hebrew prophets, who represent the Assyrians as the most inveterate idolaters. Various monuments on the Assyrian sculpture, even now, prove that they adored the sun, moon, and stars. If they had any just conception of a Supreme Divinity, he was probably regarded only as the first among many, the Jupiter of the Assyrian mythology. The sun was the principal object of worship, originally as the symbol of the Supreme Jehovah, but subsequently "in and for itself," as the Baal, Bel, or Belus, whence the Greek term Apollo, or *the sun-god*. The magnificent bull-god, less appropriate and beautiful than the sun, or the Apollo of later times, was probably the symbol of divine power; but the symbol itself, doubtless, took the place in the worship of the people, as the calf did in Israelitish idolatry, of the true and eternal Divinity. "These be thy gods," said Aaron —"*thy Elohim*," or *God*—"*these be thy God* (*symbols of thy God*), *O Israel*." In all the tombs and temples of Nineveh are sculptured representations and inscriptions of these divinities—*the chambers* of idolatrous imagery, seen by Ezekiel in his prophetic visions.

But we are wandering from our purpose, and we must hasten in our journey to the "far orient." The long mountain ranges of

Persia, or rather *Iran,* as the natives uniformly call it, with its vast arid plains, and, in some of its districts, rose-covered fields, receive us—a country in parts barren and repulsive, in others fertile and fair. Like Turkey, Persia is distinguished for the remains of ancient splendor, the ruins of large and beautiful cities, like that of Persepolis, for some time the capital of Persia, and the residence of her ancient monarchs. Though possessing some

Persian Costume.

fine regions, Persia is far from being the fertile and beautiful country which it is generally supposed to be. For, except in the wooded parts, which bear but a small proportion to the rest of the country, its appearance is dreary in the extreme, and lacks almost every thing which gives beauty to an English or American land-

scape. "It has no green or grassy slopes, no parks nor inclosures, no hedges nor woods, no magnificent seats, or comfortable-looking cottages, and, excepting in spring, even the portions cultivated round the villages can hardly be distinguished from the brown, arid expanse that every where meets and fatigues the eye of the traveler. And if the reader will further figure to himself towns and villages, consisting mostly of mud houses, partly in a state of decay, and many of them wholly deserted; roads, if we may so call wretched paths, wholly impracticable for carriages, and unsafe even for horsemen; property insecure, and tyranny and rapine every where lords of the ascendant; he will be able to form a pretty accurate notion of the state of this celebrated country." —*Fraser's Persia.*

Persia has some trade with India, Turkey, Russia, England, &c., in sugar, cashmere shawls, silk, iron, lead, copper, precious stones, &c.

The *government* is an unmitigated, but ever-changing despotism. The throne is about as insecure as every thing else in the country. The inhabitants, amounting to ten or twelve millions, chiefly Persians, are of many races, Turks, Arabians, Turcomans, Moguls, Uzbecks, &c. The governors of the different districts, and the chiefs of petty tribes, are rapacious and cunning, though frequently courteous and polished in their manners. They affect state and ceremony, love fine clothes, and indulge in considerable parade and display. In general the Persians are an active, handsome race, of lively imagination, and quick apprehension. They are not destitute of bravery, though their success in arms has depended, as among the Turks and Arabians, upon the character and resources of their leaders. The population is either nomadic or settled, with characteristics peculiar to each. The wandering tribes are wild and rapacious, the settled inhabitants active, versatile, selfish, and cunning. The towns-people, the *Sheherees*, as they are called, are a mingled race of all those who have ever conquered or had intercourse with Persia, grafted on the original stock, Turks, Tartars, Georgians, and Armenians. One remarkable class of court-dependents are the royal *Gholaums*, or body-guards, the confidential and devoted guardians of the monarch's person, whence the name *Gholaum*, or slave. Usually they are either Georgian captives, or the sons of respectable families. They are employed in secret and confidential services, and are much dreaded by the people, being servile, sensual, and domineering. The nobles of the court are great intriguers, being forced to dissemble their feelings, and accomplish their objects by treachery. The ministers of state are selected from the Meezars, or men of business, and though less arrogant than the former, are equally venal.

The Persians are Mohammedans of the sect called *Schiites*, or *Sheahs*, or of those who look upon Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, as his legitimate successor. They believe in a different apostolical succession from that of the Turks, and consequently both look upon each other as schismatics and errorists. The priesthood consists of various orders. They are very numerous and corrupt. *Soofeism*, another word for sophism, or philosophy, a speculative and modified form of religion, founded upon the ancient pantheism of India, prevails to some extent. It is either entirely speculative, and thence skeptical, or mystical, and thence fanatical. The former is only a sort of refined Deism, without energy or life, speaking of the Koran with respect, as a book of good morals; the other is a religious quietism, or enthusiastic aspiration after the mysteries of divine love, but without laying any stress upon rules or dogmas.

The religion of ancient Persia, modified by Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, which acknowledges in the universe two antagonistical principles, light and darkness, the good and the bad, and worships fire, heat, and light, still lingers to some extent in this country. Fire-worshipers are yet found here and there, but *Soofeism*, a sort of rationalistic mysticism, is likely to destroy all the other forms of belief, and prepare the way, we hope, for some higher and better system of religion.

In former times the Persians paid much attention to *education* and *literature*. They had many schools and colleges, and some of their literary men became quite distinguished. Even now some attention is paid to literary pursuits. The schools, however, are poor, and the literature of the country meager and superficial. In the sciences they are infinitely behind the Europeans. In poetry, and the lighter forms of literature, they have made some progress. Imaginative and passionate, they abound in lyrics of very considerable beauty. In this department, indeed, they excel all the nations of the East, and possess some poets whose fame has extended beyond the boundaries of their native land. The names of Ferdousi and Saadi are not unknown even in Europe. In the mystical and lyrical strain, Hafez is particularly distinguished. His mortal remains rest near the city of Shiraz, whose praises he has celebrated, not far from the tomb of Saadi, the moral and didactic poet of Persia, and near his favorite stream, the Rôknabad. The tomb is in a small inclosure, whither the people of the place resort to sit under the shade of the old cypresses, recite the odes of their favorite bard, and draw omens from the pages of his works.

A people fond of literature in its gentler aspects, cannot be

altogether degraded. They must possess some elevation and refinement of character. This is the case with the Persians, who, under more favorable auspices, might become one of the most interesting people in the world. At present, however, they have only some virtues, with many vices; some knowledge and refinement, with much ignorance and superstition. They are active, and even enterprising, and yet fond of luxury and ease. "The same person who with the calcan in his mouth would appear to pass the day in a state of stupor, when roused into action, and mounted on his horse, will ride for nights and days without intermission. They are immoderately fond of tobacco and strong drink. The females are luxurious and languishing. They disfigure their natural charms by painting their faces, and sometimes also by tattooing their skins of various colors, while constant smoking spoils their teeth and mouths. They are secluded from observation, and in public are so dressed as to show nothing but their sparkling eyes. The Persian is restricted to four wives, but concubinage is permitted to any extent. But few, except the more wealthy, can indulge the expense which a multiplication of wives or concubines involves. Marriages are celebrated with great splendor, and often at ruinous expense. Children are taught to obey their superiors, and revere the aged, one of the most beautiful traits of Oriental character. They 'rise up at the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man.'"

Before leaving Persia, we must not forget the *Nestorians*, occupying the mountains of Kurdistan, partly under the dominion of the Turkish, and partly under that of the Persian government. They call themselves *Syrian*, or *Chaldean Christians*, because they use the ancient Syrian in their religious service. They also possess the New Testament in this language, translated, they maintain, from the original, as early as the second century. On this ground they claim to be the most ancient of the sects, dating back their conversion to Christianity to apostolic times, and to the labors of the Apostle Thomas. Church historians, however, tell us that this ancient sect was formed in the fifth century, by the union of the adherents of Nestorius, who had been excommunicated on account of refusing to call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God, and to give up the doctrine of two natures in Christ, though this very doctrine was subsequently received into the creed of "the Orthodox Catholic Church." In the fifth century the Nestorians established their ecclesiastical constitution under the protection of the kings of Persia. The other Christians in Persia joined them in 499, and they gained many adherents in Eastern Asia, where the Christians of St. Thomas also joined

them. In the eleventh century they gained an important accession in the conversion of the Tartar tribes, whose Christian ruler is known in history under the name of *Prester John*, who remained attached to Christianity and the Nestorian faith after having been reduced by Ghengis Khan under the dominion of the Moguls. Until the wars of Timour, in the fourteenth century, there existed also in Central and Northeastern Asia, Nestorian communities.

The Nestorians are supposed to have carried Christianity as far as China, and in early times manifested much religious and missionary zeal. In the western part of China, three thousand miles from Nestoria, a pillar has been discovered, some 1200 years old, covered with Syriac inscriptions, commemorating the triumphs of Christianity in China, through the labors of the Nestorian missionaries who had visited that country. This noble missionary spirit continued to burn in the heart of this interesting people for centuries, until the triumph of Mohammedanism, by presenting the alternative of the Koran or death, gradually reduced the millions of Nestorians to the feeble remnant which now exists, consisting of some 300,000 to 400,000 souls. They have church edifices a thousand years old, and are governed by hereditary patriarchs, with bishops and priests; and though greatly fallen from their primitive purity, and indulging in many superstitious notions, they maintain the great truths of Christianity, and are a noble, simple-hearted race.

Under the labors of American missionaries, a vast and delightful change has taken place among the Nestorian churches. A pure gospel has been revived, and many of their priests, reconverted, are preaching, with much eloquence and success, the simple truths of Christianity. They are fine-looking men, with a Jewish cast of countenance, black hair, and dark eyes. The preachers are said to have an Oriental, figurative style of preaching, which is quite effective among their countrymen. Their influence in Asia must eventually be productive of great good, in the conversion and reformation of the people.

Some imagine these Nestorians to be descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; but of this, the evidence is by no means satisfactory, though their blood, as in the case of many Orientals, may be mingled with that of the Jewish race. They have suffered severely from the domination of petty chiefs, and, a few years ago, were almost decimated by a bloody massacre. Their prospects, however, are now more bright and cheering.

But we must leave these interesting scenes, and journey eastward. We shall be compelled to leave *Beloochistan* on the one

side, and *Affghanistan* on the other, and pass immediately into the country of the Hindoos, where the lineaments of character, national usages, and forms of religion, are all of the most fixed and striking character. The Affghans, indeed, lately subdued, under the power of the British government in India, which really controls all this part of the world, are quite an interesting race of people; wild and savage, but possessing great energy of character; violent and revengeful, as such people usually are, but, like the North American Indians, brave, hospitable, and even generous, within certain limits. All persons, even a man's bitterest enemy, is safe under the protection of an Affghan's roof; but this protection extends not beyond the lands of the village, or, at most, of the tribe; and it is not uncommon for the stranger, who has benefited by it, and experienced the kindest treatment, to be robbed and plundered, when once beyond its influence. "There is no point in the Affghan character," says Mr. Elphinstone, who has written admirably on the kingdom of Cabul, and some of the neighboring countries, "of which it is more difficult to get a clear idea, than the mixture of sympathy and indifference, of generosity and rapacity, which is observable in their conduct to strangers. So much more do they attend to granting favors than to respecting rights, that the same Affghan who would plunder a traveler of his cloak, if he had one, would give him a cloak if he had none." In this, and several other particulars, they resemble the Arabs. They consist of an aggregation of tribes, some decidedly nomadic, and others more settled and civilized, with considerable diversity of customs, dress, and appearance. Generally, they are Mohammedans, of the Soonee persuasion, full of superstition, believing in alchemy, astrology, magic, and so forth. They are intermixed, however, with Parsees, Hindoos, and Christians, whom they call "people of the book," as deriving their tenets from a written source, which they themselves respect, as Mohammedans, instead of being pagans, as the Hindoos. Soofeism, or free-thinking, is prevailing among the higher classes. Notwithstanding their superstition, tolerance is a national virtue, and the country presents an interesting field for missionary labor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INDIA.

The central and most important of the three peninsulas of the Asiatic continent, is India, a region of great extent and untold resources, almost touching the equator on the south, and on the north rising into snowy peaks, which pierce the heavens, at an altitude ranging from 15,000 to 27,000 feet, and passing through a climate varying from tropical heat to Arctic cold; now presenting vast wastes of barren sand, then fertile regions of exuberant beauty, with large tracts of jungle and forest, haunts of the hyena, the tiger, and the elephant. The Himalayas, or "Seats of Snow," the grandest mountain range in the world, on the north, and the Ghauts, smaller, but equally beautiful, further south, are the sources of its principal streams, the most noted of which is the sacred Ganges. The name of Punjaub, or "Land of Streams," which the natives apply to a small portion of Northern Hindostan, may be regarded as descriptive of one-half of the peninsula. The valley of the Ganges is "the most extensive and luxuriant on the face of the globe," being 400,000 square miles in extent; the greater part of it susceptible of cultivation, and abounding in the diversified productions of Oriental climes. In the more southern regions, the heat is intolerable. In the north, and especially among the mountains, the climate is cool and invigorating. Excepting some high table-lands, and the mountain ranges, Southern India is level, consisting of immense areas of arid sand and dense jungle, with occasional rocks rising from the plain to the hight of a hundred or two hundred feet, "like icebergs in the northern seas." Upon these rocky summits, pagan temples are occasionally erected.

Of *seasons*, there are only two in India—the one hot and dry, the other rainy, produced by the periodical winds called monsoons. The rain falls in torrents for a few weeks, often producing the most violent inundations. Spring, autumn, winter, it has none. Summer pervades the year, the vegetation springing up and blossoming every month. The heat is so intense, that nature appears as if it had lost breath; birds sometimes drop dead in the streets of Calcutta; travelers pass the day in tents, journeying only by moonlight or starlight. In such a country, vegetation is rank and powerful; all things, and human beings among the rest, arrive quickly at maturity. Disease and death, especially among foreigners, is rapid and frequent. Insects, annoying, destructive, and poisonous, every where abound, lurking under the mats, and

often creeping into the beds. Ants (the white species), innumerable and powerful, though comparatively small, eat up every thing upon which they lay their teeth—clothes, food, books, paper, and furniture. Nothing but stone, iron, or mortar will arrest their progress. Moving, like an army, just beneath the surface, they carry every thing before them. Cobra-capellos lurk among the trees and bushes. Fireflies illumine the night. They glitter among the boughs of the banyan-tree, or dance around the spreading tamarind, producing a peculiar but pleasing effect.

In India, the rhinoceros and the elephant are numerous, the latter being very large, and, when duly tamed, quite serviceable. Sometimes, though not of late years as much as formerly, they are used in hunting the tiger and other wild animals; but the sport is dangerous. Though a mild and timid animal naturally, the elephant, when aroused, exhibits tremendous energy. He receives the tiger on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and tramples him under foot. The cheeta, or Indian panther, is often used in hunting antelopes, and so forth, much as greyhounds are used in Europe in hunting hares.

Buffaloes and cows are common in this country. The Indian bull, or Brahminee bull, is a sacred animal, mild and gentle, but troublesome, being a genuine loafer, lounging about the markets and bazars, and eating up whatever suits his fancy. To kill such an animal is an unpardonable offence. The most agile and daring of all the wild animals of India is the Bengal tiger—large, elastic, beautiful, and fierce, bounding upon its prey, with tremendous energy, a distance, it is said, of a hundred feet and more. Snakes and monkeys every where abound. Indeed, India may be said to be the natural home of the monkey tribe. Among other things, advantageous to the propagation of these creatures, is the fact, that they are sacred animals. Gorgeous temples have been erected to their honor, one of which, in the island of Ceylon, when plundered by the Portuguese, contained an ape's tooth, encased in pure gold! In Ahmenabad, are three hospitals for monkeys!

Much of the scenery of India, of course, is repulsive, but large portions are of gorgeous beauty. The majestic teak, the graceful bamboo, and other varieties of palms; the gorgeous banyan, or Indian fig-tree; the beautiful babul-tree, whose flowers emit a delightful fragrance, with innumerable flowering shrubs and other plants of tropical splendor, give an air of richness and magnificence to the landscape. Green grass, of course, is burned up by the intense heat. A European soon becomes tired of the monotonous brilliancy of the scene. The heat of the sun is oppressive and exhausting, and one longs for the coolness and freshness of north-

ern climes, where the beauty of the landscape, less gorgeous and striking, is more natural and agreeable. Among the Ghauts of India, however, and in some of the high table-lands in their vicinity, the scenery is more like that of Europe, and thither foreigners often repair to invigorate their languid frames, amid the coolness and verdure of the mountains. In one of these mountain ranges there is an immense waterfall, having a depth of 1150 feet —four times deeper than Niagara. In the warmer and more level regions, artificial tanks, filled with water, are universal. The fan and the bath are in constant and daily use. The houses are constructed of light materials; if possible, on elevated spots, or where they can catch the sea-breeze, with open windows and verandas, which woo the wandering zephyr.

The *population* of India is estimated at 150,000,000, divided into numerous tribes, speaking different languages, and using different customs. Of these, the native Hindoos number about 138,000,000, who, though differing among themselves in appearance, manners, and even language, profess the same religion. The Mohammedans, descended from those who, in former times, invaded the country from the west, number about 10,000,000. They are said to be cold, bigoted, and repulsive. Their mosques, with beautiful and aspiring minarets, are to be seen throughout the leading cities and towns of the country. Superior to the Hindoos in energy, they thrive by craft and industry. A third class of Indian population is composed of the mixed descendants of Europeans and natives, sometimes called *Indo Britains*, or *Eurasians*, said to be indolent and fond of show, but improving in character and condition. They are scattered over the country, to the number of 400,000 or 500,000. The foreign residents amount to some 50,000.

India is under the domination of Great Britain, as already stated. Its conquest is one of the most stupendous events of the age. The British never employed a larger force than 37,000 European troops, while the native Hindoo ranks have sometimes numbered over 250,000, paid by the former. With this they have subdued millions, and secured a territory equal in extent to the whole of Europe, exclusive of Russia. "Who, then," asks a Swedish writer, in surprise, "is the conqueror, who the ruler, of this immense empire, over which the sun extends so gloriously his glittering rays, that has risen on the continent of Asia as if by enchantment, and now emulates in greatness that of Alexander, Nadir Shah, or Tamerlane? Why, on a little island in another part of the world, in a narrow street, where the rays of the sun are seldom able to penetrate the thick smoke, a company of peaceable merchants meet—these are the conquerors of India—these the des-

potic rulers of this splendid empire." Doubtless, much wrong has been done, in the progress of this vast conquest. Intrigue and oppression have been too often resorted to; and blood, innocent blood, perhaps, has flowed in torrents. But the country was ripe for revolution. The old despots of India had grown sensual and luxurious, oppressive and cruel. The whole land groaned, and, indeed, yet groans, under the slavery of caste. Woman was degraded, and religion was one huge, overshadowing despotism of the soul. The rajahs, or petty chiefs, and great men of the country, were tyrants as well as slaves; and the common people, those especially of the lowest class, were degraded by vice. A loathsome licentiousness in religion and in social life pervaded all ranks of society. It is well that such an organization, hoary with age and iniquity, should be dashed to pieces; well, that a new and more powerful element of civilization should be introduced, to resuscitate and reform society. The Hindoos themselves admit that they are now better governed than they ever were before. Life and property are safe. Caste is giving way. Infanticide and widow-burning are abolished. Above all, Christianity is introduced, and thousands of the Hindoos have been converted. Brahminism, with its vast and horrid superstitions, is on the wane. Many who have not yet embraced Christianity have abandoned their idolatry, and are inquiring for the truth. Churches have been formed; and in Calcutta, not less than 1200 young men, in a single seminary (Dr. Duff's), are receiving a European and Christian education.

India is governed by a commission; and though the rajahs of some of the provinces seem to be independent, and affect the air of free sovereigns, they are all under the control of British power.

There are in India quite a number of wild and savage tribes, at once degraded and superstitious, among whom human sacrifices are yet practised.

The *Bengal Hurkaru* mentions a government act to suppress *human sacrifices* in the hill tracts of Orissa, and then gives a shocking account of the manner in which the victims are procured and slaughtered. Surely "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

The wild hill-tribes appear to exhibit the remnants of three aboriginal races—the Koles, the Khunds, and the Saurabs. The Koles prevail chiefly in the northern parts, the Khunds in the middle region, and the Saurabs in the south.

Now, it is among the Khunds, the largest and most numerous of these races, that the horrid practice of human sacrifices was found so widely and systematically to prevail. It is to propitiate

the earth-god—the greatest of the Khund deities—that the sanguinary rite is performed. It is considered necessary that "every farm should share the blood of a human victim at the time when each of the principal crops is laid down, while a harvest oblation is deemed scarcely less necessary than a spring sacrifice; and it is considered in the last degree desirable that several offerings, according to the promise of the year, should intervene betwixt them." Besides these regular periodical offerings, there are others constantly demanded by special events and circumstances. The prevalence of unusual sickness, the visitation of an epidemic, the ravages of wild beasts, droughts, famines, or, in a word, an extraordinary calamity of any kind, whether affecting individuals or the community at large—all, all are believed to call for public expiation or atonement with human blood, to avert the supposed wrath of that dread deity, the earth-god.

From the fluctuating variety of circumstances that may lead to the performance of these bloody sacrifices, it is plainly impossible to form a precise estimate of their annual average. In one small valley, two miles long, and less than three-quarters of a mile in breadth, Captain McPherson reports that he "discovered *seven* victims, whose immolation was temporarily prevented by the vicinity of the British troops, but it was to take place immediately after their departure." One thing, therefore, is very certain, and that is, that the number annually sacrificed *must amount to many hundreds, and probably even to thousands;* opening up a spectacle of barbarism, in the very heart of the Indo-British dominions, which no humane spirit can contemplate without a thrill of horror.

The unhappy victims are known, in the Khund language, under the designation of "Merias." They do not, as Captain McPherson ascertained, consist of native Khunds, but are provided by a class of Hindoo procurers, called *Panwas,* who purchase them, without difficulty, upon false pretences, or kidnap them from the poorer classes of Hindoos in the low country, either to the order of the Abbayas, or Khund priests, or upon speculation. When conveyed to the mountains, their price is determined by the demand, varying at from fifty to a hundred *lives—i. e.,* of sheep, cows, fowls, pigs, &c. A few are always, if possible, kept in reserve in each district, to meet sudden demands for atonement. Victims of *either sex* are equally acceptable to the earth-god—children, whose age precludes a knowledge of their situation, being, for convenience sake, preferred. From the moment the victim is bought, he is regarded as a consecrated being, and treated with all imaginable respect, till the fated hour for immolation arrives.

The ceremonies observed on the occasion of a sacrifice are com-

plicated, and extend over three days, accompanied with drinking, feasting, music, dancing, and obscene riot. We can only refer to the termination of the tragic scene. In the neighborhood of each village or hamlet there is a clump of deep and shadowy forest-trees, kept sacred from the axe, and studiously avoided by the Khund, as haunted ground: this is the chosen place for the sacrifice—this is *the Meria grove.* The particular spot of the grove being selected, the victim is, on the third day, conducted to it. As he "must not suffer bonds, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, *the bones of his arms,* and, if necessary, *those of his legs, are now broken in several places.* The priest, assisted by others, then takes the branch of a green tree, which is cleft at a distance of several feet down the center. They insert the Meria within the rift, fitting it, in some districts, to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are next twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. All preparations being now concluded, about noon the priest gives the signal, by slightly wounding the victim with his axe. Instantly the promiscuous crowd, that erewhile had issued forth with stunning shouts and pealing music, rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice. Wildly exclaiming, 'We bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us!' they *tear his flesh in pieces from the bones!* And thus the horrid rite is consummated! Each man then *bears away his bloody shreds to his fields,* and from thence returns straight home. For three days after the sacrifice, the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this period, a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when all tongues are loosened."

Dr. Sutton, of the Orissa mission, stated, when in this country, that over 600 young persons, mostly kidnapped children, had been rescued from the Khunds by the British government.

Every one has heard of the *Thugs,* a race of religious murderers in India. They are called Thugs, or Deceivers, and Phansigars, or Stranglers. They are bound together by the ties of superstition. The profession is hereditary, and it is supposed that not less than ten thousand of the order are trained to murder from their childhood. They go in gangs of ten to forty, and even two hundred, each gang a different route, and meet at a general place of rendezvous to divide their plunder. A solitary traveler is sure to be strangled, but their highest game is a wealthy caravan of forty or fifty individuals. Here is the way in which they accomplish their purposes:

Upon approaching a town, or *serai*, two or three, known as the *soothaes*, or "inveiglers," are sent in advance, to ascertain if any travelers are there; to learn, if possible, the amount of money or merchandise they carry with them, their hours of starting in the morning, or any other particulars that may be of use. If they can, they enter into conversation with them, pretend to be traveling to the same place, and propose, for mutual security, to travel with them. This intelligence is duly communicated to the remainder of the gang. The place usually chosen for the murder is some lonely part of the road in the vicinity of a jungle, and the time, just before dusk. At given signals, understood only by themselves, the scouts o the party station themselves in the front, in the rear, and on each side, to guard against surprise. A strangler and assistant strangler, called Bhurtote and Shamshea, place themselves, the one on the right, and the other on the left of the victim, without exciting his suspicion. At another signal the noose is twisted, drawn tightly by a strong hand at each extremity, and the traveler, in a few seconds, hurried into eternity. Ten, twelve, twenty, and, in some instances, sixty persons, have been thus dispatched at the same moment. Should any victim, by a rare chance, escape their hands, he falls into those of the scouts, who are stationed within hearing, who run upon him, and soon overpower him.

There is a kind of river Thugs, called *Pungoos*. They go up and down the rivers in all sorts of disguises, and keep their "inveiglers" out on the watch in all directions. The captain of the boat is a Thug, who, at the proper time, strikes off into the middle of the stream, gives three raps on deck as the signal for murder, when the noose is thrown, and the strangled victim is plunged into the water through a hole always kept open for the purpose.

There are regular steps of promotion in the fraternity of Thugs. The initiate is first a scout, then a sexton, then a holder of hands, and lastly a strangler, the hight of the disciple's ambition. The *Gooroo*, or preceptor, first practises his pupil upon a solitary traveler, presenting him the *holy knot*, or tied handkerchief, as he stands over the sleeping victim, by the side of a *holder of hands*. The traveler awakes only to be strangled by the experimenting preceptor, for the benefit of the initiate. The following is the legend upon which the Thugs found the origin of their bloody fraternity:

They believe that, in the earliest ages of the world, a gigantic demon infested the earth, and devoured mankind as soon as they were created. He was of so tall a stature, that, when he strode through the most unfathomable depths of the great sea, the waves,

even in tempest, could not reach above his middle. His insatiable appetite for human flesh almost unpeopled the world, until Bhawanee, Kalee, or Davee, the goddess of the Thugs, determined to save mankind by the destruction of the monster. Nerving herself for the encounter, she armed herself with an immense sword, and, meeting with the demon, she ran him through the body. His blood flowed in torrents as he fell dead at her feet; but from every drop there sprang up another monster, as rapacious and as terrible as the first. Again the goddess upraised her massive sword, and hewed down the hellish brood by hundreds; but the more she slew, the more numerous they became. Every drop of their blood generated a demon; and, although the goddess endeavored to lap up the blood ere it sprang into life, they increased upon her so rapidly, that the labor of killing became too great for endurance. The perspiration rolled down her arms in large drops, and she was compelled to think of some other mode of exterminating them. In this emergency, she created two men out of the perspiration of her body, to whom she confided the holy task of delivering the earth from the monsters. To each of the men she gave a handkerchief, and showed them how to kill without shedding blood. From her they learned to tie the fatal noose; and they became, under her tuition, such expert stranglers, that, in a very short space of time, the race of demons became extinct.

The Megpunnas are a peculiar branch of the Thugs. They murder travelers, not for their money, but for their children, whom they sell into slavery. They go about taking their wives and children with them as "inveiglers," who are sent in advance for this purpose. The children of those murdered are, if beautiful, sold at Delhi for the most loathsome ends, and, if ill-favored, for servants.

The government has been at work since 1826 to extirpate these monsters, but it has not yet succeeded. During the first ten years, 1562 were accused, of whom 328 were hanged, 999 transported, and the rest imprisoned for life or terms of years. It is calculated that, even now, notwithstanding these efforts of government, at least ten thousand Thugs are yet engaged in murders, and that thirty thousand persons annually become their victims.

In addition to the classes of persons already named, one meets in India with Arabs, "the horse-jockeys of the country, shrewd, daring, and unscrupulous;" *Parsees*, or fire-worshipers, descendants of the original inhabitants of Persia; Chinese adventurers, importers, merchants, and peddlers; and, at the southern extremity of the country, Jews, who for centuries have maintained the unity of God, and the peculiar customs of their

race, amid the universal prevalence of idolatry. These last are divided into ancient, or black, and modern, or white, Jews. There are also some Syrian Christians in this part of India, converts, probably, of the ancient Nestorians.

Several hundred missionaries, of various denominations, are laboring, with marked success, in India. Thousands have been converted to the Christian faith, which is destined to a rapid and universal triumph in this interesting country.

The *Hindoos*, to whom we propose principally to direct our attention, are of different races, mostly Caucasian or Mongolian, and thence differing somewhat in personal appearance, though possessing some leading traits in common. Their complexion is of different shades, from a jet black to a light brown; their forms slender and elastic—upon the whole, especially in the females, graceful, as well as agile; the face oval, with a forehead of ordinary hight, but not lofty or commanding; the eyes soft, lustrous, and languid, eyebrows well formed, nose and mouth of the Caucasian cast, and the hair long, black, and wiry, though not inclined to curl. The expression is soft and agreeable, with a dash of selfishness and craft, indicating the universal and deep-rooted hypocrisy which prevails among them. They are inferior, in strength and appearance, to the European race, having longer and projecting ears, a greater softness of fiber, and less frankness of demeanor. But their fiery climate and long degradation account for their inferiority.

The women of the higher classes are said to be somewhat beautiful, with graceful forms, hair long and fine, eyes dark and expressive, and skins soft and polished. The women of the lower classes are degraded in form and character, by rough usage and menial service.

Corpulency is not unfrequent, produced by the free use of ghee and other oily articles of food, rotundity being considered a beauty by the natives.

Many of the common people, particularly the Coolies and palanquin bearers, are remarkable for their agility and power of endurance. They are only inferior to horses, in the rapidity with which they pass over the ground. What they want in strength, they make up by numbers and perseverance. Generally, however, the Hindoos are an easy, pliant, dreamy race, who love rest and revery. Their forms are slender—their energies languid. They yield readily to superior force and authority; hence their easy subjection by a foreign power. Life, in any form, is sacred to the Hindoos, so that they live exclusively upon vegetables, fruits, &c.

Their faces are all marked, more or less, in lines and circles, with

a paste made of sandal-wood and cow's manure, to indicate that they are disciples of Brahminism. The direction of the lines distinguishes them as *Vishnuvites* or *Sivites*, the two great sects into which the popular faith is divided. This is sacredly renewed every morning, as its absence would subject them to the contempt and persecution of their countrymen. Converts to Christianity, of course, abandon the practice, so that Christians are instantly known by the absence of the sacred mark. Females put it on their forehead, while the fakeers and other pagan devotees "besmear their whole visible person with the whitened dust."

The *dress* of the Hindoos, suitable to the climate, is not inelegant. The men are dressed in a loose piece of white cloth, wound, without any kind of buttons or bandages, close about the waist, and falling below the knee, with a second of finer material thrown across the shoulders. The hair is shaved close, with a tuft at the rear of the head, the removal of which is regarded as a peculiarly shameful act. The common people leave the head bare, but the higher classes wear a turban. Sandals turning up at the toes, and open at the heel, are worn to protect the feet. The toes are kept exposed, on account of their utility, the Hindoo using them about as much as his fingers, and, indeed, calling them *feet fingers*. With these he assists his hand fingers in cutting, carving, holding, wrenching, and so forth! Gentlemen wear ornaments of finger-rings, ear-drops, a band about the arms, and, after marriage, a small band around the toe.

The ladies of Hindostan wear a more showy and graceful dress than the men, consisting of various pieces, the principal of which falls in elegant folds around the body. It is simple and becoming, often of rich materials, and set off with jewels. "Upon each wrist are bracelets of silver, conch-shell, or glass, called bangles, numbering from five to twenty. Pendents of gold, of less valuable material, are suspended from the ear to the shoulder, and hooks through the nose reach to the chin. Bands of silver, of much weight, encircle the arms and ankles. On two or more of the toes is a silver ring, one of which emits a tinkling sound when the wearer is walking. Around the neck are hung strings of large beads, of coral or glass, with collars set with small gems and precious stones. Married ladies wear about the neck the *tarlé*, which is either a band of gold richly chased, or a silk network entwined with silver cord. This is put on at the bridal ceremony, and is not removed till the husband's death. The long black hair, neatly combed, and made glossy with oil, is rolled up in a tasteful manner, and placed a little in the rear of the left ear. The face is daily covered with a solution of saffron in water, which produces

the effect of concealing the lady's age. The eyelashes are extended by means of a little paint, and the teeth reddened by a masticatory common in the country. An India lady's jewels are called "*her joys,*" and large sums are annually expended by husbands and fathers in their purchase.*

Children have but the slightest clothing till their fifth or sixth year, though often decorated with jewels. These tempt the cupidity of robbers, who sometimes mutilate the bodies of sleeping females and children to gain possession of these valuable trinkets. But an Indian female would rather be destitute of virtue than of ornaments.

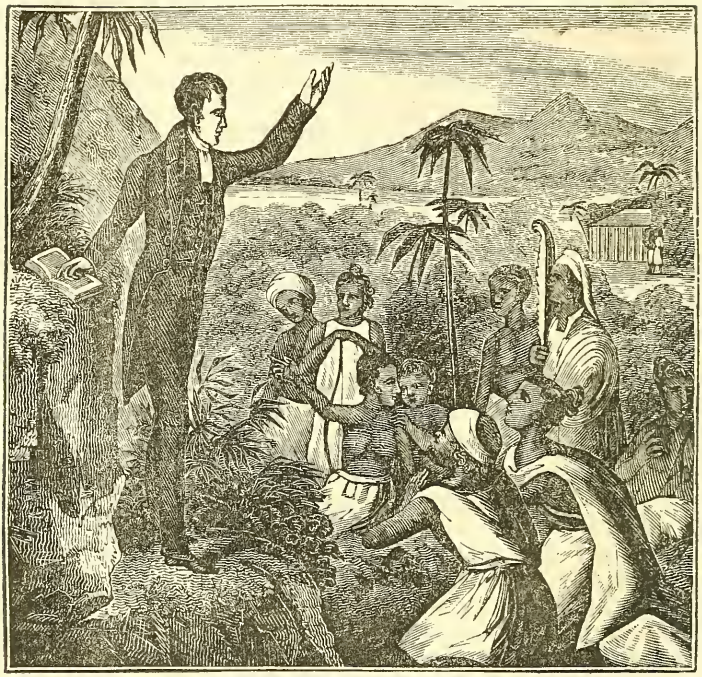
CHAPTER XXXIV.

INDIA, CONTINUED.

In this chapter, we will continue our account of the Hindoos, and add some notices of India beyond the Ganges.

The Hindoos are by no means a barbarous people. In ancient times especially, they made considerable progress in the arts, and in some departments of science, mingled, indeed, with much extravagance and superstition. Many of their sages were familiar with arithmetic, geometry, and even algebra. They indulged in subtle and elaborate speculations on the nature of things, though constantly losing themselves in the abyss of pantheism. Their religion, indeed, is founded upon this idea. They recognize the unity and identity of the universe; but not distinguishing God from his works, they deify the whole. Hence, to them the universe, external as well as internal, is God, and worthy, therefore, of supreme worship. Their primal and universal deity is *Brahm*, who is simply being or essence, without intelligence, will, love, consciousness, or purpose. The term is in the neuter gender, indicating the negative mode of his existence, and to be distinguished from Brahma, the first god of the Hindoo triad. He is thus, like the god of Hegel and the German pantheists, a boundless abstraction, an infinite negative—that is, *an infinite nothing!*

* Ward.



Missionary Preaching to the Natives.

From Brahm come the incarnations of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the *creator*, the *preserver*, and the *destroyer* of all.

The generation, history, productions, and exploits of these deities, are represented by the most extravagant, and even licentious symbols, allegories, and fables. *Brahma* is the creator, and is usually represented as a man with four faces, riding on a swan, and holding in one of his four hands a portion of the Vedas, or sacred books; one is raised, as if for protection, and another declined, as bestowing a gift. He is reputed originally to have had five heads, one of which has been lost; in what way, his biographers differ in opinion. At any rate, it was a cause of degradation. He has but one temple in the land, and is little worshiped.

Vishnu is figured as a blue man, riding on a skate, holding in his hands a war-club, conch-shells, a weapon called chakra, and a

water-lily. He is the pervader and preserver, and has had several incarnations, as for example, those of a fish, a tortoise, a boar, a man-monster, a dwarf, a giant, a white horse, &c., in which capacities he performed wonderful exploits, some of which are grotesque enough, and by no means virtuous. *Siva* is the destroyer, and appears as a silver-colored man, with five heads, and eight hands, in six of which are severally a skull and other objects. In his forehead is a third eye, with "perpendicular corners," ear-rings of snakes, and a collar of skulls. Siva drowns and remodels the earth, being reproducer as well as destroyer. One form in which Siva is worshiped is as the *lingum*, a licentious figure, exposed to public view the country over! Siva, in this besotted land, is a great favorite, having many worshipers. One of his consorts is the sanguinary Kaléé, greatly feared, and worshiped with obscene and bloody rites. Kaléé is the very demon of vengeance, and is represented with horrid aspect, standing with one foot upon the chest of her husband, whom she has thrown down in a fit of anger, her blood-covered tongue hanging out of her mouth, adorned with skulls, and the hands of her enemies suspended from her girdle. The blood of a tiger delights her for ten years, of a human being for one thousand years. She loves to see her votaries hack and hew their persons; their blood is a pleasant offering. She is the especial friend of thieves and murderers, who invoke her aid in deeds of violence. The swinging festival, in which a devotee is swung round upon a pole, from which he hangs suspended by the skin of his back, is intended to propitiate her favor. Of course she is pleased with infanticide, "passing through the fire," and death under the cars of Juggernaut. No deity in India is more sedulously and more generally worshiped than this Moloch of the Hindoo faith.

As Brahmnism is founded upon pantheism, all things become objects of worship. The Hindoo *Triad* has given origin to innumerable gods. They are numbered by millions and millions; indeed, they may be said to be infinite. Men and monkeys, the priests and the temples, the sun, moon, and stars, the earth, the rivers, the sea, the winds, the seasons, the rainbow, all are gods. The banyan-tree, the margosa, and other trees and herbs are favorite deities. The Shalagrâma, a black schistous stone, is worshiped as a god. The Hindoos say that one of the wives of their god Vishnu was metamorphosed into a plant, and that Vishnu to show his affection for her, himself took the form of the black stone, in order to keep by her side. From that time they have worshiped the Shalagrâma.

Few usages of the Hindoo worship are better known than the

worship of Juggernaut, the hideous idol under whose feet the Hindo devotee formerly cast himself, and was crushed to death. This, as well as the Suttee, or burning of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, has been suppressed by the government; but the festival itself is still kept up.

The *literature* of the Hindoos corresponds to a great extent to their religious system and usages. Their sacred books are very numerous, and not only so, but excessively voluminous, giving, as Sir William Jones suggests, the idea of immensity. The principal are the *Veds, Puranas,* and *Institutes of Menu.* The first, according to the Hindoos, issued directly from the mouth of Brahma, at the time of creation, in an entire state, and spread all over the world by his ten sons, the rishis or prophets. They are four—*Rig, Yajur, Sama,* and *Athurwana,* containing accounts of astronomy, astrology, natural philosophy, divination, history of creation, religious and moral duties, hymns to the Supreme Being, to the sun, stars, elements; rites, fasts, purifications, penances, pilgrimages, sacrifices, prayers, incantations. They were probably written at different times, but collected and arranged by the famous penitent Vyasa, in the fourteenth century B. C. They are written in an ancient form of Sanscrit, which is understood only by the more learned of the Brahmins. They are forbidden to any caste but the Brahmins, who, however, may read them, with certain precautions to the *Kshatriyas,* the second caste.

Then there are *Upa-Veds,* or secondary Veds, derived from the four original Veds. They treat of the theory and practice of medicine, music, archery, architecture, and sixty-four mechanical arts. The *Vedangas,* or bodies of learning, treating of grammar, astronomy, mathematics, signification of difficult words in the Veds, ceremonies, &c. The *Puranas,* eighteen in number, were written, it is supposed, between the eighth and sixteenth centuries, A. D., in Sanscrit, but few are translated into the vernacular languages, and those that are, are in the high poetic dialect. They treat of cosmogony, chronology, geography, astronomy, history and exploits of the gods, goddesses, heroes, &c., nature of the soul, and method of obtaining salvation. They are the chief source whence the Hindoos derive their notions of religion.

The *Institutes of Menu,* a work of high authority, contain a code of laws founded on the Veds, and are supposed to have been written in the ninth century B. C. There are also the *Agamas, Tantras,* and *Muntras,* highly metaphysical works. There are also the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharat,* the two great classical epics of India, believed to be of divine origin. The former recounts the exploits of Vishnu, incarnate in the person of Rama,

who invaded Ceylon with his army of monkeys; the latter those of Vishnu in the form of Krishna. The four Veds form eleven folio volumes. Ramayana contains 100,000 stanzas, of four lines each, Mahabharat four times that number, and the Puranas two millions of lines.

The following is a brief abstract of their system of geography and astronomy. There are three worlds—heaven above, earth below, and ether between. The number of worlds, however, is commonlyput at fourteen—seven inferior, or below our world, and seven superior, including our own as the *first.* This is described to be circular or flat, like the flower of the water-lily, in which the petals project beyond each other. The habitable part consists of seven circular islands, or continents, each surrounded by a different ocean. The seven seas are those of *salt water, sugar-cane juice, wine, ghee, curds, milk,* and *fresh water.* Beyond this last ocean is an uninhabited country of pure gold, more extensive than all the islands, with their oceans, and surrounded by a wall of very high mountains. The central island, which we inhabit, called *Jambu-dwipa,* is several hundred thousand miles in diameter, and the surrounding sea is of the same breadth. The second is double the diameter of the first, and so the sea. Each of the others is double the diameter of the preceding. The diameter of the earth is several hundred thousand millions of miles, more than the distance between the *earth* and the *sun.* In the center of Jamba-dwip is Mount *Meru* (Himalaya), in the form of an inverted pyramid, the highest of mountains, several hundred thousand miles high. "Its hight is 84,000 yojanas,* and its depth 16,000 below the surface of the earth. Its diameter at the summit is 32,000 yojanas, and at its base 16,000." Its summit is surmounted by three cones, and on the highest of these are three golden peaks, on which reside the Hindoo Triad. At the base are four lofty hills, on each of which grows a mango-tree, several thousand miles high, and bearing fruit many hundred cubits large. The second superior world lies between us and the sun, which is said to be only a few hundred thousand miles. The third is the space between the sun and the polar star. In this are the stars and planets. The moon is placed beyond the sun as far as the sun is from the earth. Next come the stars Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Ursa-Major, and the Pole-star, which is

* A yojana is 8 miles. Diameter of Meru then is 128,000 miles at the base. Hight 672,000—three times the distance of the moon from the earth.

27,000,000 miles from the earth. The remaining four worlds beyond the Pole-star rise one above the other. In the seventh, or highest, is the residence of Brahma.

Besides the seven planets known from the remotest antiquity, there are two invisible dragons, *Raku* and *Kethu*, which by seizing and devouring the sun and moon, produce eclipses.

The most ancient division of the ecliptic was into 28, afterward 27 parts, similar to the lunar mansions of the Arabs, each 13° 20′, to each of which was assigned its proper deity. Afterward the zodiac and ecliptic were divided into signs and degrees the same as ours.

The year of the Hindoos is 365 days, 15 of their hours, 31 minutes, 14 seconds. Day, reckoned from sunrise to sunrise, contains 60 hours, and divided into 8 parts of $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours each. Brahmins are acquainted with the sun-dial, and use it for drawing meridians, fixing the sites of pagodas, and learning the latitude of towns by a comparison of the length of the shadow with the hight of the instrument on the day of the equinox.

Eclipses are calculated with tolerable accuracy, according to tables and rules formed at a very remote period, and which evidently required a knowledge of geometry and arithmetic.

The following is a view of their *Chronology*. There are four *yugs* or *ages*: the first was the age of innocence or truth, and embraces 1,728,000 years; the second, 1,296,000; the third, 864,000; and the last, 432,000. These are the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages. We live in the last, or *Kali*-yug, age of misery. A great age, Maha-yug, is equal to these four—4,320,000 of mortals. A solar year is equivalent to a day and night of the gods: 360 such days and nights, or 360 solar years, constitute a "year of the gods;" 12,000 years of the gods form "an age of the gods," or "divine age," or "great age," which is equal to 4,320,000 of men. Seventy-one Maha-yugs constitute a period called *Manwantara*, during which one Menu, with his posterity of sons and grandsons, ruled the earth. There are fourteen Menus, and fourteen Manwantaras. These fourteen Manwantaras are equal to 1000 Maha-yugs, or one *Kalpa*, or 4,320,000,000 solar years. This is the day of *Brahma*.

The Hindoos have many works not only on Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Geography, and Law, but on Grammar, Poetry, Music, Medicine, Arithmetic, &c., chiefly in the Sanscrit. Their arithmetical operations are numerous, ingenious, and difficult. Units are divided into a great number of fractions; the most common of which are into 100 parts, and those differ according to the things numbered. Thus there are fractions for money, weight, measures, &c.

These sciences were cultivated by the Brahmins ages ago. But the learning of the modern Hindoos is very limited. The astronomy of the ancients has degenerated into astrology, and is confined almost exclusively to the calculation of eclipses, while some of the sciences formerly cultivated are now forgotten.

Though the knowledge of the Sanscrit, and of the sciences contained in it, has been mostly confined to the Brahmins, there have been men of learning from the lower castes. Most of the learned men of the Tamil and Teloogoo people have been of the Soodra caste.

The history of the Hindoos is lost in the mists of antiquity. Their own annals, and especially their chronology, as may be seen at a glance, are false and fabulous. The Sanscrit, one of the most perfect languages in existence, has long ceased to be spoken, though retained in their sacred literature. It is probably the parent of their various tongues, not less than eighteen of which are in use in the different parts of the peninsula. Sir William Jones speaks of the Sanscrit as "of wonderful structure, more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, and more exquisitely perfect than either," in which opinion Oriental scholars generally agree. This fact indicates the high cultivation of ancient India, the mother of nations, of languages, of philosophy, and religion. The present races which people Hindostan, must be vastly degenerated.

The Hindoos are divided into *four castes,* or classes, who have no communication with each other, and remain fixed in immovable forms, a classification based upon their religion, and intertwined with it as warp and woof.

The *first* are the *Brahmins,* the priests and teachers of the people, who claim to have sprung from the *head* of Brahma; the *next* are the *Kshatiras,* including all engaged in civil and military affairs, who sprang from the *arm* of Brahma; the *third* are the *Veeshas,* who sprang from the *thighs,* and whose business is to provide the necessaries of life, as farmers, merchants, &c., whilst the *fourth, and last,* are the *Soodras,* the offspring of Brahma's feet, including those engaged in servile pursuits.

In addition to these, there are the Pariahs, or Pariars, the outcasts of Hindostan, with whom even the Soodras disdain to have the remotest intercourse. They are the refuse of society, and doomed to destruction.

These castes will neither eat, drink, nor sleep together. They regard the touch of one belonging to an inferior caste as contamination. They will not sit on the same place, or use the same thing. "I once saw a high caste Hindoo," says one, "dash an

earthen jar of milk upon the ground, and break it to atoms, merely because *the shadow of a Pariah had fallen upon it as he passed.*" If they were dying they would lend each other no assistance. They would not give one dying of hunger or thirst a crust of bread or a cup of water!

Woman in India is degraded into the condition of a slave. The birth of a daughter is regarded as a calamity. The supreme duty of woman, according to the Shastres, is absolute obedience—first to her father, then to her husband, and in old age, *to her sons!* She has no choice as to her marriage. She is not to mention her husband's name; not to eat with him at table; not to be seen walking with him; not to be inquired after by guests; and never to be taught even the rudiments of knowledge. Handsome women do not know the letters of the alphabet. "A woman," say their sacred books, "is not allowed to go out of the house without the consent of her husband; nor to laugh without a vail over her face; nor to stand at the door; nor to look out at the window. She is like a heifer on the plain, that still longs for fresh grass. Envy, deceit, infidelity, violence, and viciousness are all hers. She was made for servitude to her husband. She has no fitness for his equal companionship."

The Brahmins are excessively proud, and demand from their followers divine worship. Some of them are acute and learned in their way, but the majority spend their time in dreamy indolence. The Hindoos believe in the transmigration of souls, which the Brahmins sedulously teach. It is related that a Hindoo, of a reflecting mind, lay upon his death-bed. As he saw himself about to plunge into the dread abyss, he cried out, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said a Brahmin, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another," was the reply. "And where then?" "Into another, and another, and thus on through millions of years." Darting along this immense period, as if it were only an instant, he cried, "And where shall I go then?" But there was no reply; and the poor heathen died with the inquiry upon his lips.

A spirit of skepticism and of inquiry begins to pervade the Hindoo mind. Some have abandoned the chief peculiarities of the Brahminic faith, and others have become Christians. "Ah! this is what I want," cried one of them, throwing away his Shastres, as he listened to the Gospel. God speed the day when the power of caste shall be broken forever, and a pure faith cheer the heart and guide the steps of man and woman, "walking together," as equals and companions, in the paths of holiness and peace.

But we must bid adieu to Hindostan, and crossing the Bay of

Bengal, enter the mouth of the *Irrawaddy* and ascend through the long and fertile valley in which lie Burmah, the scene of the labors of Judson, Boardman, and other heroic men and women, and the country of the Karens, a primitive people, who are turning by hundreds to the Christian faith, and thence among the hill tribes, from which we will cross to the valley of the *Brahmapootra*, in which lies *Assam*, one of the most beautiful regions in this part of the world, encircled, particularly on the north, by hills, and occupied by an interesting race of Hindoos, many of whom have been converted to Christianity. Most of these countries is, either in whole or in part, under the control of the British government. The Burmans, however, are yet, to some extent, independent. They are followers of Buddh, or Gaudama, and are exceedingly proud and bigoted. Their government is a despotism, and their religion a system of infidelity, which denies a supreme and eternal God, and leads to nigban, or annihilation, as the last hope of the weary soul.

All have heard of the labors and heroic sacrifices of Mr. Judson, in the golden Ava, and other parts of the Burman Empire. Long years he labored successfully in this interesting field, translated the whole Bible into the Burman tongue, and had nearly completed a dictionary of the language, when he closed his labors at sea, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, and was buried in the depths of the ocean. His noble and heroic wife, the first Mrs. Judson, sleeps on the banks of the *Salwen*, under the shadow of the hopia-tree.

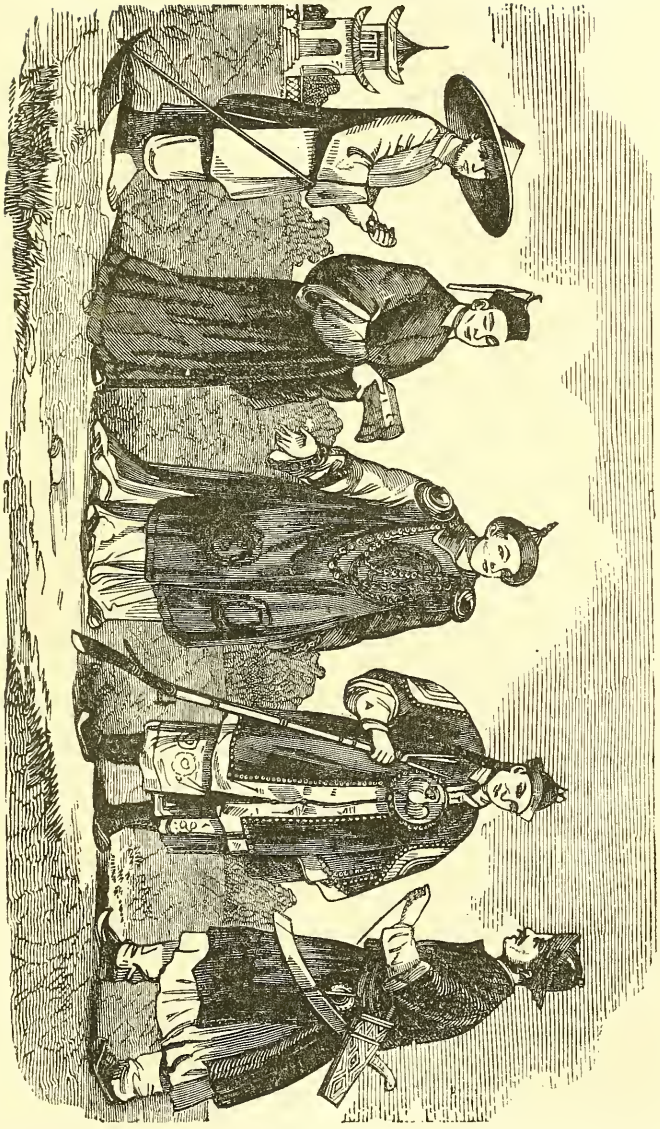
CHAPTER XXV.

CHINA.

Except Russia, China is the most extensive empire in the world; in population, however, far outnumbering Russia and even Hindostan. It stretches from the eighteenth to the fifty-second parallel of latitude, and from the one hundred and forty-third to the seventieth meridian of longitude; its boundaries are those of nature only, having on the north a frontier of 3000 miles, on the Pacific one of 2000, and stretching to the north and west beyond Persia to a limit as yet unknown. The entire coast-line of China is 3350 miles, and the circuit of its domains 12,550. It comprises about one-third of the continent of Asia, and nearly one-tenth of the habitable part of the globe.

The name *China* is to be traced probably to Tsin, or Chin, the chieftain of a family which gained complete sway previous to the period of the Christian era. The country and its inhabitants are known to the Malays, Hindoos, and other Asiatic nations only by the name of Tin, Chin, Sin, Sinoe,—whence we find it in Isa. xlix. 12, spoken of as "the land of Sinim," that being the plural of Sin. The Chinese themselves do not designate their country by any of the names given to it by foreigners, but call it the "Middle Kingdom," "the Middle Flowery Kingdom," "the Black Haired Race," "Tang-jin," or "Men of Tang," "Han-jin," or "Sons of Han," and so forth. They suppose themselves to occupy about the center of the world, and to be among the most cultivated and polished of all nations. China is divided into three parts, the eighteen provinces, or China proper, Manchuria, and the colonial possessions. The Chinese are to be found in great numbers beyond their own domains, in Siam, Assam, and even in Persia. By the most recent authorities their whole number is estimated at three hundred millions.* The larger proportion of the country is cultivated, being every where covered with a dense and industrious population. It is diversified by mountains, lakes, rivers, and canals. Among its great works are the Chinese Wall and the Grand Canal. The wall is estimated at 1250 miles in length,

* Some, however, have maintained that all the statistics upon this subject are uncertain, and suggest one-half this number as the probable population of China. Gutzlaff and Williams put it at three hundred and seventy millions.



Chinese Costumes.

"topping the precipices and scaling the crags." In some places it is a mere bank of earth; in others a mass of substantial masonry. The eastern part, which is the more substantial, is twenty-five feet thick at the bottom and fifteen at the top, faced with masonry, and from fifteen to thirty feet high. Brick towers occur at intervals along the course of it, about forty feet in hight, forty feet square at the base and thirty at the top.

The Grand Canal forms an almost complete water communication between Peking and Canton, carrying the advantages of access by water to nearly all the large towns lying between them. Some conception of the vastness of the work may be formed from the fact, that in A. D. 1375, Sing Li, one of the emperors, employed upon one portion of it 300,000 men for seven months. It coincides with some of the rivers along its course, and adopts their channels for considerable distances. The canal is 650 miles in length, nearly twice the length of the Erie Canal in New York. The locks are formed of thick planks sliding in grooves cut in stone buttresses.

China, though chiefly an agricultural country, has extensive manufactures and commerce, and, while covered with a numerous population in all the rural districts, has a great number of large cities. Some of these contain from five hundred thousand to a million of inhabitants. Of these perhaps Canton is the best known. By visiting this city we shall get an idea of the crowded population and the external aspects of Chinese city life. This city, as also Amoy, Foo-Choo-Foo, Shanghai, and Ningpo, are accessible to foreigners, being the five open ports ceded to the use of foreign commerce.

The appearance of the river going up to Canton is picturesque and striking. On the hights rise a number of garrisoned forts. The soldiers in their military attire present themselves as we pass. Near these forts beautiful banyan-trees are generally grown, a practice said to arise from the superstition of the soldiers, who believe that beneath their shelter they become musket-proof. Other hights are surmounted by towering pagodas, places of Buddhist worship. On the acclivities and summits cultivation is every where visible. Houses of the peasantry peep out at intervals, and water-wheels, used in irrigation, add to the picturesque appearance of the scene.

Lining the banks are numerous boats, floating or stationary, used for the rearing of ducks and fowls, in which their owners, with their wives, families, and connections, spend their lives. These boats are from thirty to forty feet in length, surmounted with a roof made of bamboo, and thatched with paddy (rice)

straw, under which the rowers sit upon stools, eight inches in hight. The ducks are guided on the water by whip and voice. At night they come tumbling in at the crack of the owner's whip, which they greatly dread. The wife takes her part in the business of the boat, generally standing at the stern, moving a very long oar, which works on an iron pivot, and both steers and propels the boat, with a singular motion of her head and wrists. In one corner is always seen their household *Joss*, or god, with joss-sticks constantly burning before him. *Joss* is a jolly-looking god, with a "pot belly," round cheeks, and grinning mouth, generally of small dimensions, and stained black. Night and morning they "*chin-chin*" Joss, honoring him by beating gongs, and burning paper offerings. The wife, as she guides the boat, may frequently be seen with an infant tied to her back, while other children of various ages are playing about the boat. The younger have gourds attached to their backs, as life-buoys, lest they should fall overboard. But they often let the little fellows take their chance, even when they fall overboard, as they have the notion that a person rescued from drowning will inevitably injure his preserver. Some of the boats have vegetable gardens suspended from their sides. In the center of the boat is a small tank, in which they keep and fatten their fish. At night they sleep under their thatched roof upon mats, with such pillows of rattan, wood, or other material they find most convenient.

Ascending the river the scenery is beautifully diversified. The atmosphere is loaded with the fragrance of orange groves and bananas. Mandarin, or police boats, with ten or twenty oars on each side, increase in number, the rowers dressed in gayly painted bamboo caps of a conical form. From the masts float long silken streamers or flags, with the names of the owners blazoned in golden letters. Little boats with fruit, and here and there a huge Chinese junk, with its gayly painted stern and weighty mat-sails, diversify the scene. On the prow is painted an enormous eye,—that it may see where it is going! Yonder are moored various fishing boats, furnished with aquatic birds trained to catch fish by diving. Round the neck of these birds rings are fastened, to keep them from swallowing the fish. Junks of great variety, and some of much splendor, meet us as we advance, with cabins upon cabins, producing a singular effect. As we approach Canton the river is so crowded with water-craft, of all shapes and sizes, crossing and recrossing each other, that we almost despair of forcing a passage. On each side boats are moored, in which families have their permanent abode, some with their fronts handsomely carved and gayly painted. On their decks or flat roofs you see the in-

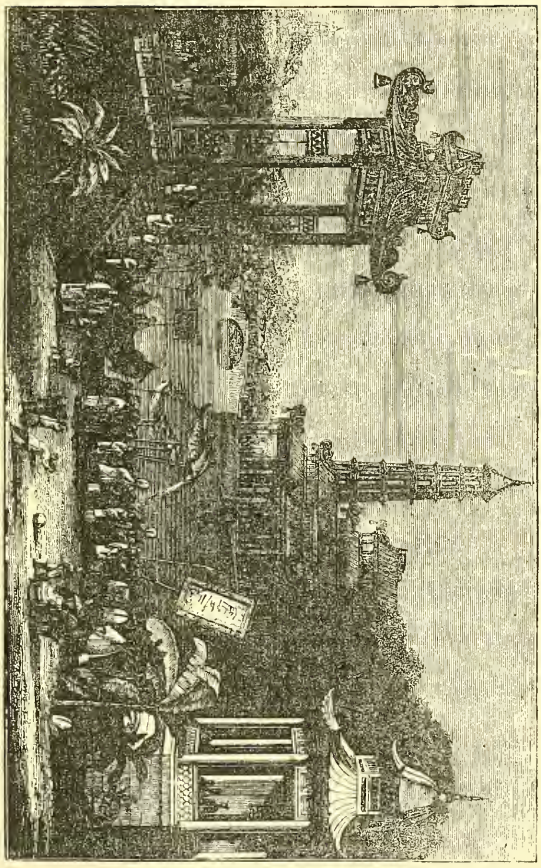
mates sitting and smoking amid painted flower-pots tastefully arranged. Among the most gayly decorated of these are the boats called "flower boats"—sinks of prostitution and iniquity; for, alas! the Chinese, with all their order and thrift, like the heathen nations generally, are greatly addicted to vicious practices. Boats innumerable, and devoted to all sorts of purposes, some belonging to mandarins, others to artisans, others to traders, some filled with flowers, others with fruits, and others with tea or food, are wedged together in one solid mass, apparently impenetrable, as far as the eye can reach, while the air is filled with the deafening sound of gongs and wind instruments, mingled with the yelling, screaming, shouting, chattering, and clamor of hundreds of thousands of busy tongues, presenting a scene to the European or American traveler the most novel and astounding.

At last we are in Canton, a perfect wilderness of long narrow streets, with here and there a huge pagoda, a temple, or other public edifice, Many of these streets are crowded with shops and stores, open in front, and filled with innumerable articles of traffic, among which you sometimes see singular specimens of live stock, puppy dogs yelping in bamboo cages, kittens mewing, rats squeaking, fowls chucking, and pigs grunting; and not only so, but fish swimming, with earth-worms and slugs variously disposed in tubs and other vessels. Yonder is a barber with his iron tweezers, and near him another is plaiting the tail (queue), cleaning the ears, shaving the head and face of a customer, which operation he finishes by a good thumping of his back, and cracking of his joints. Hard by are venders of cooked food, with enormous red umbrellas, dealers in sweetmeats, and all sorts of nick-nacks. Stalls for books, and others for drugs, and a thousand things besides, line the streets. Fortune-tellers, dice-players, and jugglers ply their skill; the air is filled with a perfect Babel of sounds.

Other streets are filled with stores of different descriptions, some of them being quite splendid. The stores in New and Old China street are filled with one mass of gaudily painted carved work. The houses generally are small and low, the upper part always latticed and painted green. The interiors of the stores are neatly fitted up, and the goods are tastefully set out. The intermixture of various-colored paper, pendent inscriptions, and variegated lanterns have a grotesque effect. Beggars stand at the doors of all the stores, knocking two pieces of bamboo till they receive alms.

Different streets are appropriated to different trades. In one street, for example, are gathered all the tailors, in another all the carpenters, in another all the shoemakers, and so on.

"The most showy and attractive of all the shops," says a lively writer, in the Dublin Review, "are those of the lantern venders. There hang all varieties, from the large silken lanterns, three and four feet high, decorated with fringe of gold and silver, and painted with variegated colors, which are used in the residences of the mandarins, and cost about one hundred and fifty dollars, to the common small horn and paper lanterns used by coolies, which cost no more than one-sixteenth of a dollar. The mode of making the horn lanterns is very ingenious. The horns of bullocks and goats are cut into remarkably thin slices, which, by means of heat and pressure, are joined together, and formed into various shapes —round, square, hexagon, octagon, and some even resembling an hour-glass. These are variously painted, and covered with a species of net-work. To the top is attached a folding triangle, which forms, when closed, a handle for convenience of carriage, and when expanded a stand, from whose summit hangs the lantern: these vary in price and size. It is usual for servants to carry before their masters large lanterns, either of horn or of highly varnished paper, with his name and title painted on them in large characters. At the Feast of Lanterns, which takes place at the early part of the Chinese year, these lantern-shops have a very gay and diversified appearance, and their proprietors reap a rich harvest, as it is customary at this feast for parents to make presents of lanterns to their children, and for inferiors to act similarly to their superiors, which are expensive in proportion to the means of the donor. Some of these are made to represent birds, beasts, and fish, and others have movable figures on their sides. In fact this feast is somewhat similar to the fête of the New Year in France, lanterns being given instead of bon-bons. At night all these lanterns are lighted up and hung on the exterior of their houses, and the illumination thus created is far superior to any ever witnessed in Europe. The streets are crowded, and each person takes as much pride in the expensive and showy appearance of lanterns hung outside his house, as the members of clubs, &c., in London do in the brilliancy of their illuminations on birth-nights. They exhibit a surprising degree of ingenuity in the mechanical construction of some of their lanterns, which are formed with moving figures, intended to represent the actions of life. But of all I have seen, one which was presented to me was the most perfect and beautiful. This was of a hexagon form, about two feet and a half high and five feet in circumference. On its respective sides were moving figures, representing a Chinaman fishing with a rod, which moved up and down, with a fish hanging at the end of the line; John Bull dancing, and in the act of



Feast of Lanterns.

pouring out a bottle of porter into a goblet, all the limbs being in motion; a tiger in the act of jumping upon a man, who evinced, from the motion of his limbs, and his head turning toward the beast, great terror; a sanpan (a kind of boat) filled with fruit and vegetables, sculled by a boatwoman, with that peculiar motion of her arms and feet used in sculling; a Chinaman in the act of raising food to his mouth with chop-sticks; and lastly, a sportsman taking aim at a bird, which was perpetually fluttering in the air; while Tartar horsemen, in their tiger-skin uniforms, and lances or spears couched, chased each other around the lantern. The costumes, figures, and appurtenances were accurately portrayed according to life and nature; the figures continued in motion as the lamps burned. The lamps were composed of several small saucers filled with oil, to feed small wicks lying at their sides. The revolution of the horsemen was effected by a sort of smoke-jack, to which they were attached by long human hairs; an inner framework revolved by the same means, and moved the pegs to which the various figures of the lantern were fastened. The framework of this lantern was composed of bamboo, which was covered with silk, and the bottom was decorated with an embroidered silken fringe. I considered it as a perfect masterpiece of mechanical skill in its way."

In some of the streets of Canton may be seen stores filled with the richest and most beautifully ornamented porcelain, others with lackered work, silver-ware, and so forth. One whole street is devoted to birds, of which the Chinese are very fond, often paying a hundred dollars for some peculiar favorite.

Canton is surrounded by walls, from twenty-five to forty feet high. There are several gates in the walls, shut at night and constantly guarded by soldiers. Besides two large pagodas, there are one hundred and twenty-four temples, pavilions, halls and other religious edifices in the city. The people are not devout, but excessively superstitious. They will sometimes chide their gods, nay, cuff their ears, when angry with them for supposed neglect or injury. But every where images abound. Throughout the city are seen little gilded shrines and huge demoniac images. Priests, with sleepy eyes, saunter in the sun or lounge about the temples. The *Honam Joss* House, so called, a Buddhist temple, has attached to it one hundred and seventy-five priests, only a portion of whom can read. The temple of "*Glorious Filial Duty*" has two hundred priests, who are supported by a glebe of 3500 acres of land. The number of priests in Canton is said to exceed two thousand, nine-tenths of whom are Buddhists. The temples, sometimes striking in their exterior, after all are cheerless abodes.

The areas in front are filled with throngs of idlers, beggars, and small traders, who are occasionally driven off to make way for some fantastic theatrical performance by the priests. The hall of the temple, occupied by a gloomy idol, is lighted only in front, adorned by an altar, drum, and bells. The inner cells are inhabited by men about as stupid as their idols, miserable beings, who, having abandoned society, here spend an idle and wretched life.

In Canton is the celebrated Kung-Yuen, or Hall of Literary Examination, containing several thousand cells, for the examination of students who assemble at the examination held in it. The city contains four prisons, for hither are brought all capital offences in the province for trial. The foreign factories or warehouses, on the western side of Canton, are the most showy buildings in the city. The term *hong* in Chinese signifies a series or succession, and is applied to the merchants, because their warehouses contain a succession of apartments. Most of the trades and manufactures of Canton have reference to foreign commerce. Fifty thousand persons are supposed to be engaged in weaving cloth, including the embroiderers; besides which are 7000 barbers, and 4000 shoemakers, "licensed to shave the crowns and shoe the soles of their fellow-citizens."

Ningpo, another large and flourishing city, is important on account of its foreign relations. It is situated at the junction of three streams, a few miles from the ocean. Here and in Canton, Shanghai, and, we believe, Macao, have been established several Protestant missions from England and the United States. Ningpo lies in a magnificent plain, forming an amphitheater, stretching one side some twelve to eighteen miles to the base of the mountains, and on the other to the verge of the ocean. On the land side you see canals and water-courses, fields and farm-houses, pleasant cottages, family residences, hamlets, and villages, with tombs, monasteries, and temples. Toward the ocean the country is plain as it descends to the shore, but the river is alive with boats, and its banks are studded with ice-houses. Public buildings and temples, some dedicated to one god and some to another, adorn the interior of the city. Lagoons furnish aquatic amusements. The most striking building in the city is "The Heaven-Conferred Pagoda," or Tower of Ningpo, a vast and somber edifice, supposed to be over a thousand years old. The most elegantly furnished building in the city is a temple dedicated to the popular goddess, *Ma Tsupu* (Queen of Heaven). The lanterns and scrolls hanging from the ceiling, and other ornaments, inscriptions, and figures on the walls, external and internal, give it a peculiar and attractive

appearance. The population is supposed to reach from a quarter to half a million.

Nanking, one of the largest of the Chinese cities, is celebrated abroad for its lofty and elegant Porcelain Tower, called by the Chinese the "Recompensing Favor Monastery," composed of the richest materials, well proportioned, and brilliantly gilded. The summit is reached by a spiral staircase, two hundred and sixty feet high. The whole consists of nine equal stories, decreasing gradually to the top. The outer surface is covered with porcelain slabs, green, red, yellow, white, and other colors. At every story is a projecting roof, covered with green tiles, and a bell projecting from each corner. The saloons are more gaudy than elegant, and full of riches, in which are placed many gilded images. It was nineteen years in building, and is more than four hundred years old. Nanking is also celebrated for its manufacture of satin, crape, &c., and is much renowned for the scholarship of its literary men.

Shanghai, the seat of several foreign missions, is a large place, of considerable commerce and trade, but poorly built, with narrow, dirty streets.

All the great cities of China are pretty much alike; but *Peking*, the capital, which has a population variously estimated from one to two millions, has some very broad streets, running between opposite gates in the divisions of the city to which they respectively belong. The other streets, however, are narrow and close, like those of Canton. At the four points where the great streets intersect each other, are singular-looking erections, resembling triumphal arches, built of stone or wood, with a large central gateway, and a smaller one on each side, roofed and richly gilded. These are monuments of the great men that have deserved well of their country.

In the northern part of the city are the palaces of the emperors, with their imposing titles, though far inferior to European palaces in magnificence. Within the royal precincts is a temple to which the emperor comes to revere the manes of his ancestors, and obtain from them blessings. These constitute one of three inclosures in this part of the city. A second inclosure is called "the August City"—about six miles in circumference. This comprises several idol-temples, a depository of military stores, extensive public granaries, and a military seminary. It has also an artificial mountain, in the centre of an extensive park. A third inclosure is called "the Imperial City," and contains the offices of the six tribunals of the empire. The Russian Mission, the temple of *Yung ho Kung*, or of "eternal peace," the largest and

most sacred edifice in the city, having in it an institution for the instruction of lamas (god-priests), for the service of Thibet. Here also is the National College, in which is concentrated all the learning and literature of China. All the literati of the empire, all the colleges and principal schools, are subordinate to this establishment, which nominates examiners of the compositions required of candidates for civil offices. Manchoo, Chinese, and Russian literature meets here with equal attention, and all religions are sanctioned within its precincts.

A majority of the inhabitants are dependent, more or less, on the court. Peking is the great emporium of printing, and the principal seat of the book-trade.

But let us pass into the country. Every spot, you perceive, is cultivated. The hills are terraced, and covered with various productions to their summits. The houses, generally made of bamboo, are light and airy, to catch the breeze, for the climate is intensely hot. Fruit-trees of every tropical variety abound. The productions are various. Rice, sugar, silk, tea, fruits—every thing in a word, which a fine country and an ingenious people can cultivate. Rice is the staff of life, and tea the great article of commerce. The finest qualities, from their high price, and demand among the richer classes, are not exported. The finest is worth its weight in silver. The orange plantations are beautiful, filling the air with fragrance. The bamboo-tree, the leading tree of the country, is applied to numberless uses. Cotton grows freely in many parts of the country. The tea-plant grows wild in China, to the hight of two or three feet, and bears a white fragrant flower; when cultivated it attains the hight of four or five feet. It is planted in rows, and weeded with the greatest care. The greater the care bestowed upon the plant, the finer is the quality of the tea. There are many varieties, much depending upon the nature of the soil. They have more than one hundred descriptions of the tea-plant. It is a mistake that the green tea is made by drying upon copper, as copper is never used for drying it. But black teas are often made green by coloring matter, which is very easily discovered by chewing a few leaves, or breathing upon a handful, when the green hue will soon disappear. This poor green tea is known as "Canton green." The green teas are a different species from the black altogether. The finest sorts of tea which are drunk by the mandarins and emperor, are cultivated with as much care as we bestow upon exotics. The younger the leaves are when gathered, the finer is the quality of the tea. The coarser kinds of tea, which are used by the poor, are the old leaves, which have been gathered without any preparation.

The Chinese are essentially an *agricultural* people. They have wisely established laws for the protection and encouragement of agriculture. The emperor himself does not think it unworthy of his dignity, once every year, at the agricultural festival, to descend from his throne clad as a husbandman, to set the laudable example to his subjects of tilling the earth; his family and courtiers, dressed in the same style, attending him on the occasion. The appointed day having been previously announced by authority throughout the empire, the emperor goes forth and ploughs a particular field, and every farmer throughout the empire simultaneously turns up the earth. The produce of the field ploughed by the emperor is preserved with great care, being regarded as far superior to any other. Neglected lands are forfeited, so that in China, not a spot of uncultivated land, except what is absolutely barren, can be seen. The ground is fertile and productive, but locusts often pass in devouring bands, and eat up the whole. What was a garden before them, is left behind them a wilderness.

China is not without the *precious metals.* Iron, copper, silver, and even gold, are found in some of her mountains.* The climate is insufferably hot in the dry season; in winter quite cold. The rainy season is a perfect deluge. Their modes of irrigation are ingenious. The paddy corn is thrashed out sometimes by bamboo flails, and sometimes by the tread of oxen. Rice is applied to innumerable uses. They not only eat it and distill it, but make it into ornaments. The straw thatches their houses, and out of it they construct coarse mats and paper. The husks are carefully collected, and being mixed with a greasy substance, are formed into cakes to feed the pigs. The rice itself is pounded into a paste, out of which, hardened in the fire, they make bottles and vases. In a word, every spot of ground, and every production of the earth in China is turned to some use. They extract a fine oil from the kernels of apricots, and a beautiful black dye from acorn cups. The finest scarlet coloring matter is extracted from the cactus. Paper is made from the rind of a species of sycamore-tree. Indeed, paper and printing existed in China before they were known in Europe. Paints and dyes superior to any thing known in the western world, are used by their artists, who, though destitute of ideality and invention in the higher departments of art, have great ingenuity, and remarkable power of imitation.

* The Chinese make little use of their iron mines, as they do not understand the manufacture of iron.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHINA, CONTINUED—WITH NOTICES OF SIAM AND JAPAN.

The Chinese are the most enlightened, and we may add, compared with others, the most virtuous of all the pagan nations. Their religion, though idolatrous, is free from human sacrifices and obscene symbols. Of general geography, chronology, astronomy, and history, they know comparatively nothing.* Yet they have innumerable books, and extensive libraries. Indeed, they may be styled a literary people, making literary attainments the stepping-stone and indispensable prerequisite to civil office. The government is a despotism; but all offices are open to the enterprising. The laws are tolerably well administered. Punishments, though generally severe and degrading, may be commuted by fines, &c. Instances have been known in which individuals were hired to suffer death in the stead of others. Bribes and evasions are common enough, and riots and revolutions are not unknown, but a high degree of order and quiet prevails through the land. The origin of the people is lost in the twilight of the past. Their own chronology is false and preposterous; their early history a fable and a dream. They are of the Mongol race. Their appearance is peculiar. In stature they are short, though there are exceptions to this rule, rather "round," and in old age inclining to obesity; their faces oval, with prominent cheek-bones, black, angular eyes, resembling those of the pig, complexion yellow, or yellowish brown, hair black and wiry, a tuft of which only is left upon the head, the rest of the head, with the face, being kept, in the case of males, perfectly smooth. The hair is plaited into a tail, which hangs down the back nearly to the heels. When short, they piece it out with black silk braid, ingeniously plaited into the hair. The expression of the face, upon the whole, is intelligent, though by no means handsome. The women are below the middle size, not well formed, their complexions a little more delicate, but the same as that of the men, though without any intelligence of expression. Their dress, among the lower orders, varies little from that of the men. Every where they are regarded as slaves.

* We ought to state here that "Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography" has just been translated and published by one of their great men. They begin to learn a little of the world around them.

Untaught, in a nation attaching great value to learning, their minds are vacant and dull. The Chinese writers uniformly speak of women with contempt. The clothing of the lower class of men consists of very wide, loose trowsers, and a jacket made of highly glazed calico, of native manufacture. The higher classes are more sumptuously attired, wearing long silken robes, reaching to their feet (those of the mandarins being more or less embroidered, according to their rank), silk trowsers, and black satin boots, with felt soles, three inches thick, and pointed, turned-up toes. In winter they wear half a dozen garments, of various sorts, all wadded; robe, spencers, and velvet tippets, thickly wadded with cotton, and lined with fur, with a velvet stock round their necks, about two inches high. In summer the mandarins wear a conical cap of exceedingly fine white straw, with a splendid tassel, and surmounted with a button denoting their rank; in winter, a black satin cap, with a turned-up brim. The Chinese change their summer dress simultaneously, at the order of the emperor. The fan and umbrella are in constant use among the Chinese. Nothing is done without a fan. Your tailor takes your orders, fanning himself all the time; your servants at dinner will hand you a plate with one hand, and fan themselves with the other.

The women of all classes are fond of trinkets, wearing as many armlets, bracelets, &c., as they can afford; yet gold is never used by them for this purpose. The dress of the upper classes is nearly as handsome as that of the mandarins: every part of the dress, however, must be of a different color. The great object of the ladies is to put on as many colors, and as much embroidery as possible. The shoes have heels about an inch high, and the uppers are embroidered with silver and gold tinsel, &c. Instead of stockings, red and black cloth is bound round the foot and leg. Like the men, they wear under their jackets a silken girdle, to which is invariably attached an embroidered bag, which contains their pipe and tobacco! They uniformly carry a handsome fan.

The beau ideal of female beauty, among the Chinese, consists in feet deformed and "compressed into a mass three inches in length," bandaged up from infancy in bindings, never unwound till womanhood (one may imagine their odor); a fleshless figure; a dingy, yellow complexion, plastered with white cosmetic; high cheek-bones; remarkably small piggish eyes, with penciled eyebrows, meeting over the nose; low brow, with oblong ears; coarse black hair, anointed with pork fat, until it stands on end, then drawn up from the face to the top of the head, where it is dressed in a high top-knot, in which are stuck, perpendicularly, silver pins, and occasionally flowers.

Marriage is a matter of traffic or agreement among the parents. Children are taught to revere their parents, and it is affirmed that the Chinese enjoy considerable domestic comfort. The poor are omnivorous, devouring every thing edible; but the rich are dainty in their food, and indulge themselves in all sorts of nice and luxurious eating.

The modern *emperors* of China are of the *Manchoo*, sometimes, though perhaps erroneously, called the *Tartar*, dynasty. Their reign is firm and despotic. The government is conducted by a system of universal espionage. Every officer is a spy upon another. The army is numerous, but readily yields to the superior force of European soldiers. The great men of the empire are distinguished for their pride and love of show. They hold the common people in the greatest contempt.

There are in China three chief systems of religion—those of *Confucius*, *Laotse*, and *Buddh*, or *Buddha*. The former is for the more learned, being, in fact, rather a moral code than a religious creed. The second differs from this but little, and there is no difficulty in holding the views of both. The Buddhist religion is for the least educated classes. There is no state religion in the empire. The emperor is a Buddhist, or follower of Fo; but he is also a follower of Confucius. China is tolerant of all religions. The early Catholic priests were extremely well received; their learning and science were highly esteemed; their teachings were allowed; members even of the royal family were converted to their doctrines; and there was a good prospect that the empire would be converted to Christianity. But the priests divided into two parties—the early Jesuits forbidding, and the others allowing, the Chinese to pay worship to their ancestors. The Pope issued his bull, and decided the controversy. The disturbance came to the knowledge of the emperor, who, indignant at this presumption, banished all the priests, and prohibited the people from embracing Christianity, on pain of death.

His wrath did not subside until the negotiation with the French and Americans, the latter of whom, by the seventeenth article of the treaty, are allowed to establish hospitals, cemeteries, and churches, in any of the five free ports. The manner in which this permission was granted was highly gratifying. Kwang, the present lieutenant-governor of the Kwang provinces, was present at one of the many conferences which were had upon the subject of the treaty. The American interpreters, Drs. Parker and Bridgman, were also present with the American functionaries. When they came to this item of the treaty, Kwang turned to Dr. Parker, whom he well knew, and who enjoys, in an extraordinary degree,

the regard and respect of the Chinese, both officers and people, and said, with a courteous smile, "Certainly, churches and hospitals, if you please."

The Buddhist is the religion of the lowest and uneducated classes, who demand visible and tangible objects of worship. Their temples, like the Catholic churches in Macao, have decorations, pictures, &c. They worship the virgin mother, make prayers for the dead, have nuns and monks, and petition for every thing, from deliverance of their friends from purgatory, to a handsome wife or a rich husband. Beside every shop is an idol of the god of wealth; and every house has a god of longevity, to which devout and daily prayers are offered. Most of them are utterly ignorant of the existence even of a future state.

The religion of Confucius, if, indeed, it deserve the name of religion, is, after all, a system of dry and lifeless rationalism. Properly speaking, it has no religious doctrines, no supreme and eternal God, no heaven, no immortality. Confucius said little or nothing upon these subjects. A few ethical and prudential maxims would comprise his entire moral code. He left the whole domain of "the invisible and the eternal" in the profoundest darkness. It would seem, indeed, that the Chinese, while superstitious enough, have no conception of a spiritual religion. Literally, they may be said to be without God, and without hope of immortality.

Confucius, not God, is the object of worship to all the followers of this illustrious sage. There are in China about 2000 temples dedicated to his honor. At one period of Chinese history, the image of Confucius was placed in his temple, and worshiped; but this resembled Buddhism too much to please the learned, and, for several centuries, they have contained his tablet only. To this the faithful direct their devotions. That part of the tablet on which Chinese characters are gilded is about a yard long; the rest in proportion. The characters signify—"DIVINE THRONE OR SEAT OF THE MOST HOLY TEACHER CONFUCIUS." Twice a year, in spring and autumn, a little before dawn, all the mandarins, dressed in the most gorgeous style, assemble at the temple of Confucius, to pay him divine honors, by prayers, prostrations, and sacrifices of oxen or hogs before the tablet. At the same time, candles are kept burning, and odoriferous incense rises from the vessel in the center of the altar.

Buddhism, as already stated, is the most prevalent form of worship among the great mass of the people, and a more puerile and degrading system of faith can scarcely be imagined. Lamaism, the lowest form of man-worship, flourishes in some parts of the empire. Indeed, the Chinese have many forms and objects of

adoration. Decided remains of Sabianism, or the worship of the heavenly bodies, are found among them: the worship of the moon, for example, is general in China, and dates from remote times.

The worship of ancestors is practiced by all the Chinese, learned or unlearned. But one of the most popular deities is Miss Ling, the "queen of heaven." The following account of this Chinese goddess is from the pen of Dr. Macgowan:

"Between six and seven hundred years ago, the Chinese say, there was on the Fakien coast a family named Ling, consisting of the parents, two sons, and two daughters. Mr. Ling, who was a fisherman, was once overtaken by a violent storm. He pulled hard for the shore, aided by his sons, but the wind and waves overpowered their little bark, and it was swamped.

"At this very moment, Mrs. Ling observed the youngest daughter asleep at her spinning-wheel, and unhappily called out to her so sharply, that she instantly awoke. She then told her mother that she had seen her father and brothers in the midst of the sea, struggling for existence, and in her vision had caught a brother in each arm, and her father in her teeth; but, as she was roused from her sleep, her mouth opened, and the head of the family dropped out, and was lost.

"All this was confirmed by the brothers, who returned soon after, and reported that an arm had upheld each of them until they got to a place of safety, while their father was drowned.

"From that period, until her death, Miss Ling enjoyed a high reputation in all those parts, as a deliverer in storms at sea, and in pestilence on shore. This girl began her operations at the age of fourteen, and died single at thirty. The particulars of her death are not given, but it is stated that a temple was immediately erected to her memory by the people of her native place.

"After her death, she heard the cries of all who were in distress at sea, and soon became so popular with sailors, that no boat would put from shore without her image. Among the numerous cases narrated of her miraculous aid to mariners in distress, is the following:

"An imperial ambassador, who was on his way to Corea, met with boisterous weather at first, and afterward encountered a typhoon. His whole fleet, which consisted of eight vessels, was wrecked, except the one in which he sailed. He attributed his deliverance to the efficacy of his prayers to the goddess.

"On his return, he reported his adventures to the emperor, whereupon that 'son of heaven' conferred a flattering title on the rising deity, and caused a temple to be erected for her worship.

As her reputation increased, new honors and more imposing names were given her by the emperor, until about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, the emperor, Young Ching, conferred the title of 'Queen of Heaven,' which she has since been permitted to enjoy. The name was borrowed from the Roman Catholics, who style the Virgin Mary the queen of heaven.

"In the history of Ningpo, there are several superstitious stories about the 'queen of heaven,' and one of them is connected with the origin of a splendid temple erected for her worship. The founder of this establishment was a sea-captain, to whom the goddess appeared in a storm. She was seen on the mainmast, and, when the skipper made vows of costly sacrifices to her ladyship, she saved the junk. The present temple is said to have cost one hundred thousand dollars. There is another in this city not less expensive. Indeed, the coasts, rivers, and lakes of China are dotted with costly buildings erected in honor of the fisherman's daughter.

"Before sailing, it is common for sailors to treat her to a play, when she is taken to a choice seat, and invited to witness the exhibition got up expressly to please her, and to secure for them a prosperous voyage."

Though the higher classes affect to despise the superstitions of the vulgar, the greatest scholars and statesmen, as well as sailors, unite in the worship.

We have already said that the Chinese may be termed a *literary people*. Certainly, they have many books, among which are lexicons, annals, histories, moral sayings, stories, novels, poetry, ballads, &c. Their larger libraries contain thousands of volumes. They have schools and colleges, which are well attended, as a certain amount of learning is necessary to civil office. The more learned a man is, the more likely is he to rise to civil honors.

Yet the Chinese, with all their ingenuity and industry, possess little mental vigor, and appear to great disadvantage when brought into collision with Europeans. A handful of English troops, with some slight science, and a few cannon, bring an empire of three hundred millions to terms in a few weeks! It is said that the Chinese army amounts to four or five millions, but they found it impossible to muster forty thousand men to defend their empire against "the barbarians." No energy, no decision, no science or tactics, worthy of the name. They acted more like children than men. Among other means of repelling the English, they set up an iron pipe on the deck of their vessels, kindling a fire inside the tube, in hopes that the smoke which ascended from the pipe might frighten the invaders! They mistook the large

drum of one of the Irish regiments (18th Foot), for an unknown and dangerous implement of war, and kept firing at it during the greater part of the action! Of course, they killed nobody, and exposed themselves all the time to the enemy's fire.

The Chinese are *averse to all change.* The nature of their institutions and government is such as to aggravate this tendency. All things are subjected to fixed forms. Freedom and progress are unknown; a state of things in which the higher powers of the soul stagnate, and all but die out. Prudence and industry may be cultivated, in common with beavers and bees, whose mechanical skill, order, and perseverance are immense; but beyond this there is little or no advance. Selfishness becomes the dominant impulse. A state of things in which an absolute and all-pervading despotism is necessary to maintain the peace and order of society. If great crimes do not appear upon the surface of society, they will be found in its secret recesses. Licentiousness, falsehood, cunning, meanness, and treachery will be found all but universal. That this is the condition of things in China is the uniform testimony of travelers. Life, death, time, eternity, in their higher aspects, they do not understand.

Polygamy, in the form of concubinage, prevails in China. One, however, is acknowledged as wife; the others are considered as inferior wives. Marriage is arranged by the parents, and is a matter of contract and sale. Marriage ceremonies are occasions of great festivity and merriment. Indeed, the Chinese are exceedingly fond of all sorts of feasting and merry-making. To us most of their amusements would appear childish and grotesque. Gambling is universal. Hucksters at the roadside are provided with a cup and saucer, and the clicking of their dice is heard at every corner. A boy with "two cash," prefers to risk their loss on the throw of a die, to simply buying a cake or a piece of sugar-candy, without trying the chance of getting it for nothing. Gaming-houses are found every where, their keepers paying a bribe to the local officers, who can hardly be supposed to deal very severely with a practice in which they have been educated from childhood. Women, in the privacy of their apartments, while away their time at cards and dominoes. Porters play by the wayside while waiting for employment, and the moment the retinue of an officer are relieved from duty, or have seen their officers enter a house, they pull out their cards or dice and squat down to a game. Betting on "cricket or quail fights" is a favorite amusement. Cheating, in matters of trade, is regarded at once as profitable and amusing. They have a thousand methods of increasing the weight of saleable articles, as, for example, giving salt to a pig, in order

that it may drink an immense quantity of water, before it is killed, stuffing fowls with sand, and so forth. "A Chinese requires but little motive to falsify, and he is constantly sharpening his wits to cozen his customer, wheedle him by promises, and cheat him in goods or work."

The Chinese have a multitude of *festivals*, both secular and sacred. The beginning of the new year is an occasion of universal rejoicing, feasting, frolicking, and making presents to one another. Jugglers, mountebanks, strolling play-actors, and similar characters are all agog, making merry for a few coppers. Friends visit at each others' houses, wish each other a happy new year; parents receive the prostrations of their children, and teachers of their pupils. One good arrangement certainly connected with this festival is, that no debt is allowed to pass over into the new year, without some settlement or arrangement satisfactory to the parties, if it be possible. Those whose liabilities exceed their means are generally compelled to wind up their affairs, and give their property into the hands of their creditors. De Guignes mentions one expedient to oblige a man to pay his debts at this season, which is to carry off the door of his shop or house; for, according to the universal belief, his premises and person will be exposed to the anger and entrance of all the hungry and malignant demons prowling around the streets, and happiness will never again enter his abode; to avoid which most persons find it to their advantage to settle their debts.

Theatrical amusements, some of them puerile enough, are very popular in China. *Jugglery* is, if possible, still more common and attractive. In this department, the Chinese display wonderful dexterity and skill. Indeed, we are not sure but China is the fountain whence have sprung most of the juggling tricks which are popular in Europe. They seem to be more natural to the Chinese than to almost any other people. Ingenuity, finesse, mechanical skill, imitativeness, cunning, and trick, appear to be innate parts of their constitution.

In concluding our sketches of China and the Chinese, we may say, that while they have many vices they have also some virtues. They are orderly, industrious, and polite; upon the whole, good-natured, respectful to superiors, and especially to parents. Some of their great men have exhibited noble qualities. Confucius and Mencius, especially, though not free from imperfections, and especially destitute of lofty spiritual views, left behind them many excellent moral and prudential maxims, which though by no means universally observed, exert upon the Chinese a favorable and conservative influence. What they want is a deeper, purer, more

powerful faith, with the facilities and motives which this would supply to a freer and higher development. The labors of Morrison, Marshman, Bridgman, Goddard, Dean, Parker, Gutzlaff, and others, in translating the Scriptures into the Chinese tongue, and preaching to the natives, have not been without salutary effect. The missions established in the free ports, which are gradually extending their influence into the interior, give promise of great usefulness. Some of the native preachers, one of whom we have seen and conversed with, are intelligent and earnest, and will, doubtless, gain access to the hearts of their countrymen. That will be a glorious day, when, according to the prediction of the prophets, "the land of Sinim" shall receive the gospel.

Our limits will scarcely permit us to say any thing of *Siam*, a country with much the same forms of belief and national usages as China, though inferior to the Celestial Empire, both in virtue and intelligence. The people generally are Buddhists in faith, and subjected to a wretched despotism. An interesting Protestant mission has been established in *Bangkok*, the capital, where there are many Chinese traders.

Japan, called *Niphon* by the natives, though comprised in several islands, may be considered in connection with India beyond the Ganges. It has a population of forty or fifty millions, as is generally supposed, although the information upon this point is quite uncertain. The people seem to be a mixture of Mongolian and Malayan races, generally well made, of yellow complexions, with small bright eyes, short flattish noses, broad heads, and thick black hair, which, however, is worn only in a long tuft upon the crown, the sides of the head being constantly shaved. Their internal trade and commerce are considerable, but the country is completely shut up to foreigners. Once the Jesuit missionaries gained many converts in Japan, but intriguing for power, as in China, they were violently expelled, since which time Japan has been inaccessible to Europeans. The government is an absolute despotism, the emperor being regarded as a divinity. The sovereign line is never broken, an heir to the throne being supplied, as the priests and rulers claim, from Heaven, though taken secretly from one of the families of the nobility. Buddhism prevails in Japan, but the old and prevalent form of religion is called *Sinsiu* (faith in gods), or, according to others, *Kamino-mitsi*, or the *way* to the *Kami*, or gods. They recognize indistinctly a supreme Deity, but too great and too distant to be worshiped, save through the *Mikado*, or *Son of Heaven*, or inferior spirits called *Kami*, of which 492 were born spirits, and 2640 are canonized mortals. For the worship of these oratories are erected in every house, and

in public, many splendid temples, with large gates and triumphal arches.

The Japanese are semi-civilized, and make some pretensions to knowledge and refinement. They are industrious and active, and their females are allowed more freedom than ladies in China. Polygamy is not practiced, but concubinage is common. Licentiousness is said to be universal. Their judicial code is severe and even vindictive. Their prisons for confinement and torture are dismal and revolting. The emperor receives divine honors: his person is carefully secluded from all contact with the outward world. He never leaves his palace. The fresh air or sunshine is not permitted to touch him. He never eats twice off the same dish. It is invariably broken, to prevent its falling into unhallowed hands. His hair, nails, and beard are not cleaned or cut by daylight, these operations being always performed when he is asleep.

The population is divided into eight *castes*, carefully preserved—the princes, nobles, priests, soldiers, civil officers, merchants, artisans, and laborers, agricultual or otherwise. In some respects they resemble the Chinese, but in others essentially differ from them, both in character, appearance, and usages. Agriculture and the mechanic arts are carried to considerable perfection. Printing was introduced in the thirteenth century, and is conducted, as in China, by means of wooden blocks. The people, particularly the ladies, are fond of music. Pilgrimages and processions are common. The great temples, sacred to the various genii, are much thronged. Every thing in religion, morals, ceremonies, and usages is fixed and permanent. Pride, superstition, and fear make the whole immovable.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AFRICA.

The fourth great division of the globe, Africa, touches Asia, and, so to speak, mingles with it, on the one hand, and were it not for the narrow strait of Gibraltar, would touch Europe on the other; yet Africa, to a great extent, is a world by itself, with new forms of life and vegetation. Arabia and Turkey, however, have colonized nearly the whole of Northern Africa, and impressed their character upon the population. England is modifying the extreme southern point of the continent, while France has settled a single though not flourishing colony in Algiers; but, with these exceptions, Africa has its peculiar population and peculiar characteristics. Of vast extent, it is only partially explored, large tracts of country, chiefly in the interior, being yet unknown. Its area

probably exceeds 12,000,000 square miles; by far the greater part lies within the torrid zone, and is occupied by aboriginal inhabitants, of the negro races, in a state of barbarism. It is impossible exactly to estimate the number of the whole population. According to Balbi it contains 60,000,000; Malte-Brun makes it 70,000,000, the Weimar Almanac 101,000,000; but these are only guesses.

Africa is distinguished from the other continents by the uniform outline of its coasts, having few or no peninsulas, and thus forms a more compact and uniform mass of land. In its high tablelands, low plains, and immense deserts, it somewhat resembles Northern Asia.

Central Africa, from near the equator to about the sixth degree north latitude, and from the tenth to the thirtieth degree of longitude east of Greenwich, is "one great mountain region of extraordinary humidity," the high mountain tops of which collect all the floating mists of the equatorial regions, producing a severe drought for a thousand miles in every direction, above and below, and yet forming a natural reservoir whence flow all the rivers which water the continent. On the southern boundary of this interior region lie the *Mountains of the Moon*, one of the highest peaks of which is *Mount Kenia*, under the equator, more than fifteen thousand feet high, and rising into the limits of perpetual snow. On the north side of this mountain rises the river Dana, emptying into the Indian Ocean, and, it is supposed by some, from the declivity still further north, the Abiad or White Nile.

This high region is bounded on the west by the Cameroon Mountains, of somewat inferior hight, and running near the Gulf of Guinea. On the north are the Mandara Mountains, on the slopes of which lie the numerous kingdoms of Soudan. They are precipitous, their highest peaks shooting up into pinnacles like some of the Alpine rocks.

From this region of mountains issues the river Tchaddy, one of the principal streams of the Niger; the Shary, which empties into Lake Tchad, that great interior sea of Africa; and, perhaps, the White Nile. This region, however, is almost entirely unexplored, though missionaries are beginning to penetrate its vast and hidden recesses. An interesting and important discovery has been recently made, an account of which has been published from the pen of the Rev. David Livingston, stationed at Kolobeng, in Southern Africa, from which place he traveled, in company with two enterprising English travelers, Messrs. Murray and Oswell, a distance of 300 miles, where he struck the river *Zonga*, in lat. 21° 30′, long. 26° 45′, which runs in an easterly direction. He then fol-

lowed up the river in a winding northwesterly course, when he came to the lake *Nyami*, so long an object to travelers. Into this lake large rivers flow from the north. The whole region of country through which Mr. L. passed is alike interesting from its inhabitants, animals, and vegetable productions.

"Previous to leaving this beautiful river (the Zonga)," says Mr. L., "I feel anxious to furnish you with the impressions produced on my mind by it and its inhabitants, the Bakoba or Bayeiye. They are a totally distinct race from the Bechuanas. They call themselves Bayeiye, or men, while the term Bakoba (the name has somewhat the meaning of "slaves") is applied to them by the Bechuanas. Their complexion is darker than that of the Bechuanas; and of 300 words I collected of their language only twenty-one bear any resemblance to Sitchuana. They paddle along the rivers and lake in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of single trees; take fish in nets made of a weed which abounds on the banks; and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to ropes. We greatly admire the frank, manly bearing of these inland sailors. Many of them spoke Sitchuana fluently, and, while the wagon went along the bank, I greatly enjoyed following the windings of the river in one of their primitive craft, and visiting their little villages among the reed. The banks are beautiful beyond any we had ever seen, except perhaps some parts of the Clyde. They are covered, in general, with gigantic trees, some of them bearing fruit, and quite new. Two, of the Boabob variety, measured seventy to seventy-six feet in circumference. The higher we ascended the river the broader it became, until we often saw more than 100 yards of clear deep water between the broad belt of reed which grows in shallower parts. The water was clear as crystal, and as we approached the point of junction with other large rivers, *reported to exist* in the north, it was quite soft and cold. The fact that the Zonga is connected with large rivers coming from the north awakens emotions in my mind, which make the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight. It opens the prospect of a highway, capable of being quickly traversed by boats to a large section of well-peopled territory. The hopes which that prospect inspires for the benighted inhabitants might, if uttered, call forth the charge of enthusiasm.

"One remarkable feature in this river is its periodical rise and fall. It has risen nearly three feet in hight since our arrival, and this is the dry season. That the rise is not caused by rains is evident from the water being so pure. Its purity and softness increased as we ascended toward its junction with the Tamunakle, from which, although connected with the lake, it derives the pres-

ent increased supply. The sharpness of the air caused an amazing keenness of appetite, at an elevation of little more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea (water boiled at 207½ deg. thermometer), and the reports of the Bayeiye, that the waters came from a mountainous region, suggested the conclusion that the increase of the water at the beginning and middle of the dry season must be derived from melting snow.

"All the rivers reported, to the north of this, have Bayeiye upon them, and there are other tribes on their banks. To one of these, after visiting the Batavana, and taking a peep at the broad part of the lake, we directed our course. But the Batavana chief managed to obstruct us, by keeping all the Bayeiye near the ford, on the opposite bank of the Zonga. African chiefs invariably dislike to see strangers passing *them to tribes beyond.* Sebitoane, the chief who in former years saved the life of Sechele, *our* chief, lives about ten days northeast of the Batavana. The latter sent a present as a token of gratitude. This would have been a good introduction; the knowledge of the language, however, is the *best* we can have. I endeavored to construct a raft, at a part which was only fifty or sixty yards wide, but the wood, though sun-dried, was so heavy it sunk immediately; another kind would not bear my weight, although a considerable portion of my person was under water. I could have swam across, and fain would have done it; but, landing without clothes, and then demanding of the Bakoba the loan of a boat, would scarcely be the thing for a messenger of peace, even though no alligator met me in the passage.

"The Bayeiye, or Bakoba, listened to the statements made from the Divine Word with great attention, and, if I am not mistaken, seemed to understand the Message of Mercy delivered, better than any people to whom I have preached for the *first* time. They have invariably a great many charms in the villages; stated the name of God in their language, without the least hesitation, to be 'Oreeja;' mentioned the name of the first man and woman, and some traditionary statements respecting the flood. I shall not, however, take these for certain, till I have more knowledge of their language. They are found dwelling among the reed all round the lake, and on the banks of all the rivers to the north.

"With the periodical flow of the rivers great shoals of fish descend. The people could give no reason for the rise of the water, further than that a chief, who lives in a part of the country to the north, called Mazzekiva, kills a man annually, and throws his body into the stream, after which the water begins to flow. When

will they know Him who was slain, that whosoever will, might drink of the water of life freely!

"The principal disease reported to prevail at certain seasons, appears, from the account of the symptoms the natives give, to be pneumonia, and not fever. When the wind rises to an ordinary breeze, such immense clouds of dust arise from numerous dried-out lakes, called salt-pans, that the whole atmosphere becomes quite yellow, and one cannot distinguish objects more than two miles off. It causes irritation in the eyes, and, as wind prevails almost constantly at certain seasons, this impalpable powder may act as it does among the grinders in Sheffield. We observed cough among them, a complaint almost unknown at Kolobeng. Musquitoes swarm in summer, and the Banyan and Palmyra give in some parts an Indian cast to the scenery. Who will go in to possess this goodly land in the name of Him whose right it is to reign?"

New tribes and regions have also been found in Western Africa. One of these, the *Vy nation*, "living far in the interior," says Mr. Koelle, at Sierra Leone, "is found to possess a written language, a thing unheard of among the aboriginal tribes of Africa. *Liberia*, the free Christian colony, now an independent nation, from the United States, is destined to exert a favorable influence on Western Africa. May we not, therefore, cherish the hope that as religion advances among the natives, commerce and civilization will speedily follow, and that this strange, mysterious, gloomy continent will be filled with light and joy?"

"Soon will its radiance redden Niger's stream;
Soon shall the hum of trade arise, like roar
Of rushing waters, in Timbuctoo's streets.
Soon shall its dawn awake on Atlas' brow,
And blush in beauty o'er the Congo coast.
Freedom, in all its brightness, soon will paint
Afric's dark skies with rays of fairest hue;
Learning, again, on Nile's slow current sail;
And fair religion, with her heaven-turned face,
Bring peace and love to Niger's sun-scorch'd banks."

"What a *wonderful continent*," says a writer in one of the foreign Reviews, "is this rounded, smooth-shored Africa, known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes with its vast tract of glittering sand! North America, first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end; its gallant and respective Philips, Tecumsehs, and Montezumas, have been bridled and broken by the white man; but

Africa has seen no Cortez, or even a De Soto or La Salle, 'wring favor from fate.' Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Burckhardt, alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilization, the gray-haired Africa.

"If we seek a land of romance and mystery, what quarter of the globe compares with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban temples, one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn hewn mountain cliff of a Sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile, with its hidden sources; the Niger, with its unknown outlet; the heaven-bearing Atlas; the dimly seen Mountains of the Moon.

"There, reader, the slave rose romantically to be the ruler of millions; there Moses, floating in his cradle, is saved by a king's daughter, and like the hero of some earlier chivalry, breaks the bonds of his people, and founds a new and mighty nation. There was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumphs and Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertullian, Athanasius, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of Louis of France was drawn there.

"Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the slight antelope, the earth-shaking elephant, the unaccountable lion, the all-conquering buffalo. It is the home, too, of the mysterious negro races, yet lying dormant in the germ, destined, perhaps, to rule this earth, when our proud Anglo-Saxon blood is as corrupt as that of the descendants of Homer and Pericles.

"The past, present, and future of Africa, are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark-browed Egypt, square shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the old world's rulers, has not even a romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Niebuhr, to explain her rise, and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who, like us, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory, and gold?

"And what can we hope hereafter to see in those immense, unknown lands? God has enabled the European to drive the North American, step by step, toward extinction, and has given a great continent the full development and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucasian race possesses; but Africa he has preserved —for what? For future contest? For an imported foreign civilization, to be entered through Liberias and Cape Colonies? France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Acadia: is it to end in the same subjection of the aboriginal own-

ers to one or both of these? Or does the dark race, in all its varieties, possess a capacity for understanding, and living out the deep meaning of the world's ruler, Christianity, as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did, and never can, understand and act it?

"If the old Egyptian Sesostris had paused to contemplate the illiterate wanderers of Greece, to whom Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phœnicia, would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen, seems to us? Would not the present position of the Teutonic race have appeared equally incredible to the founder of the Parthenon, the loungers in the gardens of the Academy?"

Africa contains as *great a variety of races* as any other grand division of the globe, nay, perhaps a greater variety, highly contrasted in their appearance, structure, habits, and institutions.* The negroes themselves are of different races, and of various forms and colors; some being dark as Erebus, and others shading into an olive, a brown, and a yellow. Some are short and squat, others tall and well formed. Their languages also are essentially different, a curious and interesting fact, most of them being rude and harsh, but some of them also elegant and harmonious. Some striking discoveries have been made upon this subject, by the missionaries among the tribes on the Gaboon river.

Fetichism, or the worship of natural objects, animate or inanimate, such as plants, birds, beasts, serpents, stones, rivers, mountains, &c., from the Portuguese Fetisso, something sacred or enchanted, and that again from the Latin fanum, or fatum, is the prevalent religion of the African nations. The term Fetichism, however, is ordinarily applied to the more degraded forms of nature-worship, and thence appropriately designates the superstitions of the African races. They appear generally to admit a good and evil principle; they have also their lucky and unlucky days. They are afraid of evil spirits, against which their priests claim the power of protecting their votaries. Several of these nations seem to have a national and supreme *Fetiche*. The people of Ouidah, or Widah, for example, worship the *serpent*, an order of priests and priestesses being set apart to the service of this reptile. The Bissagos worship the cock; and the tribes of the Bight of Benin, who look upon their own shadow as a sort of divinity, have a lizard for their chief *Fetiche*. Other tribes wor-

* We use the word *race* in a general sense, as equivalent to family or variety.

ship hyenas, leopards, alligators, and other animals, and it is said, in some instances, sacrifice to them human beings. The Agows, who reside near the sources of the Nile, in Abyssinia, offer sacrifices to the genius of that river. Some of the tribes of Nubia are said to be worshipers of the moon, while others pay homage to the sun. The Gallas hold as sacred certain trees and stones, the moon, and some of the stars. The negroes frequently form idols of clay, stone, or other materials, with a human countenance.

Except in Abyssinia, which has an imperfect and superstitious form of Christianity, and the colonies founded in modern times by the Portuguese, the English, Americans, and others, *the religion of Mohammed* prevails in all the countries of Africa not devoted to Fetichism and idolatry. It is very widely diffused, extending over the whole of Barbary, Egypt, Nubia, &c., and being professed also by some of the more advanced negro tribes. With the exception of Egypt and Abyssinia, we may add, perhaps, of Monrovia and the Cape Colony, all the science and literature of Africa are of Arabic origin. The Arabs have schools established at Cairo, Merou, and Darfour, in the region of the Nile, in Morocco, Tunis, Algiers, Fez, Barbary, &c. There are also schools among the Mandingoes, Foulahs, Jolofs, and other Mohammedan nations of Central Nigritia and Soudan. But Mohammedanism, though vastly superior to Fetichism, exists in Africa in its most degraded form, and leaves the people in a semi-barbarous state.

But we will occupy the remaining part of this chapter in saying something of the *various races* in Africa, of whom seven varieties are usually named. These are the *Egyptian, Numidian, Abyssinian, Nubian, Kaffer, Hottentot,* and *Negro.* The *Egyptian race* is represented by the Copts of Egypt, who have long hair, a yellowish, dusky complexion, neither Grecian nor Arabian, a puffed visage, protuberant eyes, flat nose, and thick lips, resembling somewhat the mixed or mulatto race formed of the European and the negro. These are the living representatives of the ancient Egyptians, though probably intermixed with other races, and somewhat degenerated. It is not necessary to add that this is one of the oldest and most vigorous races, the people that built the pyramids, invented hieroglyphics, and maintained one of the strongest empires of ancient times.

The *Numidians* inhabit the most northern portion of Africa, lying chiefly between the Mediterranean and the Great Sahara, or desert. They are known by the various names of Moors, Berbers, Tuanghis, and Tibbans, with an admixture of Arab blood, and are probably the descendants of the original inhabitants of the country, before its occupancy by the Phœnicians, Romans, Van-

dals, and Arabs. They represent, therefore, the ancient Numidians, Mauritanians, and Lybians. In this race the hair is long and black, eyes dark and piercing, the complexion a light brown, and the features generally rather European, but the nose not prominent, and never aquiline, as is frequently the case with the Arabian. This race is inferior in mental power, and has never made any progress in the arts and sciences.

The *Abyssinian* race has some striking peculiarities. Their color is nearly black, but the hair is long and lank, like that of an Arabian or Hindoo, features regular, nose aquiline, and stature rather tall, like a European. This race has made some progress in civilization, in literature, and the arts. They cultivate the soil, and work in iron, brass, and copper. They possess, also, a rude and superstitious form of Christianity, and occupy the region usually designated in ancient times as Ethiopia.

The *Nubians* comprehend nearly all the people of Africa from the confines of Egypt on the south, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean on the east, to about 8° of north latitude, and about the 25th of east longitude, westward. In this race will be included the people called Barabra or Nuba, those of Sennaar, the Sumuli, Bishari, Gallas, and others. They have finely formed persons, of the middle size, a long oval countenance, lively dark eyes, a curved nose, rounding toward the lip, rather thick lips, though not protruding excessively, a retreating forehead, scanty beard, strongly frizzled, but never woolly hair, like that of the negro. Some of the nations of this race have made considerable progress in the arts of life. The language of the Gallas is said to be copious and expressive.

The *Kaffirs* and *Hottentots* are found in Southern Africa, and have characteristics which distinguish them from the ordinary negro races.

The *Kaffir* is of a deep-brown color, with hair short, curling, and woolly, but not that of the negro, nose tolerably elevated, lips thick, the body muscular and athletic, and the facial angle uniformly larger than in the negro. They have domesticated the ox and horse, the sheep and the goat, and have made some progress in the useful arts. They are superior in energy of character to many of their neighbors, and suffer unwillingly the degradation to which some of them are subjected by the Dutch Boors at Cape Colony. It is a singular and distinctive trait, that they practice the rite of circumcision, from what source derived they cannot tell.

The original country of the *Hottentots* may be described as that now occupied by the British colony of the Cape of Good Hope, where arts, agriculture, religion, and civilization are making com

mendable progress, under European influence and the labors of various missionaries. In this race the color of the skin is a yellowish brown, "like that of a faded leaf." The cheek-bones are high and spread out sideways, from which the face is suddenly contracted below to a very narrow and pointed chin. The nose is flat and broad toward the end; eyes of a deep chestnut color, long, narrow, and far separated from each other. The hair grows, not uniformly, but in small tufts, at certain distances from each other, upon the scalp. When cropped it has a brush-like appearance, though curled and twisted; when suffered to grow long it hangs on the neck in hard-twisted tassels, like fringe. The beard of the Hottentot is scanty, and his stature only about four feet six inches, as the average for men, and four feet as that for women. They have some other peculiarities of structure not necessary to be mentioned here; but, altogether, they may be pronounced an ugly race, with a language which sounds like the cluck of a turkey. They live in the rudest manner. When discovered they had no fixed dwellings, and knew nothing of tillage or the arts. Their superiority to the lower animals around them was evinced in the fact that they had domesticated the ox and the sheep, clothed themselves in the skins of wild animals, and could communicate with each other by spoken language. But many of them have been converted by the labors of the Moravians and other missionaries, and prove that they have all the faculties and feelings which distinguish the human character.

There are other races, or varieties of races, some of which have been discovered only within a few years, while others probably yet remain undiscovered in the remote and inaccessible regions of the continent. The Bechuanas and others, among whom the celebrated missionary, Moffat, has so successfully labored, have attracted much attention as a vigorous and promising stock.

With the exception of those enumerated, and the various foreigners who occupy the colonies, Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics, in Egypt, Algiers, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Cape Colony, &c., the *negro races* occupy the entire remaining part of the African continent, commencing at the southern boundary of the Great Desert, and embracing both the western and eastern coasts, with the island of Madagascar. Their peculiarities are so well known that we will not describe them. It may be remarked, however, that these peculiarities, in some instances, are much modified—the color, as already stated, being sometimes a deep jet, then a brown, and sometimes even a mixed yellow. Generally, the hair is short and woolly, though sometimes long and curling. The hair of the Ashantees, for instance, sometimes reaches to the

shoulders, and is rather curling than woolly. The *negroes* are vivacious, and, under favorable circumstances, acquire knowledge with facility. They are susceptible of deep and vivid religious emotions, though superstitious to excess in their native wilds.

It may be remarked here, that while there are great varieties in the races of the African continent, these varieties form a scale, as it were, between two extremes, between which they oscillate, passing and repassing constantly into one another. Their true origin is probably inscrutable, yet no one can deny that *circumstances* exert upon them an immense influence. Climate, position, usages, government—indeed, every thing pertaining to their condition, must modify, not simply their character, but their appearance. This is true even of the proper negro races. "The tribes," says Pritchard, "in whose prevalent conformation the negro type is discernible in an exaggerated degree, are uniformly in the lowest stage of human society; they are either ferocious savages, or stupid, sensual, and indolent. Such are the Papals, Bulloms, and other rude hordes on the coast of Western Guinea, and in many tribes near the Slave Coast, and in the Bight of Benin; countries where the slave trade has been carried on to the greatest extent, and has exercised its usual baleful influence. On the other hand, wherever we think of a negro State the inhabitants of which have attained any degree of improvement in their social condition, we constantly find that their physical characters deviate considerably from the strongly marked or exaggerated type of the negro. The Ashantee, the Sulema, the Dahomans are exemplifications of this remark. The negroes of Guber and Hausa, where a considerable degree of civilization has long existed, are, perhaps, the finest race of genuine negroes in the whole continent, unless the Jolofs are to be excepted. The Jolofs have been a comparatively civilized people from the era of their first discovery by the Portuguese."*

* "Researches into the History of Man," a work of profound interest and great value, on the unity of the races.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EGYPT.

Arabs in Costume.

Of all the countries of Africa, Egypt, the ancient, the mysterious, the foredoomed, possesses, on many accounts, the greatest interest. Once the most learned, the most magnificent in the world, it has been known for ages as "the basest of the kingdoms." Her gorgeous ruins line the banks of the Nile, and relieve the monotony of the desert. Her ancient Pharaohs, nobles, priests, and warriors are no more; new races occupy the scenes of ancient splendor, and the descendants of the original Egyptians, if they exist at all, exist only as slaves. Desolation is plainly written on the shores of the Nile. The new Mohammedan Egypt, it is true, struggles to rise, but struggles feebly. Despotism attempts new changes and transformations, but despotism never yet renovated a

State. It only disturbs and disarranges; and if apparently successful for a season, at length only hastens the downfall of nations.

Let us ascend the Nile—the wonderful, the changeless, the bountiful Nile, amid tombs, temples, and pyramids, vast, solitary, stupendous; and passing Alexandria and Cairo, with their motley population, numerous mosques, minarets, and narrow streets, glide by the half-buried cities of Memphis, once the capital of Egypt and the center of Egyptian wealth, commerce, and art—the ancient Arsinoe, now Medinet el Fayoum—Siout, with its sepulchral grottoes, Thebes, Esne, Luxor, Syene, and their colossal temples—till we come to the *Cataracts*, beyond which stretches the Ethiopia of the ancients. The land is fertile, the atmosphere hot and brilliant, and the landscape, though monotonous, yet frequently beautiful from the luxuriant vegetation, the green foliage of innumerable dates and palms, the presence of magnificent ruins, and the distant grandeur of mountain ranges.

Egypt is a long, narrow valley, inclosed on either side by mountains, and were it not for the Nile would be a solitary desert; but this gives it life, beauty, fruitfulness. The Nile, the Nile alone, is the true glory of Egypt; and we need not wonder, therefore, that in all ages it has been an object of homage and affection to the natives. Rain rarely falls in Egypt, and only in light showers; thunder is equally infrequent. During eight months of the year the heat is overpowering; the other months are comparatively temperate. The Khamseens, or *hot winds* of the desert, which occasionally blow from the south, drink up the moisture of the body, blind the eyes with drifts of sand, and sometimes overwhelm the traveler in the wilderness. The Nile, which probably takes its rise in the far-off mountains of interior Africa, rolls its mighty tide, from north to south, a distance of some 2400 miles, and by its annual overflow diffuses fertility and joy through the thirsty land. It begins to rise when the sun is vertical in Ethiopia, at the time of the annual rains in that country, which fall from the latter end of May to September, and sometimes October. At the hight of its flood, lower Egypt, which is a rich alluvial plain, looks almost like an inland sea, with little islands, on which stand the villages and cities, these being usually built on eminences and the higher grounds, the tops of forest and fruit trees, all the lower levels being covered with water. The occasion is celebrated by the inhabitants as a jubilee. The banks or mounds which confine the river are cut by the Pasha, attended by his grandees; the water is then let into the grand canal, which runs through Cairo, whence it is let into cuts for supplying the fields and gar-

dens. The irrigation is accomplished by machinery. When the waters retire, vegetation springs up like a thing of life. The labors of the husbandman are next to nothing. The harvest comes as a matter of course, or rather, we ought to say, as the boon of Providence. Wheat, barley, rice cover the fields. Oranges and lemons perfume the air; dates, grapes, figs, apricots delight the vision; and date-trees, which are used for a great variety of purposes, bloom in every part of the exuberant landscape.

It will thus be seen that Egypt possesses considerable agricultural wealth. Its commerce is fair; cotton is exported in considerable quantities. Caravans are sent to Abyssinia, Darfur, Sennaar, Barbary, and Syria. There is considerable trade with the ports of the Red Sea. Alexandria is the principal mart of European commerce.

Egypt has a population of about *two millions and a half*, of great variety, consisting of Turks, Arabs, Fellahs, Copts, Jews, Nubians, &c., governed by a rigorous despotism, severely taxed, and without much effective means of education and social improvement. The principal form of religion is Mohammedanism, in its most harsh and fanatical form. Schools are rare, and a single college, we believe, has been established by the government. The Pasha favors the introduction of European science and usages, which circumstance creates, for the present, an internal social struggle between new and old forms, ideas, and sentiments, the issues of which may be considered doubtful. By this means, however, Egypt is now more fully open to Christianity, which may yet reap glorious triumphs on the banks of the Nile. The country now possesses cotton and sugar manufactories, manufactories of arms, a polytechnic school, scientific institutions, and other establishments which will assist in developing its resources. A number of Egyptian youths, belonging to the more distinguished families, are sent to France, to Germany, and to England, in order to become familiar with European science and civilization, and to bring back into their country the fruits of their studies. But Egypt is yet subjugated by Mussulman barbarism. The Turks, a race of conquerors, are impetuous, arrogant, despotic, and constantly oppress the native population. No laws are strictly observed in Egypt. Justice is an empty sound. Physical force, money, bribery, control all things. Of course individual liberty, the source of all civilization, is unknown in such a country. If soldiers or laborers on public works are needed by the government, a village or town is surrounded at daybreak, a military force enters, and all the males are taken off from the age of seven or eight years to forty. The children cry, the women weep and

wring their hands. No matter; resistance is vain. The unhappy victims are driven off: if they complain, they are beaten; if they revolt, their heads are cut off; if they grow sick or die, as many do, they are left on the road.

We will here describe briefly the *various classes of the population,* as this will give as lively an idea of the state of the country as any thing else.

We have spoken of the Turks, the lords of Egypt, and we need say nothing more of them.

The *Copts* (from the Greek *gupt,* a vulture, whence Egypt) are supposed to be descendants of the ancient native Egyptians. They have a symmetrical form, thin lips, a long face, sometimes resembling more the Jew than the Egyptian. They bear the name of Christians, and have many ancient books and manuscripts in the Coptic tongue; but their Christianity is of the lowest and most superstitious sort. The Christian Church in Egypt was once flourishing, but was soon corrupted. The invasions of the Mussulmans have greatly increased the ignorance and barbarism of the Copts.

There are convents among the Copts; but, three or four excepted, they do not resemble the monasteries of Romanism; for they are inhabited by married women. We copy a curious scene on this subject. "We arrived," says Mrs. de Gasparin, "before the convent of *St. Anthony.* My husband had a copy of the Bible under his arm, and I was indignant at the monastic life. We entered a gate, and found ourselves in a court-yard surrounded with buildings: children ran to meet us; young women advanced, with their food in their hands: among them two Coptic priests: they shook hands very pleasantly. We were quite surprised.

"'And where are the monks?'

"'There are no monks here; we are priests, and we live in community, each in his house.'

"'But is this not then a convent?'

"'Yes, yes,—it is a convent!'

"The Superior explained to us the riddle. All the convents of Egypt, except those of lakes Natrous, &c., are transformed into simple villages. Four or five married priests live there: some Coptic families are settled around them. One of the priests exercises a sort of watch over the community. Each one cultivates his grounds, says his prayers in the church, educates his children, loves his wife, and lives quietly. If there must be convents, these are to my mind. I could not help expressing frankly to the priests, the satisfaction I felt to find them married.... The Copts showed us their church; it is a circular room, surmounted with a

cupola, and is shaped like a mosque; on one side is an open sanctuary, with some pictures."

The Copts are little respected, and have no influence with the government. Degraded in the eyes of the Turks, their sole ambition is to obtain a bare toleration, and to practice unmolested the religion of their fathers. They are not the persons to regenerate Egypt.

The Copts reside chiefly in Upper Egypt, and do not exceed 160,000 souls. They are industrious and quiet. Some of their females are quite graceful in appearance and manners.

The *Fellahs*, or Arab cultivators, the descendants of the ancient conquerors of Egypt, form more than four-fifths of the entire population. They are well formed and active, though lean and meager—generally wretchedly poor, though perhaps not unhappy. They take little thought for the morrow, happy to be able to eat their bread, baked under the ashes, and call upon the name of Allah.

The Fellah has a low forehead, prominent eyes, thick eyebrows, high cheek-bones, a thin beard, tall form, a mild but vacant air. The houses of the Fellahs are wretched, having no windows nor roofs; the light, the air, and smoke enter and escape by the door. In these huts is no furniture but an iron pot, a leathern bottle, some earthen mugs, a mat: the Fellahs do not feel the need of any thing else. The men are scarcely clothed; the women are covered with a simple cotton cloth; but under a burning climate, where the rain never falls, nothing more is necessary. They do not drink wine, nor eat pork, because Mohammed has forbidden it; of other provisions they have plenty.

Individual property is sadly insecure in Egypt: it would be even too much to say that it exists. The pashas are always considered as owners of the soil. They distribute, they give whole villages to *sheiks*, or inferior chiefs. The sheik inspects the labor of his men, governs them as he pleases, and exacts money, a good deal of money, of which he sends a very small part to the pasha. It has been calculated that the public treasury does not receive the fifth part of taxes extorted from the people. If any Fellahs cannot pay the tax imposed upon them, all the village is obligated to make up the sum demanded. With such taxation, how could agriculture flourish and wealth increase?

The Fellahs, however, labor on, suffer all sorts of oppression, occasionally lose their eyes, cut off their fingers, and otherwise maim themselves, to be kept from *conscription*, and make the most of their miserable life.

Slaves are found in Egypt, brought from Nubia, Abyssinia,

and Sennaar, most of them being of the black race, though not all negroes. The slaves are said to be well treated in the East, but this is doubtful. They have no legal security whatever, and are often beaten, maltreated, maimed, and even killed. The slave-markets are as horrible as those of Brazil. The poor creatures, frequently females, crouch in the market, with shame and terror, and are struck off to the highest bidder, no matter whether they are young or old, black or white, robust or delicate.

The women of Egypt, as in Turkey, are kept secluded and uneducated. Their dress is peculiar, leaving nothing visible but the dark, deep-set eyes.

"The Jews of Egypt, as every where, are a peculiar race. In personal appearance they are by no means prepossessing. Their features, it is true, are often finely formed; but they are a down-looking, gloomy tribe, as might be expected from the treatment they have so long experienced. Many of them are fairer than the rest of the population, which may be accounted for by their Syrian origin. It has been remarked that they are frequently bloated in appearance, and are liable to sore eyes; and some attribute the circumstance to the immoderate use of sesame oil. Whether this be the case or not, certain it is that this peculiarity in their cookery gives their persons a very unpleasant odor, so that you may know a Jew in the dark. I ought to add, that almost all the Eastern Jews I have seen are very different in the type of their features from those of Europe; and that I do not remember to have noticed the real Hebrew nose more than once, namely, on the face of a young money-changer in Alexandria, whose father rejoiced in a regular pug. The women, on the other hand, in as far as I have been able to ascertain, preserve a very characteristic cast of countenance. They are often handsome and well made. Their mode of life and character resemble that of the Levantines, between whom and them, however, there exists an insuperable antipathy."

It is the custom for the Jews in Egypt to celebrate very strictly the Feast of Tabernacles. During eight days they forsake their rooms, and sleep in little cabins made of palm-leaves, on the terraces of their houses. Those who have no convenient place for so doing are invited by their friends, so that on this occasion the roofs of the Jewish quarters are covered with a regular encampment. The streets previously are absolutely filled with camels laden with palm-branches, which fetch a handsome price, for there is an eager demand for them. The Levantines say that on the first day of this festival the Jews go to their priest, and ask if it will be a good year. He oracularly and gutturally

answers, "*Ch*—." If the year be good, he says, "Did I not tell you *ch*—*?*" meaning (*cheir*) good. But if it be a bad year, he says, "Did I not tell you *ch*—*?*" meaning (*chara*) bad.

We add a few words respecting the domestic relations of the people, and upon this subject will draw chiefly from the accounts of Madame Gasparin, who enjoyed rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with their more interior life. The Mussulman must have *at least* one wife, or a slave; celibacy is considered disgraceful, but personal inclination is not consulted. The affianced cannot see one another before being married. Women, called *Katbi*, go through the harems, take account of the young marriageable girls, and make their report: if the girl is still a child, the father decides for her; if she is of the age of reason, she accepts or refuses without constraint. She chooses then a representative, and the marriage is religiously celebrated between this proxy and the wife. Eight days after, the bride is led with great pomp to the house of her husband, who, during this time, is in the mosque. He returns slowly to her; for eagerness, in these circumstances, would be in bad taste. Then, for the first time, the married pair see each other. The husband comes to the wife, and takes off the cashmere vail, with which she is covered. She makes resistance. On taking away this vail, he pronounces these words: *In the name of the God of compassion and mercy.* She replies by a blessing. When he has seen his wife, the husband goes back to his friends. If she displeases him, he waits a week to send her away. Two-thirds of the dowry bestowed by the husband are given to the woman, to buy her some furniture.

Divorce is extremely easy, and produces great evils. It is enough for the husband to say to the wife, *Thou art divorced.* The husband can send off and take back his wife three times. After the third divorce it is difficult. Divorce is so deeply rooted in the Mussulman habits that it is not rare to see men marry, in the space of ten years, twenty or thirty women. Many women have, in their turn, twelve to twenty husbands in the course of their life.

The harems contain prisoners still more unhappy than the women, namely the slaves; young girls of ten to twenty years, whose only office is to serve their mistresses, to answer to all their calls, to bear with their ill-humor, to dance and sing for their amusement. Mrs. de Gasparin saw four of these dancing-women; she was startled at their sadness and dejection. "I have met with women in affliction; I have seen the expression of despair; I have seen that of hunger; but I never before saw any thing so

heart-rending. Others who suffer, have days of happiness; here are no joys to look back upon, none to expect. These female slaves have no mother, no family; and they are not twenty years old! And their days are sad, and their heart heavy in the solitude of their harem! Oh! how I wished to be able to open the prison-doors to these young girls, creatures of God, whom the Lord has made to worship and serve him, to love, and to be loved, and from whom infatuated men snatch their portion in heaven and upon earth!"

The relations even of father and children are vitiated in this poisonous atmosphere. A son does not eat with his father; he rarely sees him; he feels no confidence in him. Badly educated, as soon as he is of age he is his own master. The indifference of children toward their parents ends almost always in utter ingratitude. Thus the whole family perishes, because it is corrupted in its source.

But we must leave these interesting topics, and hasten to take a glance of the *antiquities of Egypt;* for, after all, it is these which give to the country its principal charm.

"It is not only the hieroglyphics of Egypt," says a celebrated Frenchman: "this country offers subjects of observation and meditation which no traveler can entirely neglect, whoever he may be, if he have eyes to see, a memory to remember, and a sprinkling of imagination wherewith to dream. Who can be indifferent to tableaux of unaccountable nature on the banks of the Nile?—to the spectacle of this river-land, that no other land resembles? Who will not be moved in the presence of this people, which of old accomplished such mighty deeds, and now are reduced to a misery so extreme? Who can visit Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Heliopolis, Thebes, without being moved by reminiscences the most imposing and diverse? The Bible, Homer, Philosophy, Science, Greece, Rome, Christianity, Islamism, the Crusades, the French Revolution, almost every thing great in the world's history seems to converge into the pathway of him who traverses this memorable country. Abraham, Sesostris, Moses, Helen, Agesilaus, Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Aristarchus, Plotinus, Origen, Athanasius, Saladin, St. Louis, Napoleon—what names! what contrasts! A country made to occupy eternally the world, Egypt appears at the very origin of the traditions of Judea and Greece: Moses issues from her, Plato, Pythagoras, Lycurgus, Solon, Herodotus, Strabo, and Tacitus enter into her bosom to be initiated into her sciences, religion, and laws. She attracts the thoughts, to the tomb of Alexander, the piety of St. Louis, and the fortunes of Bonaparte; and at this moment the object of the exaggerated attention of London and Paris is Ibrahim Pasha."

The information so long buried under the hieroglyphics of Egypt is now partially revealed. Those hieroglyphics, in the year 1846, were translated, and it was in the power of any intelligent man, with the aid of the dictionary and grammar of Champollion and the works of De Sacy and Rochette, to read these characters in words and sentences, and understand them,—a language rescued from amid the crumbling ruins of temples and monuments, from a papyrus torn and defaced, and coeval with the times of Abraham and Moses. Egypt, the land of darkness, is no longer dark. That interesting people, who, notwithstanding their present degeneracy and depression, have sent the signs and impressions of their wisdom and greatness across 5000 centuries and the Western Ocean, we now know, as they once were, by their hieroglyphics and monuments. We see their labors and manuscripts explained and illuminated by pictures made so intelligible, that there can be no rational possibility of doubt as to their signification. We can read the names of their kings and dynasties, as also of their gods, and to whom, and by what king, such temples were erected. All of importance in regard to the families of the kings is revealed; the orders of the priesthood are made known.

Eminent hierologists are coming out with the whole Pharaonic family, in which will be found the names of the Chief Baker, of the Grand Admiral, and of the Master of the Rolls, in the time of Joseph. Among the representations now presented to our eyes, and dating back 3000 years before Christ, we discover the scenes and occupations of ordinary life among the Egyptians; we see the funeral ceremonies; we have their songs of mirth, the anthem with which they offered praises to the gods, and the dirge which saddened the company that consigned the body to the grave. We behold the mechanic employed in his work, the warrior, the smith, the physician, the painter, even the veterinary surgeon and barber, and the youth changing his raiment and shaving in preparation for company. We see some engaged in raising a colossus, others making brick like the Hebrew slaves. And among these monuments, and in painting, all the various utensils and ornaments exist, even the inkstand, jewelry, smelling-bottles, and dolls for the play of infancy, are found among them. Every variety, almost, of fruit, is found in the tombs of Egypt: pomegranates, nuts, beans, peas, barley, have been found in these tombs, retaining their vegetable life, emblematic of the resurrection of those by whom they were once planted. Even the roasted duck or the beef exists, and attests to us, the Occidentals, across the oceans of time and space, that the ancients of Egypt shared in common with us the appetites and wants of man. We find in many

the images of those who slumber in their final mansions, produced with scientific art; and on the sides of the tombs or sarcophagus, represented in hieroglyphics, the travels of the soul, not only the life present, but the wanderings and perils of that which is to come. Thus primeval Egypt stands revealed to us in her hieroglyphics, her pictures with explanations beneath, her sculpture, and her various wonderful and illustrative memorials. If, in any case, we do not clearly understand the hieroglyphics, we can know the event to which they refer—the Deity to whom prayers were addressed—the king who reigned—and thus ascertain what the hieroglyphics do not say, if not what they precisely express.

New light has recently been thrown upon the chronology of Egypt, derived from three new elements, the "Papyrus of Turin," known as the historic canon found in 1824 by Champollion, among other Egyptian records in the museum of that city; the sculpture on the "Ancestral Hall of Carnac," and the "Tablet of Abydos." Monsieur Prisse has, with great difficulty and peril, secured the "Ancestral Hall of Carnac" (a small chapel by the side of the Temple of Carnac, nine feet long and twelve high, and covered on all sides with hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptian kings), and it now enriches one of the museums of Paris.

The Papyrus of Turin has been deciphered by the labors of Lepsius, aided by Mr. Birch and the Chevalier Bunsen, and is now published, containing a list of the Egyptian kings from the mystic age to the Ramessides of the nineteenth dynasty, about 1400 or 1500 years before Christ. The length of each reign and dynasty are given. It is shown by the learned Baruchi, that from Menes there must have reigned over Egypt to the time of Cambyses 450 kings—119 before the Exodus of the Hebrews. And this deduction from the Canon or Papyrus of Turin is confirmed by the Ancestral Hall of Carnac, and by the Tablet of Abydos and other memorials. Lepsius has found 400 *Cartouches*, emblems or signs for kings. On the Tablet of Abydos there is a great hiatus of several centuries about the time of the Shepherd Kings, but this is well-nigh supplied from the Hall of Carnac, and other records.

Chevalier Bunsen has divided Egyptian history into three great periods, the old, the middle, and the new. The first embraces about a thousand years, as he supposes, beginning with *Menes*, and including the twelve dynasties of Manetho. During this age the *Pyramids* and *Labyrinths* were built. The second includes the time of the Hykshos or Shepherd Kings, and the events mentioned in the *Scriptural History*. The third extends from *Aames*, the founder of the eighteenth Theban dynasty, to *Cambyses*. The chronology

of Egypt, however, is not yet fully investigated; different dates and numbers are given by different archæologists, though all agree in assigning a remote antiquity to the early dynasties. From twenty-five hundred to three thousand years before Christ have been spoken of for the commencement of the first; but of this we have no certainty. The common Scripture chronology usually assigns only 4004 years before Christ as the date of the creation of the present order of things; but other Scripture chronologies give from 5000 to 6000 years before Christ as its proper date. And, indeed, the chronology of the world is not properly a matter of inspiration at all, as is generally supposed, but rather of human investigation and inference. The antiquities of Egypt, in many ways, strikingly confirm the truth of the Scripture history, and in no *instance* contradict it.

As the subject of Egyptian antiquities is very extensive, we will confine ourselves only to the *Pyramids*, the *Tombs*, and the *Mummies*.*

Although explorations of the pyramids were made from 1788 to 1825, it was subsequent to the latter period, that, under the instructions of the new school of Champollion and his coadjutors, the most important discoveries were made. To Col. Howard Vyse, especially, is the world indebted for the most exact and complete measurements and descriptions. The great pyramid of Ghizeh was built over a small rocky eminence, varying in hight from twenty-two to seventy feet, and situated on the lower platform of the Lybian chain, which a few miles distant vanishes in the great desert. It is constructed of large blocks of limestone from the Lybian mountains, lined with granite brought from the upper cataracts of the Nile, a distance of 640 miles, and covered with white limestone from an Arabian mountain in the vicinity, which being smoothed with the utmost skill and care, was intended to preserve the monument forever from invasion, and gave it an almost snow-white appearance. This casing, to the depth of about thirty feet, has been removed for building purposes, thus reducing to that extent the size and hight of the pyramid, and exposing to view the vast blocks of which the great mass of the structure is formed. This pyramid is at its base 746 feet square, and 450 feet 9 inches in hight (having been originally 480 feet), and contains 89,028,000 cubic feet of masonry and 6,848,000 tons weight of limestone, from which, however, is to be deducted the granite blocks used in lining the interior. This pyramid covers thirteen acres, and a practical builder has said that were the materials

* Our account is derived chiefly from Gliddon.

converted into brick, they would be sufficient to build the city of Philadelphia, leaving at the same time in the granite blocks enough to construct all the churches and other public buildings. The blocks of limestone vary from two to five feet square. The casing stones, of white limestone (of which a few at the foundation were discovered by Col. Vyse), were eight feet three inches long, four feet three inches in hight, and four feet eleven inches in breadth.

The ordinary Egyptian cubit was twenty-four inches and the royal cubit twenty-eight inches, by which measurement (supposed to be that of David and Solomon) the great pyramid is 280 cubits high, and the proportion of its base to its hight as eight to five. The pyramids were begun at the center of the base, and smoothed down from the top. The granite lining of the pyramids as well as the covering was finished with the greatest possible skill and beauty, so closely fitted together that hardly the width of a sheet of paper could pass between them, and so cemented that the stone might be as readily broken in another place as at that of the junction. Some of these blocks were thirty-five feet long and five to eight thick. One chamber has a pointed roof with nine blocks of granite eighteen feet long. The great pyramid alone would furnish materials for more than a thousand monuments like that of Bunker Hill.

It is well known that the interior of the pyramids is occupied with various chambers. These chambers are in different positions in the pyramids, sometimes below the foundations. Two air-passages, one from the north and the other from the south side, communicate with the central chamber. These are but a few inches in diameter, and were accidentally discovered. They were all sepulchral, and the names of many, if not all, the builders have been ascertained. Nine still exist at Ghizeh, and Col. Vyse has discovered the sites of foundations of thirty more in the same vicinity. The second in size is ascertained to be the most ancient, and the great pyramid next in time.

The Memphite pyramids were constructed in that ante-historical period between the deluge and the era of Abraham and Moses, a period of high civilization and of general peace. The country was, near the time of Abraham, invaded by the Hykshos or Shepherd Kings, from some region of the East, who ransacked the tombs and pyramids, and forced the Egyptians to the north, who built Thebes as their chief city. This occurred, it is ascertained, between the thirteenth and eighteenth dynasties,—an uncertain period, probably a thousand years, in which occurred the great events connected with the abode of the Israelites in Egypt. This is the debatable ground in chronology. Joseph was prime

minister to one of these invading kings, and when the Egyptians drove out these foreigners there rose up another Pharaoh, who knew not Joseph. We have clear and authentic history from the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, say 1722 years before Christ. Then was erected the famous sphinx—not at the time of the pyramids, but long after—probably designed to commemorate the restoration of the long-subverted power of the most ancient Egyptians. The last of the Memphite pyramids was constructed 300 years before Abraham, 700 before Moses. After this restoration, Thebes towered above Memphis, though Memphis was still regarded as a second capital, and the kings were crowned there. But the fact of the opening and ransacking of the pyramids induced a total change in the mode of sepulture, and hence the excavations and tombs in the Valley of the Kings, so beautiful, still so perfect, and adorned with so many important fragments of hieroglyphical history. When a king ascended the throne he commenced the preparation of his tomb, which, in extent, corresponded to the length of his reign, and from this ascertained fact in regard to the royal sepulchers of Thebes, is drawn the conclusion that the size of the Memphite pyramids was in correspondence with the same custom or law. The Greek historians represent thirty years as the time occupied in the construction of the great pyramid, and 100,000 men employed upon it at least several months in the year. There are in the vicinity of the pyramids countless thousands of private tombs, rising twenty feet above the ground and descending thirty feet below—ransacked, many of them, by the invading kings, and some of them now containing mummies of the Greek and Roman period. Lepsius and the Prussians have examined many which have for ages been filled with sand, and found the walls adorned with hieroglyphics, giving the genealogies of the original tenants, and many historical facts of the highest value. Vast numbers of drawings and antique specimens have been brought to Prussia from these tombs. One of these was found to be that of the architect of the great pyramid.

The pyramids, then, were constructed exclusively as the sepulchers of kings, and before the introduction of the Shepherd Kings. Nearly all are mausoleums, each of one king, whose size marks the proportionate length of his reign. They were built by the Missaimites—children of Ham, and of the Caucasian or white race.

These pyramids are all built with exact reference to the points of the compass; the entrance to all is on the north side. The angle of the great pyramid is 51° 50′, its inclined hight 611 feet, and its perpendicular hight 450 feet 9 inches. It was originally

perfectly smooth, but the exterior, to the depth of almost thirty feet, has been removed, leaving the interior massive construction fully exposed to view.

As to the *mummies*, the word is derived from the Arabs, who call the embalmed bodies of the Egyptians *moomia*. This term came to us in the time of the Crusades, and for a long time mummies were used in medicine. (See the works of Sir Thomas Brown.) The word came, it is supposed, originally from *moom*, in Arabic, signifying bitumen, which was largely used in embalming. It has been observed that our word coffin probably came from the Semitic Keffen, a winding-sheet in which the Mohammedans inclose their dead, not using a coffin like ours.

The oldest sarcophagus known is in the British museum, and supposed to be of 3000 years duration. In the earliest age they probably buried in the sand; but animals, and even the swelling rivers, would disinter the bodies; and they would naturally seek, as tools were brought into use, for more secure tombs and sepulchers for their dead.

The western side of the Nile, with its rocky hills, afforded them the convenience and security they desired. There was also another reason for the choice of this region. The west, as being the point of the setting sun, was viewed by the early nations as the place of the dead. It was sacred among the Jews, as the Ereb of Genesis i. 10, whence the Erebus of the Greeks and the Mongret of the Arabians, who derive their name from the same root, because a people west of the Chaldeans. Hence also the name of the Berber tribes west of Egypt, the Barbara of the hieroglyphics—hence Barbary and our word *barbarian*. The Ereb was the land of shades, where the sun went down; called by the Egyptians Ement, who therefore gave the name of Amenthi to the future unknown state of the dead. The Orientals generally buried, and still bury, their dead in the direction of east and west.

To this region of the west, this land of fancy, where departed spirits might be supposed to wander, wrapt in such an indistinct and solemn shade, the ancient Egyptian turned and sought mansions of repose and security for the dead, where "the light of day dieth," and the sun (the original object of worship in all heathen mythology) hid his face and left the world in night. Thus they hewed out the sepulchers of their princes and people in the hills on the western banks of the Nile, to which, doubtless, the dead were conveyed from the cities, and even from remote regions of the country. As to the sepulchral architecture of Egypt, it can be shown that the architecture of any nation may be traced far back, and that it

partakes of the style of its ancient progenitors. The pagoda of the Chinese refers to the tented abodes of their nomadic ancestry, and the dwellings of the modern Turks to their Tartar encampments in Asia. We, as Anglo-Saxons, delight in the Gothic, emblematic of the branching and dark-frowning forests of Germany, while the Spaniards still adhere to the style of the Saracens whom they expelled from their country. The Arab, inhabiting a country of the palm-tree and craggy rocks, still delights to shape his pillars like the palm-tree, and to preserve the sharp points of rocks and stalactites found in the caverns of his mountains.

It is observed that Egyptian architecture preserves a resemblance to various vertical stalks of plants bound together at regular intervals, and terminating in a capital representing the leaves of the lotus and papyrus, and often intermixed also with branches of the palm-tree. Not like the Grecian is the architrave found resting upon the flowers of the capital, but upon a square abacus, as though the column consisted of a central square beam, around which the flowers had been bound or wreathed in ornament. The plants around Grecian columns were of Grecian origin. The pillars of Jachin and Boaz, made by Hiram for Solomon, were adorned with lilies and pomegranates of Palestine. And in Egypt we find architecture decorated with the lotus, papyrus, and palm plants, indigenous, if not peculiar, to the valley of the Nile.

In Chinese history alone do we find some records of primeval civilization, and even of a period when the custom of burying the dead was unknown. The duty of worshiping parents was enjoined by edict, and, as a consequence, that of entombing or burying their remains with respect. It may be conjectured that similar was the progress of humanity in Egypt, and that the offensive state of the dead very early suggested the propriety of hiding them from sight, and that they were, enemies and friends, interred even before the Nomadic race pitched their tents on the banks of the Nile. It must be supposed that the population had increased to 2 or 3,000,000 before the Dike of Menes, or the pyramid was constructed; the first a work for reclaiming the land, and the last of a magnitude not to be undertaken without a surplus population. During this period the valley of the Nile became extended, and in the outer part sandy by abrasions of silex and other materials, brought by the winds from the hills, the Etesian being particularly powerful, and by repeated inundations of the river, the bed of the Nile, like that of our own Mississippi, became elevated. Some large pillars of sand still remain to attest the mighty changes during past time on the globe. Burial in the sand, then, would naturally suggest itself as the earliest mode, and the pres-

ervation of bodies by the heat and dryness of the atmosphere, and the salts of niter, common salt and alum, which abound in the sands of Egypt, suggested an artificial mode for the preservation of bodies, which at a later period, and for greater security, were consigned to sepulchers in the rock.

Indeed, it has been ascertained by modern science, that a solution of the very salts found in the sands of Egypt, are the very best of all elements for the preservation of bodies. When, therefore, they excavated the rocks and formed tombs, the Egyptians brought *natron* from their lakes, wrapped the body saturated with their salts in cloths, and dried them in ovens, and in some seventy days they were in a state to be transferred to their beds of final repose. We trace this art to circumstances connected with the valley of the Nile. Egypt is the same now, in A. D. 1847, in its main features, as in B. C. 4000. Animal bodies are seen cast out on the sands, or hung in the atmosphere, preserved without corruption. All this matter of mummification was under the control of the Egyptian priesthood. Each temple had its arrangements for embalming, and the priests monopolized the whole profits, from those of the physician who dispatched the patient, to that of the undertaker who mummied him, and the sexton who buried him.

The dead were conveyed to the tombs not only from the cities, but from great distances in the country. This embalming is mentioned in Scripture, in reference to the bodies of Jacob and Joseph.

As most of the tombs were west of the Nile, so Thebes and Memphis contained probably one-half the mummies of Egypt. The art as perfected and connected with the tombs, was coeval with the first pyramid, long prior to Moses, or the sixteenth or eighteenth century before Christ. In the long lapse of 3500 years, during which the art of mummification prevailed in Egypt, for it is brought down to A. D. 650, and is mentioned particularly by St. Augustine (who states that the Egyptians believe in a resurrection, and therefore reverence and embalm the bodies of the dead), it may be interesting to form an estimate of the number of mummies which must have been consigned to the sepulchers. Reducing the period to 3000 years, and supposing the average population of Egypt, during that time, to have been 5,000,000, and the duration of a generation 33 years, the lowest possible estimate would be 450,000,000, and we may safely, I think, put it down at 500,000,000,—a number of bodies which, if we estimate the length of the mummy at five and a half feet, and in depth and width at a foot and a half,

would form a compact mass half a mile in measurement on each square side, and if the bodies were laid lengthwise in succession, they would extend more than twelve times around the globe.

And if the construction of tombs was to be regarded as a test of civilization, no nation had claims to compare with the Egyptians. One of the tombs built 600 years before Christ, has a gallery of 862 feet, and covers an area, under ground, of one acre and a quarter. The use of sulphuric acid and soap had both been cited as tests of civilization among a people, but that of mummification was certainly superior to either of these, and this art was anciently much extended from Egypt.

The cost of mummification varied according to the three orders or classes, and is estimated by the Greeks at $1200 for a body of the first class, $300 for the second, and $20 for the third. The great body probably belonged to the second class, though, considering the large number of children, the cost must have fallen below that average. Yet estimating the cost at $20 for each body, the annual expense of mummification must have been some $3,330,000, all of which must have passed into the hands of the priests. They also derived a large revenue from the sepulchers, and from the linen cloth in which the dead were wrapped. The expense of this fine linen in which the dead were enveloped was enormous. The mummy was swathed, with the nicest skill, in strips of this cloth varying in width from a few inches to a foot. Some mummies were found wrapped in 46 rolls, and with 350 square yards of cloth. Estimating the daily mortality among the Egyptian population at 274, and the cloth used for each at but three square yards, the annual consumption of linen for the dead would be 2,700,000 yards, which must cost, at the lowest possible calculation, $660,000. Of this manufacture of linen cloth the priesthood held a monopoly. They owned the land on which the flax was raised. The vast inclosures around their temples were the manufactories, and the women who wrought were in their employ. Nor need we wonder that this gigantic hierarchy labored to sustain a creed which induced the other classes to regard the embalming of the dead body as the essential means of securing eternal repose for the soul in the celestial regions. The tombs were owned by the priesthood, and subject to a rent, and, what was a singular custom, a debtor was obliged to give the mummies of his ancestors in pledge for the payment of his debts; and if he died insolvent, his heirs, or next blood relations, became responsible.

It should be observed that the earliest mummies were preserved without bitumen, and wrapped in woollen. Dr. Morton, of Phila-

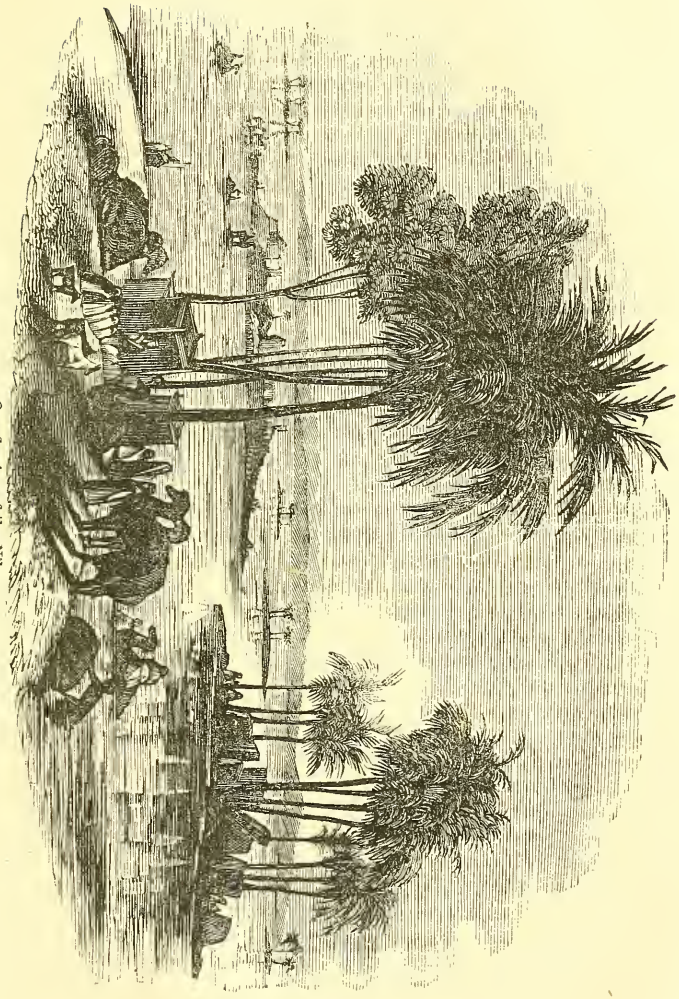
delphia, in examining certain crania presented to him by Mr. Gliddon, from the ancient Egyptian tombs, some years ago, noticed the absence of bitumen; and it has since been ascertained from an inscription translated by Mr. Birch, that bitumen was among the articles offered to one of the monarchs in tribute by foreigners, from which it was clearly not originally known in Egypt.

The funeral ritual for the dead has been preserved in the hieroglyphics taken from a book translated from a copy at Turin, by *Lepsius*. It is termed the Book of the "Manifestations of Light." Extracts from this burial service, which contains several parts, and many prayers to Thoth, as the Divine Wisdom, are found on the coffins. The following passage is from the discourse of the priest at the burial: "O ye sent forth ministers to build the house of Osiris, send forth the soul of this Osirian that he may be with you in the habitation of this Osiris, that he may see as ye see." The discourse of the Osirian deceased is as follows: "O Sun, Divine Lord, dart forth thy light and heat upon the face of the Osirian who glorifies thee this day with his sacrifices (his burial); let him journey with thee to the upper regions."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ABYSSINIA, AND OTHER AFRICAN COUNTRIES.

Ascending beyond the first cataract of the Nile, through an opening wild and rocky, the river dashing with fierce fury among the splintered crags, we pass into the region of the torrid zone, and enter Nubia. The banks of the river here and there are lined with the ruins of temples; further on, the scenery assumes an almost Alpine character, expecially to the east; on the other side sweeps the eternal desert, whose golden sands form themselves into all sorts of fantastic waves, while a strip of ground on either side the river is fringed with the castor-oil plant and the prickly mimosa, upon which the patient camel browses with delight. Long plantations of date and doum palms tower above, the fruit of which forms the principal wealth and sustenance of the Nubians, among whom bread is unknown. Passing further on, we reach Korosko, whence the river turns short to the west as far as Derr, the capital of Nubia. A few travelers pass the second cata-



Overflowing of the Nile.

ract of the Nile, covering a space of six or seven miles in length, infinitely more intricate than the first one, from the innumerable rocky islets thickly sprinkled throughout its whole extent, and after visiting the great Rock Temple of Ibsamboul, once sacred to *Ammon Re*, or *Osiris*, the Jupiter of the ancient Egyptians, are contented to retrace their steps toward the regions of civilization. We, however, will continue our journey, and after just glancing at *Derr*, the *mud capital* of Nubia (for it is a collection of mere mud hovels), will pass on into Abyssinia. The whole of this country, including Nubia and Abyssinia, was the ancient Ethiopia, where Queen Candace exercised dominion, in the days of the Cæsars.* It bade defiance to the power of the Roman arms, finally received the Gospel, which it has preserved (in Abyssinian) to the present day, though in a form at once imperfect and superstitious. The Nubians, however, are generally Mohammedans—a dark, half-savage race of people, well formed, and tolerably handsome in their appearance, with little or nothing of the negro in them. While the women of Egypt cover every thing but their eyes, those of Nubia uncover their faces, and wear cotton drawers, or girdles of leathern fringes. Their hair is separated into innumerable meshes, each of which is twisted around a thin piece of tightly curled wood-shaving, and never undone or combed! It looks exactly like an enormous wig, the long spirals of which, steeped in castor-oil, which, with the dust constantly renewed, give them quite a massive appearance. The men are all armed with long spears, hand-clubs made of wood, beautifully polished, and hard as iron; long straight swords, of a peculiar form, widening toward the point, slung over their back; small knives, buckled round their left arm, and large round bucklers, with a boss in the middle, covered either with crocodile skin, or hippopotamus hide.

The Nile, it is well known, is divided far southward into two rivers, of which it is formed, the one called the Blue river, which flows from the southeast; the other, the White river, from the color of its water, which flows from the southwest. Taking the eastern branch, or Blue Nile, we soon find ourselves among the mountains of Abyssinia—a name signifying originally *mixture* or *confusion*, and given them of old by foreigners, to signify the apparent mixture of Arabian and African races. It consists chiefly of high

* We may add of Solomon, king of Israel, for the name Candace, like those of Pharaoh and Cæsar, seems to have been common to all the queens of Ethiopia. The exact location and limits of ancient Ethiopia are matters of some uncertainty.

level tracts of land, or plateaux, divided by mountain ridges, with deep, luxuriant valleys. The lowlands are intensely hot, the higher regions cooler, and more agreeable. The country in most parts is picturesque and beautiful, and abounds in vegetable and mineral productions. Its extent and population are not ascertained. The population, however, must be quite considerable, varying, perhaps, from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000. They comprise a variety of races, though in general features they resemble each other, and are all really distinct from both Africans and Arabians, with whom they were first confounded. They rather resemble the Hindoos, though taller and more vigorous. They belong to what has been called the *Ethiopic* (originally signifying *dark*) variety of the human race. All shades of complexion, however, are found among them. The black predominates, but the color varies from this, assuming "brighter and lighter tints, according to location, till it reaches a transparent copper hue."

Abyssinia is covered with cities and villages, chiefly on elevated spots, and single houses clinging to the mountain sides. The houses are mostly composed of mud, straw, and rushes, timber being scarce, and the people not having yet learned the art of building with stone. Caves are also sometimes used for human habitations. The clothing of the poorer classes consists merely of skins, or pieces of cotton. A kind of drawers, and a strip of white cloth wrapped about the shoulders, generally forms their whole attire. The nobles and principal citizens, however, affect more elaborateness and splendor of costume. They usually wear a sort of under-dress of white cloth from the Indies, adorned with dyed silk embroideries, over which they throw a loose mantle of cotton. They are fond of jewelry, decorating their necks, arms, and ankles with silver ornaments. The dress of the females, which reaches to the chin, is becoming. They anoint their hair with a species of odoriferous pomatum, and sprinkle it with powder of cloves.

In Abyssinia, though partially civilized, woman is little better than a slave. Other species of slavery prevail among them. With some virtues, they have many vices, though instances both of purity and elevation are found among them. Parents and children are fondly attached. The children are sedulously taught to respect and obey their parents and seniors. They are certainly superior to most of the African nations, and evince much skill in various kinds of manufactures. They have also authors, and even painters. The ancient Abyssinian or Gheez language, in which their Scriptures, sacred books, &c., are written, is not now spoken. The *Amharic*, or modern Abyssinian, is the principal speech.

The Abyssinians are *nominal Christians,* symbolizing partly with the Coptic, and in some measure with the Greek Church. The priests are ignorant, and the people superstitious. Polygamy is not uncommon. The secular clergy are allowed to marry once. Many Jews, grossly ignorant, having nearly lost the use of the Hebrew, are settled in the mountain regions, and are generally regarded as sorcerers. The land is infested with wild beasts, particularly hyenas, who are regarded by the people with superstitious dread, as Jewish sorcerers. The religion of the Abyssinians is mixed with Jewish practices; circumcision is practiced, and the Jewish and Christian Sabbaths are observed. Saints, angels, and especially the Virgin Mary, are objects of worship. The Abyssinian Bible contains "the Book of Enoch." At their feasts, beef is eaten in a raw state, swimming in blood. The soldiers, on a march, cut slices from the thighs of the cattle, covering the place over with skin, and then drive them on.

The Gallas, a dark-brown race, ferocious and brave, have made sad inroads upon Abyssinia, settling down in the places from which they have expelled the inhabitants. Some of them have adopted Abyssinian manners, others are wandering shepherds and warriors. It is feared that they may entirely overrun the country, and displace the natives.

Once united in a single government, Abyssinia is now divided into three or four, governed by chiefs or *Ras.* The government, of course, is despotic, and often cruel.

An interesting and somewhat successful Christian mission, from which much may be hoped, has been established in Abyssinia. Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, educated at the missionary school at Basel, in Switzerland, was the pioneer in this good work.

But we must pass on, and leaving the interior of Africa, stretch along the western shores, with small and remote colonies of Europeans, for trading and other purposes, consisting chiefly of French, Portuguese, and English, but by no means in a flourishing state, though the English, by pushing commerce into the interior, may eventually make it quite profitable. The Scotch have an interesting Christian mission at *Old Calabar.* The English have missions at *Sierra Leone* and *Fernando Po.* But we cannot pass the American colony of free Africans from the United States, at *Liberia,* now an independent government, and rising in resources and influence. Here schools, churches, and other means of civilization are established, and a good influence thence exerted upon the natives, the Bassas, Queaks, Candoes, and other African tribes.

But perhaps the most interesting and promising colony in Africa is that originally formed by the Dutch, *Dutch Boors*, as they are called, which simply signifies Dutch farmers, but now occupied in part by English traders, merchants, missionaries, &c. *Cape Town*, near the Cape of Good Hope, was founded in 1652, and is built with regularity, and some degree of elegance. Here are printing-presses, government offices, schools, and churches. The population amounts to about 25,000. Missions have been established among the Caffres, Hottentots, Buschmen, Bechuanas, and others, with considerable success. The labors of Dr. Philip in Cape Town, and of that indomitable Scotchman, the Rev. Mr. Moffat, far inland, have exerted a most beneficial influence upon the natives. Mr. Cumming, the Nimrod of Africa, in his "Hunter Life" has borne the most unequivocal testimony to the high character and successful labors of Mr. Moffat. Many of the poor natives have become Christians; bloody chiefs have been subdued. Africaner, for example, the fierce freebooter and warrior, who had slain thousands by his own hand, and was the terror of the colonists far and near, became a gentle, happy Christian, and diffused around him a benign and civilizing influence. Bloody wars have been prevented—tribes hostile to each other have been harmonized—the arts of industry have been introduced—the Scriptures have been translated, and churches formed in the deepest recesses of savage life. The wilderness and the solitary place are made glad, the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

"Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the flowers of Eden bloom."

CHAPTER XL.

ISLANDS.

South Sea Islanders.

The ocean, with its innumerable islands, is a world by itself, which half a dozen volumes would not exhaust. To make our work complete, however, we must designate and briefly describe some of those interesting groups of islands, destined at no distant day to play an important part in the affairs of mankind. *Oceanica*, or *Oceania*, lies mostly in the torrid zone: bounded on the north by the Indian Ocean, the Straits of Malacca, the Chinese Sea, and the parallel of 35° north; on the east by the Pacific, separating it from America; on the south by the Pacific, and on the west by the Indian Ocean: containing nearly 5,000,000 square miles, and a population estimated at from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000. It is divided into three groups: *Malaysia*, or the Eastern Archipelago, occupied chiefly by Malays and negroes, and to some extent by

Europeans, rich in the products of tropical climes, including the northwestern islands, from New Guinea to the Straits of Malacca; *Australia*, containing New Holland, a continent in itself, and the neighboring islands; and *Polynesia*, which comprises the numberless beautiful and fruitful islands scattered over the Pacific ocean.

Australia, or *New Holland*, is yet imperfectly known. Its extent and resources are great, being 1500 miles in breadth from north to south, and 2600 miles in length from east to west, and having an area of about 3,000,000 square miles, with lofty mountains, deep valleys, vast forests, beautiful lakes, and some convenient harbors. Its coast indeed is rock-bound and inaccessible, except at particular points. Its productions are diversified and singular; its climate peculiar, but warm, and tolerably salubrious. Indeed, this region, in many respects, presents striking contrasts to any with which we are familiar in Europe or America. "It is New Holland," says one of its residents, "where it is summer when it is winter in Europe, and *vice versa;* where the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar; where the fields are fenced with mahogany, and myrtle-trees are burned for fuel; where the swans are black, and the eagles are white; where the mole (*Anatinus platypus*) lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a *broom* in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish one-half belonging to the genus *Raia*, and the other to that of *Squalus;* where the pears are made of wood, with the stalk at the broader end, and where the cherry grows with the stone on the outside!"

Australia, or that part of it called New South Wales, has been used by England, to whom it belongs, though originally discoverd and colonized by the Dutch, as a place of banishment for convicts, who form a peculiar, and by no means desirable part of the population; but of late years it has been filling up with a better class of colonists. Schools, churches, and government offices have been established, and a spirit of energy and enterprise diffused among the people.

With the exception of a few Malays upon the northwestern coast, and some Polynesians (New Zealanders, perhaps) on the northeast, the original inhabitants of Australia are a black race, called *Melanasians* (Black Islanders), to distinguish them from the negroes of Africa. They are among the ugliest and most barbarous of the human race, going naked, and living in dens and caves.

The European population, who are rapidly increasing in resources and character, and threatening even to make themselves independent of the mother country, by setting up a republican government, thus far only skirt the regions along the coast. *Sydney,* the capital, on Port Jackson, has one of the safest and most spacious harbors in the world. Though irregularly built, it has many substantial and even elegant buildings, and contains a population of some 20,000. It carries on an active commerce, not only with the Cape Colony, but with England, China, India, and New Zealand.

Polynesia consists of innumerable islands, chiefly formed of coral reefs, which have arisen, and which are yet continuing to arise from the depths of the ocean. The South Pacific is all alive, so to speak, with coral-builders, those insignificant-looking, but wonderful insects, which are throwing up from their ocean-homes long ranges of coral-reefs, some of them extending over a thousand miles in length, and separated from each other only by short distances, easily navigated by the boats of the islanders.

"He that in venturous barks hath been
A wanderer on the sea,
Can tell of many a brilliant scene
They know not on the lea.
* * * *
Of coral rocks, from waves below
In steep ascent that tower,
And fraught with perils daily grow,
Form'd by an insect's power."

The process of formation, in many cases, is supposed to be this. These coral insects go to work at the bottom of the sea, form around themselves a calcareous accretion (chiefly carbonate of lime—how generated is yet a mystery), multiply their kind, one rising or spreading, so to speak, above another, and gradually form a living, moving mass, which rises and swells, till finally emerging, by its own energies, or uplifted by volcanic action, above the summit of the waves, the reef extends far and near over the cerulean deep. The interior is hollow, and the edges guarded by ramparts of coral. Washed by the waves, these break down, and mingling with materials floating on the surface of the ocean, gradually form a light rich soil. Seeds are deposited by birds, or are floated landward by the waves; cocoanuts, especially, are thrown into the interior basin of the island, which take root, and soon spread themselves in beauty and luxuriance over the entire surface. People from other islands, or from the great continents, are wafted thither in their light canoes, and the hum of a busy

population is heard among the groves of palm. The islands, however, are greatly modified by volcanic action beneath the surface, which throws them into various shapes, and mingles them with earth, rocks, &c., and not only so, but raises them hundreds of feet above the level of the sea.

The *Sandwich Islands*, which now possess for us so much interest, lying as they do on the great liquid highway between California and China, have all been formed in this way.

"The island of Molokai," says one writing from that part of the world, "is worth a traveler's visiting, despite the risk of crossing that boisterous channel, for the curious and beautiful corals he may get there, and the near view he may have of the living coral beds in all their submarine luxuriancy. You may go out upon the reef in a canoe, and sail over the gay gardens, and in only a foot or two of water may gather some of the most exquisite specimens of marine animalculic vegetation ever seen. The kinds, too, are uncommonly unique and various. In one mass, and disengaged at a single reach and effort of the arm, there will sometimes be five or six different species of this wonderful formation cemented together.

"The colors are diverse, and sometimes exquisite. Now and then you can point out a piece to a native, and he will bring it up all blushing with purple or blue, which you would give any thing to preserve in a cabinet with that delicate Tyrian tint. Sometimes it is like colored confectionary crystalized, with all the hues of the rainbow. But the tints of sunset clouds are not more fading and evanescent than the rosy blush of those beautiful sea-flowers, when once plucked from their aqueous bed.

"It is only the coralline forms, or the different ways in which those ingenious little architects make their coral groves to grow, that can be preserved. And then those little radiations and branches are so brittle, and the microscopic finish of the crystaline structure is sometimes so nice, that in washing off the extraneous matters, and packing them up for friends at home, you are almost sure to break and mar the most perfect specimens.

"It is very curious to observe how a family of corals will grow together and intermarry, till you can trace the pedigree from sire to son, through a coral ancestry for many generations. There is one species which the natives call *ana*, of which one of the boys here has got a rare specimen to send to one of his brothers in America. The *ana* grows somewhat like the head of a mushroom, on a flower-stalk put forth from the parent stock. If you call it a flower, its petals are innumerable white scales, growing erect, and separate each from its bed like the seeds of a sunflower.

These are of all sizes, from that of a button to the crown of a hat. The specimen referred to is a family tree, the trunk bearing its infant and youthful sprigs, of appropriate sizes, through adolescence to maturity, when some of the adult *anas* are having little miniature grandsons of the third generation.

"The theory which avers that corals do not grow vigorously in less water than two or three fathoms is quite disproved by the growth at Molokai. We have seen and collected some fine living specimens, where the water was not more than two feet deep, and where the reef must be sometimes laid bare in low water. In a specimen obtained here by Mr. Andrews, only a few days ago, there was found snugly inclosed in one of the cups formed by the little branches locking in with each other like locked hands, an interloping crab. There he was nicely caught and incased by the growing coral, as between the palms of two locked hands, precisely as toads are sometimes found in rocks or the solid heart of trees. How long the fellow had been imprisoned there by the busy little builders upon those immense reefs we could not tell, but it must have been in some Rip Van Winkle sleep, if such things ever happen in the life of crabs.

"Coral is most abundant on the leeward of the islands, and the larger reefs are only found there. It is said to be ascertained by observation, that a uniform temperature of at least seventy-six degrees is most favorable to their growth. The great thickness of the reefs is supposed to be caused by the gradual and long-continued subsidence of the original shelf of coral, while the surface is maintained at the same level as at first by the unceasing additions made by the polypes. According to this theory, the islands of Polynesia once formed a vast equatorial continent, which, through volcanic agency as its probable cause, has subsided, and left the present islands as gravestones to commemorate its former existence.

"Be this as it may, besides the overflow from volcanic eruptions, a re-elevatory process must have been going on for ages in the islands of Hawaii, in order to account for the existence of well-defined coral, on this island for instance, five hundred feet above the present level of the sea. The same has been found, also, according to Mr. Andrews, on Maui; and natives say that on one of the mountains of Kauai, four thousand feet above the sea, there is coral and coral sand, and in it a spring of water. On the road from Lahaina to Wailuku, there is lava three or four hundred feet above the sea, covered with a deposit of lime from one-eighth to half an inch in thickness, as if made by successive coats of whitewash, precisely as I have frequently seen here stones at the sea-

side coated with carbonate of lime, which is, undoubtedly, a precipitate from the sea-water.

"In ravines, and on the sides of precipices, where the strata of successive volcanic eruptions are broken off, there is frequently to be found a perpendicular vein of carbonate of lime, that seems to have run into fissures, or to have been deposited there when in a state of solution, from what source it is not easy to tell. That it is lime cannot be doubted, for I have frequently seen it effervesce at pouring on sulphuric acid. There is, also, on this island, one thousand feet above the sea, a locality of a mineral very like to white flint, and which one might suppose to be crystallized coral, though it will not effervesce with the strongest acids.

"While on the subject of corals, it is in place to mention an inference I have lately seen, which Williams makes in his Missionary Enterprises, in regard to the formation of corals, from the fact of there being carbonate of lime always in solution with salt water. His remarks are, that 'as corals are carbonate of lime, and as they are found to exist only in warm climates, where, by the process of evaporation, there is abundance of materials supplied for these insects to build with, instead of secreting the substance, or producing it in any other way, they are merely the wonderful architects which nature employs to mold and fashion the material into the various and beautiful forms which the God of nature designed it should assume. In the museum at Liverpool, among the specimens of coral, there is a branching piece of coral which is a calcareous crystal, formed in the evaporating-house of the salt-works of the King of Prussia.'

"So, in regard to sea-shells, instead of saying that the animals secrete the calcareous coverings which they inhabit, he thinks that they emit or secrete a gluten to which the calcareous particles adhere, and thus form the shell. Let there be a chemical precipitation of the minute calcareous particles floating in sea-water by any means, and there might be formed a reef, agreeably to the experiment in which the passing of a stream of electric fluid through water having calcareous and silicious particles in solution, produces stones. 'The lightning (he thinks) of tropical regions, and the electric fluid engendered by submarine and other volcanoes which abound in the South Seas, may thus produce an effect adequate to the formation of those wonderful and invaluable structures.' This is a much more rational theory to account for the existence of the immense coral reefs and coral islands of the Pacific, than that alluded to above, which supposes them wholly the work of saxigenous polypes or lithophytes. The so called saxigenous (or rock-making) polype builds *upon* the reefs, and cements his

singular tree-imitating structures to them; but this agency, we cannot but think, is altogether inadequate to the formation of immense islands. The more solid and compact texture of the coral rock, often stratified, would also lead one to ascribe to it a different origin from the corals, whose exact and beautiful cellular structure evinces an animal agency as plainly as the honey-comb of a bee-hive. It is, therefore, quite unnecessary to suppose the calcareous coral rocks either 'secreted by insects,' or 'the exuviæ of the insects,' or 'the dead bodies of the insects themselves;' but they are simply carbonate of lime precipitated from the sea-water which holds its particles in solution, mixed and cemented together with broken shells and pieces of corals; and coral, properly so called (that which is to be seen in museums and cabinets), is what is built upon this rock, as a foundation, by the coral insect."

Those of the Sandwich Islands which are inhabited are *eight* in number, the whole group having an area of 6000 square miles, with a population put down from 150,000 to 180,000, though, from various causes, some of which are not understood, they are gradually diminishing in numbers. Some of the islands contain lofty peaks, with active volcanoes, rising somewhat more than 15,000 feet in hight.

The natives resemble the Malays a little, but are superior to them in form and general appearance. Their complexion is olive, inclining to yellow, the facial angle resembling the European, the eye black and full, and the gait dignified and graceful. Originally sunk in the deepest idolatry and vice, they have become, through the labors of the missionaries, a civilized and Christian people. They have schools, churches, printing-presses, and other indications, as well as means, of civilization. With a charming climate and great fertility of soil, the commerce of the islands is quite considerable. Many foreigners, especially Americans, are taking up their residence in them; they are also visited by Chinese and others. Lying upon the great maritime highway which unites the three principal divisions of the globe, and provided with excellent harbors, these islands are acquiring an increased importance and value. This has been the case especially since the occupancy of California by the United States.

Honolulu, the residence of the king, on the fertile island of *Oahu*, is beautifully situated, and has a fine harbor. It is defended by a fort and cannon, and has some good buildings. The king's palace is of stone, and richly furnished in the European style. Most of the natives are exemplary Christians.

These attractive regions are, doubtless, destined to perform an important part in the commerce and civilization of the world.

But we must not forget another interesting and important cluster of islands, the *Antilles*, lying at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, mostly between the tropics, with rich and varied scenery, a genial climate, and a fertile soil. The most interesting of these are *Cuba*, belonging to Spain, *Jamaica*, belonging to Great Britain, and *Hayti*, which is independent. Jamaica, though beautiful and fertile, has long suffered from oppression and bad management. The negro population, however, have been emancipated by the disinterested action of the mother country, and although some reaction has occurred, is rising in vigor, intelligence, and virtue. Christianity is spreading its benign influence over the island. Some unfavorable and counteracting agencies are at work; but these, we trust, will be overborne by the progress of commerce, civilization, and religion.

Hayti, or St. Domingo, is a large and fruitful island, where the earth brings forth its fruits almost spontaneously, or with very slight labor on the part of the husbandman. Its republican form of government, never well administered, has recently been changed into a monarchy. The commerce of the island is valuable, and, all things considered, the condition of the people fair. They are ignorant, indeed, and superstitious, and greatly need the civilizing and elevating influence of a pure faith. Catholics by profession, they mingle with their belief many strange notions borrowed from Africa, and seem incapable of rising to any grand and comprehensive ideas of God, of freedom, and of virtue.

In a word (for this is the final lesson of our entire work), this nation, like all others, in order to have peace, freedom, and prosperity, must have a *free Bible, a free Church, and a free Press.*

THE END.

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